

Harry Potter and the Amulet of Time

PART 1 – THE HOGWARTS YEARS

Book 1 – The Age of the Founders

Prologue – A Most Unusual Gift

“ Wormtail!”

“ Yes, Master?”

“ Call my Death Eaters. I have a new plan to capture Potter.”

“ Yes, Master.”

Peter Pettigrew touched the Dark Mark on his arm, wincing when a sharp pain shot through it. For the next five minutes over 30 Death Eaters Apparated into Voldemort’s lair to hear their Master’s orders.

“ How may we serve you, Master?” asked the nearest Death Eater.

“ You can listen carefully! I have a new plan for capturing Potter. Now, I ask you, where is Potter the safest?”

Voldemort pointed his wand at a random Death Eater and waited for a response.

“ Hogwarts, my Lord”, came the hesitant answer.

“ Hogwarts, yes, very good Goyle. Where else is he safe? You!”

“ His home, the one he goes to in the summer?”

“ Very good Lucius. Now where, then, is he not safe?”

No one moved. The Death Eaters all stood staring at their Master with blank looking faces. They weren’t quite sure what he was getting at. Voldemort, meanwhile, was getting quite impatient. He was used to receiving an immediate answer.

“ Fools! Crucio!”

The nearest Death Eater fell to the ground, writhing in agony. The others looked uneasy, but were thankful they had not been chosen for punishment.

“ Why do I have such idiots for minions! He is safe at Hogwarts, he is safe at home, and the Hogwarts Express is too well guarded. The only other place Potter needs to go is Diagon Alley for his school supplies. I want two of you posted in Diagon Alley every day until September 1st. He has to go there sometime. He'll need money, so I want one of you posted outside Diagon Alley in the Leaky Cauldron and one of you outside Gringotts at ALL TIMES! When you see Potter I want him captured. DO NOT LET HIM SLIP AWAY. Do you understand?”

A murmur of assent went through the crowd. The plan was simple yet fool proof. Voldemort looked intently at the Death Eater he had tortured before.

“ And if you fail me, I will be forced to punish you. Avada Kadavra.”

Harry sat up in bed clutching the scar on his head in a vain attempt to lessen the pain burning through it. After a minute or two he got unsteadily to his feet and made his way to the small mirror hanging above his desk. The scar looked the same as always, if a little red. As the pain began to subside, Harry sat down on his bed to think about what he had just seen. Sirius had told him last year to write to Dumbledore if his scar ever hurt, but Harry was reluctant. The old Headmaster had a lot to do these holidays in preparation for the inevitable attacks by Voldemort. Harry was sure Dumbledore didn't need him to send an owl every time he had a dream, but something about this dream nagged at him. Voldemort was planning to capture him in Diagon Alley.

“ I suppose this could be classed as important enough”, he muttered as he reached for the spare parchment and quill he kept under a loose floorboard.

Harry didn't know how to word the letter, though. He was never very good at letter writing, and he had to give Dumbledore clear information. After three tries he finally got down to what he thought was the most important.

Dear Professor Dumbledore

I'm sorry to interrupt your holidays like this, as I'm sure you're very busy. I had a dream a few minutes ago that I thought might be important. Voldemort called a Death Eater meeting to tell them his latest plan for capturing me. He knows that I'm safe at the Dursleys and at Hogwarts, so he plans for two Death Eaters to catch me while I'm at Diagon Alley for my school supplies. He wants a Death Eater in the Leaky Cauldron and one outside Gringotts every day until the start of term. Do you know how I can get my school supplies?

Harry Potter

It wasn't the best letter ever written, but it got the point across. Harry placed the letter on his desk to send as soon as Hedwig came back with a reply from Hermione. Harry had been keeping in contact with his friends by owl post for the last few weeks. It took a long time to send letters to Hermione, though, because she was spending the first half of the summer visiting Viktor Krum. Hedwig had to fly all the way to Bulgaria and back.

Harry was just getting back into bed when he heard a faint but insistent tapping on the window. Intrigued, he grabbed his wand and went to investigate. Sitting on his windowsill were no fewer than seven owls. As he let them into his room Harry wondered why they were all there. Then he got his eye on the calendar on his wall that counted down the days until he returned to Hogwarts. It was his birthday. He had totally forgotten in the aftermath of his dream.

Harry took the letters and parcels from the owls and let them drink from Hedwig's water dish. Hedwig wasn't impressed with all the strange owls using her cage, but nibbled affectionately on Harry's finger as he gave her an owl treat. Most of the owls didn't stay long, but before it could leave Harry called over the Hogwarts owl, tying the letter he had written to its leg.

"Could you take this to Dumbledore for me when you get back", he asked.

The owl gave a hoot to the affirmative and glided out of the window. By this time the only owls left were Hedwig, Hermes, Pig

and Errol. Hedwig and Hermes sat quietly as Pig sped around the room and Errol collapsed in Hedwig's cage.

Harry decided to open his Hogwarts letter first. It was the usual letter and supply list, but Harry was surprised to find a silver prefect's badge fall out of the envelope. After all of the trouble he had gotten into over the years he was surprised he had made prefect. He wondered if Ron was one too. Hermione was sure to be a prefect. She had been set for Head Girl from her first day with the amount of studying she did!

Next Harry moved on to the small collection of letters and gifts he had received. The first he picked up looked like a small book. As it came with Errol he assumed it was from one of the Weasleys. He pulled off the paper the reveal 'A Seeker's Guide to Legal Dirty Tactics'. Much to his surprise it was from Ginny. There was a small note attached.

Harry

I know you don't need to play dirty to win at Quidditch, but I saw this in Flourish and Blotts and just had to get it. You should try some of these out on Malfoy – that would wipe the smirk off his face! Hope you like it, and Happy Birthday!

Love, Ginny

This was the first time Harry had received a birthday present from Ginny, but he was quite pleased. The next gift was from Sirius. As with the last present Harry could tell it was a book. This one was 'Animagi – All You Ever Wanted to Know'. Only Sirius could get him something like this. The letter that came with it was rather short, but Harry didn't mind. He was just glad to know his godfather was safe.

Harry

I can't write much, I've gone back into hiding. I can tell you, though, that you'll be seeing me sooner than you think! Hope you like the book, and have a good birthday!

Love, Sirius

Harry put the new books away in his trunk to look at later. The next gift was by far the largest. When he opened it Harry realised whom it was from, and why Hermes brought it. It was a Weasley's Wizard Wheezes Mischief Making Kit, full of Fred and George's new inventions. A small note was stuffed inside a small pocket next to a packet of Canary Creams.

Harry

To show our gratitude for your sizeable 'donation' to our cause, may we present you with the first ever Weasley Wizard Wheezes Mischief Making Kit! Have fun with it, and give Dudley a Canary Cream from us!

Fred and George

Only Fred and George would give someone pranks for their birthday. Harry's next two presents were less interesting – some rock buns from Hagrid and a giant bag of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans from Ron. Ron's letter was also short, but made up for it in content.

Harry

Happy fifteenth Birthday! Hope the Dursleys are treating you well. Good news, Dumbledore says you can come and stay at ours for the rest of the summer. We'll be picking you up on the 3rd at 12pm. If the Muggles say no, then threaten to set Sirius on them! No need to reply, as we'll probably have picked you up by the time the owl gets here!

See you soon,

Ron

Harry was pleased. He could finally get out of the Dursleys' for a while. They'd more or less left him alone this summer, but it was early yet. Harry had the feeling that if he stayed there much longer Dudley might lose his fear of Harry's godfather and beat him up anyway. Harry was also glad to be going to the Weasleys, as he would be able to thank them all in person for their presents.

Harry finally got to the last present, from Hermione. It was carefully wrapped in red foil paper with a delicate gold ribbon tied around it. Harry didn't want to open it as it had obviously taken ages to wrap. He settled on reading the card first.

Harry!

Happy Birthday! I'm having a great time here with Viktor. Last week he took me to the wizarding district of Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. There were a lot of really good shops. I fell in love with this one bookshop that had a lot of really old texts! I also found this tiny shop up a back street that sold really old talismans and things. That's where I found your present. I thought it really suited you! The chain is unbreakable too, and has a locking charm on it so only you can remove it. I had Viktor charm it because he's a fully qualified wizard. I thought you'd need the charm otherwise you'd lose it in no time!

I'm going to Ron's on the 12th. Is Dumbledore letting you go this summer? If he is, I'll see you there! If not, I'll arrange to meet you in Diagon Alley sometime before term starts.

See you soon,

Love, Hermione

Harry turned curiously to the still wrapped gift. Trust Hermione to get him something really original. He slowly undid the ribbon and pulled away the foil to reveal a small oval amulet on a delicate silver chain. The amulet itself was silver with a small engraving of a lion in the center. It appeared similar to the Gryffindor lion. Other animals could be seen surrounding the lion. A phoenix appeared below it, wings outstretched, with a flying horse on the left and a unicorn on the right. Perhaps the most unusual feature was the small engraving of a lightning bolt above the lion. Harry looked more closely at the bolt, and saw that it was identical to his scar.

"Hermione sure knows how to find the perfect present, doesn't she?" he murmured to Hedwig, before slipping the chain around his neck, bundling the wrapping paper, letters and other gifts into his trunk, and falling back onto his bed to get some more sleep.

Chapter One - The Weasleys

Like all previous years Harry's birthday went by unacknowledged by the Dursleys. Harry found himself spending the day doing his huge list of chores, which included weeding the garden for the third time that week. After his customary grapefruit quarter (Dudley was still on a diet) he slumped off to his room to finish his potions essay. He only had another two and a half days before he would be going to the Weasleys. He couldn't help but wonder how they would be picking him up, though. Being a wizarding family, they never arrived in what the Dursleys would class as a 'normal' manner. Last year they had picked him up by Floo, blowing up the living room wall in the process. Harry had a feeling they wouldn't be doing that again in a hurry. It wasn't as if he could be picked up by car either, as he and Ron had managed to wreck Mr. Weasley's Ford Anglia in their second year. That pretty much left apparition and portkey. Harry wasn't keen on either option. He didn't know how to apparate yet, and a portkey would bring back bad memories of the Triwizard Tournament.

After finishing his essay ('Name and explain the twelve uses of dragon's blood') Harry decided to get some sleep. The dream from last night had taken a lot out of him, and he knew he would have to be up early in the morning to cook the breakfast and paint the garage door. Rolling over, he fell into a peaceful sleep and dreamt of flying Ford Anglias.

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August 3rd arrived relatively quickly, and Harry was relieved to finally be leaving the Dursleys. Uncle Vernon hadn't been too pleased when Harry had told him the Weasleys were coming. He had flat out refused to allow them to come until Harry brought up Sirius. Sirius was Harry's secret weapon. He had never told the Dursleys that he was actually innocent, so they were still afraid of having an escaped murderer turn up on their doorstep. If they ever tried to stop Harry from seeing his friends or going to school he would threaten to tell Sirius he was being mistreated. Uncle Vernon, upon hearing 'that murderous lunatic' mentioned, agreed to let Harry go with the Weasleys, providing he left quickly and discreetly.

At 11:45 Harry was sat on his trunk by the front door. His aunt and uncle were in the living room, discreetly looking out of the window every few minutes. Dudley had refused to go anywhere near the Weasleys after the Ton Tongue Toffee incident last year and was currently locked away in his room. Harry was thankful for this. Normally Dudley would be taking this opportunity to give Harry a last beating before he left. Dudley had been particularly afraid of Harry this year, though, and had left him more or less alone.

Twelve o'clock rolled by and there was no sign of the Weasleys. By five past the Dursleys were getting restless. Harry could hear his uncle muttering about 'inconsiderate freaks'. At ten past twelve Harry was getting a little concerned. The Weasleys were often a little late, but never this late. The hall clock tolled 12:15 and there was a sudden knocking on the door. Harry, being in front of it, opened the door before his uncle had a chance to get there first. There on the step was Ron Weasley. He had grown in the short time since Harry had last seen him. Harry grinned at his friend, and grabbed one handle of his trunk while Ron grabbed the other. It was at that moment that Uncle Vernon came storming out of the living room.

"Are all of you freaks this inconsiderate? We have better things to do than stay at home all day because you aren't courteous enough to turn up on time," he bellowed as the two teenagers were going out of the door. Ron gave him a funny look before turning to Harry.

"Where does he get off calling us freaks? Come on Harry, you don't want to stay here any longer than you have to."

But Harry was still trying to figure out where they were going. Ron was apparently alone, and there was no sign of any form of Muggle transportation.

"Er, Ron. How are we getting to your house?"

"Oh, that. We'll be taking the Day Bus. It's the daytime version of the Knight Bus, only it usually takes longer as more people travel during the day."

Harry thought that this made sense. He would be glad when he could learn to apparate. It would save a lot of trouble when travelling.

The two boys lugged the trunk to the side of the road. Harry looked back to see Uncle Vernon with a smug look on his face. He assumed his uncle was thinking that they didn't have any transportation. Harry couldn't wait to wipe the smirk off his face, and quickly raised his wand. With a flash and a loud bang a large triple decker bus appeared in Privet Drive. Unlike the Knight Bus the Day Bus was bright pink instead of purple, and had armchairs instead of beds. Harry glanced back at Uncle Vernon to see a look of fear and amazement on his face before following Ron onto the bus, which left Privet Drive with another bang.

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In what seemed like no time the Day Bus came to a halt with another thunderous bang. Grabbing one end of his trunk he heaved his belongings off the bus and thanked the conductor. Another flash and bang later the bus was gone and Harry was left with a perfect view of the Burrow. The Burrow was one of Harry's favourite places in the world. It housed all sorts of examples of wizarding life under one roof which, since Harry had been raised by Muggles, was quite fascinating.

Before Harry had chance to make a move towards the house a short dumpy woman with flaming red hair came flying down the path towards him. In no time he was wrapped in the motherly embrace of Mrs. Weasley. After she pulled away and led him back to the house, Harry was assaulted by a barrage of questions.

" Harry dear! It's so good to see you. Have the Muggles been treating you well? Have you finished your homework yet? Ron hasn't even started his. Have you been getting enough to eat? You look a little thin."

" I'm fine Mrs. Weasley, really. The Dursleys have pretty much ignored me this summer."

" That's good dear. Now, get Ron to help you take your trunk upstairs. Dinner will be ready in half an hour."

And after giving him a gentle push in the direction of the stairs Mrs. Weasley turned back towards the

Stove where a meaty stew was bubbling away, releasing an exotic aroma. After weeks of grapefruit slices Harry was looking forward to getting some decent food. Turning back to Ron, Harry grabbed his trunk, and with the help of one of Mrs. Weasley's charms pulled the now floating trunk towards Ron's room. It was the same bright orange as it had been the other times he had visited. It was nice to know that in Harry's hectic world, some things always stayed the same.

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The first few weeks at the Borrow were fairly quiet, filled mainly with long Quidditch games in the fields and the occasional bout of homework when the weather was bad. It seemed like no time at all until Hermione came tumbling out of Weasleys' fireplace, a screeching Crookshanks flying across the floor. Grumbling, she got to her feet and just had time to brush herself off before being enveloped in the arms of Mrs. Weasley. When she let go of Hermione, Mrs. Weasley moved out the way to allow Harry and Ron to greet their friend. Harry gave her a brief hug, whereas Ron shook her hand, then grabbed her trunk. Looking questioningly at Harry, Hermione received only a shrug in return. The pair moved to follow Ron, with a quick 'behave yourselves' from Mr. Weasley.

Upstairs, the trio moved into Ron's room, Ron and Hermione sitting on Harry's bed, and Harry sitting on the floor in front of them. When it seemed like no-one was going to start the conversation, Harry took the initiative.

" So, Hermione, how was Bulgaria?"

This was the right thing to say. Hermione's eyes lit up with the prospect of telling a lengthy story. Ron's eyes glazed over in anticipation, a slight frown marring his forehead with the thought of his friend spending so much time with 'Viky'.

" Oh, it was wonderful," she gushed, " Viktor was so sweet. He took me to all the best places. The wizarding district in Sofia was amazing. That's where I got your birthday present. It had the most amazing book shop, with thousands of old texts. I bought some of the ones in Latin, but there were loads I wanted to get that I couldn't

read. It's a shame I don't speak Bulgarian. Oh, and one time Viktor took me to one of his Quidditch practices. He's really good. The whole team is. You should have seen it!"

By this time Harry's gaze was slightly glazed as well. He loved Hermione like a sister, but sometimes her enthusiasm for culture was a bit too much for him to handle. He tuned her out and absently noticed Ron's darkening look at the repeated mention of how wonderful Krum was. He knew his friend liked Hermione. And not in the sisterly sense. Just as he was about to intervene and change the subject before Ron blew up, there was a timid knock on the door. A few seconds later a pretty face framed in long red tresses was poked around the doorframe. Ginny. Harry had found himself noticing how attractive she was on several occasions over the last three weeks. Not that he would ever do anything about it. She did have six older brothers after all. Anyway, she was Ron's little sister, and by default practically family. He was brought out of his thought when she told them the reason she was there.

" Mum sent me up to tell you we'll be going to Diagon Alley after lunch."

" 'K Gin," came the slightly annoyed voice of Ron. He quickly turned back to Hermione, with whom he had started a rather heated argument about older Bulgarian seekers. Harry found himself wanting to avoid the ranting pair and turned to the slowly retreating redhead.

" Why don't you stay, Gin. It doesn't seem like they'll be letting up for a while."

Ginny looked at him askance for a few seconds before lowering herself to the floor next to him. Harry decided to open the conversation with something he had been meaning to say to her since he got there.

" Thanks for the birthday present, by the way. It'll come in really useful at the next Gryffindor/Slytherin match."

Ginny blushed. She still hadn't quite gotten over her crush on the Boy-Who-Lived.

“ You’re welcome, Harry. I was thinking of trying out for the team this year. I hear there’s a need for a Keeper.”

Harry brightened as the conversation turned to his favourite topic – Quidditch. They were still discussing Gryffindor’s chances at that year’s cup when Mrs. Weasley called them down for lunch.

Chapter Two – The Alleys

Lunch was a fairly uneventful meal, with the exception of the twins setting off a handful of Filibuster's Fireworks. After the meal Mrs. Weasley gathered Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny and the twins for the trip to Diagon Alley. Before they went through the floo network Harry brought up his dream from a few weeks ago. He told the Weasleys about the Death Eaters that were supposed to be waiting for him to go for his school supplies. It was Hermione that came up with the simple solution.

“ We could put a glamour spell on him. He wouldn't be recognised.”

Mrs. Weasley took out her wand and waved it over the Boy-Who-Lived. Seconds later a 15 year old blond boy with sparkling blue eyes stood in his place. The round chunky glasses were replaced with rather stylish thin silver frames, and most important of all, his scar was gone. Grinning in thanks, Harry moved to take a pinch of floo powder. Before he had chance to leave, Ginny brought up the obvious problem.

“ It's all well and good disguising Harry, but if there are Death Eaters waiting, and they the six of us turn up with a strange boy, they'll work it out. They may be evil, but I doubt they're stupid.”

A quick notice-me-not spell took care of the last problems, and before he knew it Harry was stood in front of the Burrow's main fireplace. *I hope I don't end up in the wrong place again*, he thought as he threw the floo powder in the grate and called out, as clear as he could, “Diagon Alley.”

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The Leakey Cauldron was as busy as ever. The noise level dropped at the new arrival but quickly went back up when they realised it was no-one interesting. Harry revelled in his disguise. *Finally, I don't have everyone staring at me. This must be what it's like to be normal.*

Seconds later, the fire turned green as Ron toppled out of the network and fell into Harry. Both went crashing to the floor. It was as they were picking themselves up that Ron noticed a dark figure with

platinum blond hair trying to stay inconspicuous in the corner. The redhead poked his friend and nodded in the man's direction. Harry recognised him immediately.

“ Lucius Malfoy.”

“ We'd better be careful, he might recognise you.”

Too late, Harry thought as realisation spread over the elder Malfoy's face as the rest of the Weasleys tumbled from the fireplace. Even with the charms he had recognised them. Taking a quick look around, he realised that if he wanted to keep his 'respectable' façade intact he couldn't make a move. *I just hope that the other Death Eater, the one outside Gringotts, would be able to grab the boy*, he thought.

Mrs. Weasley, by this time, had realised where the boys were looking and quickly caught on. With an ease born of many years practice she herded the gaggle of children out the back of the pub and in front of the wall leading to Diagon Alley.

“ Now, I want you in groups of at least two, and I want to see you back here in two hours. No more. If I have to come looking for you, you'll be grounded for the rest of the holidays. And Fred, George, NO going down Knockturn Alley. It's dangerous. Do I make myself clear?”

A round of “ Yes, ma'am” could be heard as the six students disappeared into the bustling crowd.

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As the six entered Gringotts, Ginny grabbed Harry's arm and pulled him to one side. Checking no-one was listening; she quickly whispered, “ I think you should take more money out than you would normally.”

Harry gave a funny look, and asked, “ What makes you think that, Gin?”

The young redhead shrugged and mumbled, “ I have a feeling you’ll need the take out quite a bit of extra money. I can’t explain it; I just feel that you’ll need it. Not necessarily now, but maybe soon.”

Harry just gave her a confused look, nodded his head at her, and got into the cart. When they finally reached his vault, he grabbed several stacks of gold galleons instead of his usual half a stack. If Ginny thought he’d need it, there was no harm in taking it out. As long as he was careful not to lose it, he didn’t see any problem.

After the Weasleys had gotten their money and Hermione had changed her Muggle money, they headed back out of the bank. The twins quickly ran off towards a joke shop, leaving Hermione and Ginny counting their money, Ron perusing his school list, and Harry looking around. He could feel a prickle on the back of his neck, as if he was being watched. Finally, Harry located the pair of eyes boring into him. A small rat was sitting in a gutter next to the bank. A rat with a silver paw. Harry began to panic, not because there was a Death Eater watching him, but because he knew that if he could somehow catch the little rodent, he could free Sirius. He would be able to have a family and a proper home. Knowing that he, Ron and Hermione had been given permission to do magic over the holidays, he sidled up behind the bushy haired girl and whispered in her ear, “ Conjure me up an unbreakable jar; I have a rat to catch.”

As soon as Hermione nodded he moved away from the others. Wormtail’s gaze didn’t follow him, so he knew he hadn’t been recognised. Moving around behind the traitor, he whispered a quick ‘Stupefy’ and summoned the rat to his hand. Running over to his friends he dropped him into the newly conjured jar and slammed on the lid. Before anyone else noticed, he shrunk the container and put it in his pocket. At the looks he got from the others he clarified.

“ I want to keep him safe. If we give him to Mr. Weasley or take him to the Ministry ourselves Fudge’ll cover it up. He doesn’t want proof that Voldemort is back. I’ll keep him till we get to Hogwarts and give him to Dumbledore.”

Ginny was still looking confused. She didn’t know what had happened in Harry’s third year, so she didn’t know about

Pettigrew. After a quick explanation they moved away from the bank to get their school supplies.

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Moving around the alley they quickly gathered their school supplies. Their last stop was Flourish and Blotts, where Harry picked up a few extra books. He was trying to find a book that would tell him about the amulet Hermione had gotten him for his birthday. He couldn't find anything in the book shop and tried to think where else he might find a book on the subject. His mind wandered back to the summer after his first year. There had been a bookshop in Knockturn Alley...

Looking around, he noticed that Ron and Hermione were currently having a heated discussion about the importance of OWL revision, and Ginny was sat in a corner engrossed in a book about Seers. *Would they really notice?* He doubted it. *It's not like I'm disobeying Mrs. Weasley. She told the twins not to go there. And I **am** disguised...*

Before anyone could notice, Harry was back in the crowded alley and heading for the Dark wizard district. Once he reached Knockturn Alley he only hesitated a moment before ploughing ahead through the masses of shady characters. He soon spotted the bookshop he wanted and headed towards it, keeping an eye out for anyone he might know. It wouldn't do to run into Hagrid again. Once he reached the shop he slipped in the door with one last glance behind him.

The shop was very dark, and he had trouble seeing the titles on the shelves. Just as he was thinking about lighting his wand a bony hand fell on his shoulder. Whipping around, the boy saw the haggard face of an old man. He looked to be at least a hundred years old. Before Harry could make a sound the old man was asking him if he needed any help. Blinking at the man, Harry stuttered out that he wanted a book on amulets. Following the man as he moved into a dusty corner, the Boy-Who-Lived saw a whole shelf on amulets and their properties. Leaving him to make his choice, the shop owner disappeared back into the shadows. Harry gave an involuntary

shudder before quickly flicking through the books until he found one with a drawing of his amulet in it. Picking it up, he hurried in the direction the owner had gone. On his way he passed a shelf that caught his eye. In particular one book stood out from all the rest. The title read 'Useful and Not so Useful Spells Performed with Snakes'. Intrigued, Harry picked up the book and flicked through. Some of the stuff in there looked really interesting. His mind made up, he put the book under his arm and moved towards the desk to pay. The old man glanced over his choices, grinning when he saw the snake book.

"You can read that, ey?" he said, and Harry looked at him confused.

"Yes. Why, can't you?"

"Of course not, lad," the man grinned, "that be in parseltongue."

Harry looked at the book, startled. He hadn't realised. The words looked like English to him. Shrugging it off, he paid the man and made a quick exit. Shrinking the bag and putting it with the rest of his shrunken school supplies in his pocket, he headed back towards the more familiar Diagon Alley.

As he was nearly out of Knockturn Alley he got his eye on a pet shop. Instead of the usual owls, crups and kneazles found in 'Eyelops', there were much darker creatures on display. What caught his eye was the sign saying 'Quality Snakes Inside'. Moving into the shop, he followed the sound of hissing voices until he found the snake display. *Well, if I want to do the spells in the book, I'm going to need a snake*, he thought as he looked at the different breeds. A small tank off to one side caught his eye. Moving over, he could see two brightly coloured snakes twined together. He turned and went to find some help. Returning to the tank, he showed the owner that he wanted one of the snakes. Looking at the young boy strangely, the owner gruffly said, "You'll have to take them both. They're rare magical coral snakes. Some people say they're telepathic. Once they've found a mate, you can't separate them for long or they'll die. The red, black and yellow one's the female, and the red, black and white one's the male."

After a moment's indecision, Harry decided to get them both. *Why not*, he thought, *telepathic snakes could come in useful*. When the owner went to get his change, the boy turned to the tank and quietly hissed at them.

I'm Harry, your new owner. What are you called?

The female looked up and stared at Harry.

A human who speaks to us? We are honoured to meet you, master. I am Nirah, and my mate is named Simbi.

Please don't call me master, little ones, just call me Harry, he sent back before the owner came back. Giving him a strange look, the man gave him the change. Harry held both arms in the tank, and one snake curled around each wrist, much to the amazement of the watching wizard. Without looking back, Harry quickly made his way out of the shop and back to the safety of Diagon Alley.

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Back in Flourish and Blotts, Ron and Hermione had finished their argument and, having collected Ginny from the Divination section, were actively looking for their wayward friend. As Harry walked back through the door he was jumped by two frantic girls and a glaring best friend.

"Where have you been, mate. We couldn't find you, and we thought the Death Eaters had gotten you!"

Harry had the good grace to look sheepish. He hadn't meant to worry them. Without a word he pulled up his sleeves and showed them his wrists. All three gasped as they saw the two snakes curled there quite happily.

"I wanted to get a pet snake. Figured it would give me someone to talk to in the holidays when I'm at the Dursleys'. I wasn't gone long. I had to get two because they're mated and can't survive on their own. They're magical coral snakes."

Hermione's eyes lit up at this. Before she could start on her inevitable lecture on coral snakes, Ginny gasped loudly.

“ It's time to meet Mum. We'd better get back. I don't feel like being grounded for the rest of the holidays.”

Realising they didn't want to make Mrs. Weasley mad, they all rushed out of the shop and back to the Leakey Cauldron.

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Chapter Three – Express Delivery

The rest of the holidays passed in a blur of last minute homework, quidditch matches and chess games. Finally, September 1st rolled around. Harry couldn't wait to get back to Hogwarts. He still had to give Professor Dumbledore the jarred rat. Sirius would finally be free, and he would have a home go to in the holidays. He couldn't wait.

The Weasley household was its usual disorganised self. The twins had set off some Filibuster Fireworks, and had left some of their new inventions on the breakfast table. Ron was running around doing last minute packing, sporting a lovely lemur tail. Ginny had a pair of shimmering wings, and Hermione was recovering from a bout of boils. Harry, being a silent partner in the twins' business, had been warned what not to eat. He was the only one not affected, and was sitting on his bed laughing as Ron shut the lid of his trunk on his tail for the second time.

Mrs. Weasley was not amused. She was too busy trying to organise those going back to school to reverse the effects of the charmed food. The Ministry cars had arrived, but none of the kids were ready. Hermione, being the most organised, started to reverse the charms while the rest hurriedly threw the rest of their belongings together. Harry was running around, frantic. While he was laughing at Ron, Nirah had slithered off and he couldn't find her. Simbi found the whole situation very amusing, and refused to tell him where the little snake had gone.

Finally, at 9:50, the Weasleys, Hermione and Harry were in the cars and speeding away from the Burrow for another year.

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King's Cross was as busy as ever. Wizards and Muggles alike were milling around everywhere, the latter giving the former strange looks as they wheeled their luggage around with a collection of strange pets. Owls in cages could be seen everywhere, and the odd broomstick was sticking out of a bulging trunk. When the group finally got to the entrance of platform 9¾, it was already 10:55. They only had five minutes to get on the train. Quickly moving through the barrier, Mrs. Weasley pushed them towards the train. The twins were

the first there and quickly disappeared from sight to find their friend, Lee Jordan. The rest piled onto the train just as it started to move and went to find an empty compartment. Finding the only one left, right at the end of the train, they relaxed back into their seats and placed their trunks in the middle where they could easily get things out of them.

Harry gently placed Hedwig's cage by the window so she could see outside. Opening his trunk he pulled out the jar that contained Wormtail. An evil little voice in his head told him to torment the traitor a little. Taking out his wand, he enlarged the jar back to its original size and sat it on the windowsill next to the owl cage. The rat squirmed around as Hedwig stared at it hungrily. Harry smirked, before pulling out his new amulet book and beginning to read. Before he got to the part about his amulet, the door of the compartment was pulled open. Three figures stood in the doorway, one small and weedy, the other two large and strong, with blank looks on their faces.

" Well, if it isn't Potty, Mudblood and Weasel. Fancy seeing you here. And what's this? Another Weasel. Not got any friends your own age?"

Ginny blushed and glared back at the annoying blond.

" I'm surprised you know what a friend is, Malfoy. It's not like you've ever had any that you haven't bought."

Malfoy turned red at this and turned to Crabbe and Goyle.

" Hurt her."

Before they could move they had four wands trained on them. Freezing, they looked back at Malfoy for instructions. The 'aristocrat' shrugged and nodded at them to attack. Before anyone could do anything, Simbi glided out of Harry's sleeve, quickly followed by Nirah. Both raised their heads and hissed at the three Slytherins. Malfoy's face paled. He obviously knew how poisonous magical coral snakes were. One bite could destroy a wizard's magic and leave them as powerless as a squib. Grabbing his two bodyguards, he made a swift retreat, throwing one last comment over his shoulder as he left.

“ Think this is over, Potter? I’m looking forward to seeing what’s left of you once the Dark Lord’s had a go at you. That day can’t come soon enough.”

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After the ‘Malfoy incident’ the four went back to what they were doing. Ginny and Ron were engaged in a game of Exploding Snap, Hermione was checking over her Arithmancy essay, and Harry was reading about his amulet. There was a small picture, with a passage underneath detailing its origins and purpose. When he got to it uses, he interrupted the others to tell them what he’d found.

“ Hey, Hermione, I found a passage about that amulet you got me for my birthday. Apparently, if you hold it and speak this spell, it gives you ‘great personal wealth’.”

Ron’s eyes lit up at this. Snatching the book away he read over the passage and grinned at the others.

“ Great personal wealth! He’s right! Let’s give it a try.”

“ No, Ron, we can’t! It could be dangerous. We don’t know what it means by personal wealth, it could do anything to you.”

“ Oh, stop worrying ‘Mione. It can’t be that bad. It might give us a load of gold!”

“ I doubt it. It could turn you *into* gold for all you know. I think we should wait and ask Professor Dumbledore.”

“ I don’t see the harm in it, ‘Mione. It can’t be that bad,” Harry interrupted. He could see another one of Ron and Hermione’s famous arguments starting, and he wanted to stop it as soon as possible, plus that fact that he was curious about the amulet.

“ I think we should try it too, it can’t be that dangerous. Anyway, you bought it for him, Hermione.”

With Ginny on their side, the boys turned and waited for Hermione to agree. It was three against one, after all...

“ Oh, alright,” she agreed, “ But if it goes wrong, I’m blaming you.”

The four moved off of their seats and sat in the middle on their trunks. It was the only way they would all be able to reach the small object. Harry pulled out the amulet and took it off his neck. Holding it in front of him, they all put a finger onto to smooth metal and waited as he looked at the spell in the book.

“ Ready?”

After receiving three nods, Harry read the unfamiliar words on the page.

“ Tempus Vehere.”

With a blinding flash of light, Hedwig and Wormtail were alone in the compartment.

Chapter Four – So Near, and Yet So Far

It felt like travelling by portkey. As soon as the spell was spoken a pulling feeling dragged them into darkness. A floating sensation was followed by a bright flash of light and the four found themselves sitting on their trunks by the Hogwarts lake. Hermione was looking around, trying to figure out what had happened. Ron looking annoyed, and Ginny was staring at Harry. The Boy-Who-Lived was curled up on his trunk, shaking badly and muttering to himself. Ginny walked over to him and put her hand on his shoulder. Before she could say anything he had her in a headlock with his wand pointed at her heart. By this time the pair had caught the attention of the other two. Ron was watching the scene with a look of shock and betrayal. It was Hermione who worked it out first.

“ Harry, calm down. You have to snap out of it. It wasn't a portkey. You-Know-Who isn't here, you're not in danger.”

Ron looked at her quizzically as the glazed look in his best friend's eyes slowly disappeared. Sheepishly, he released Ginny and sent her an apologetic look.

“ I'm sorry, Gin. I had a flashback of the Triwizard Tournament. I really don't like portkeys anymore. I thought I'd been sent to Voldemort again.”

“ It's okay Harry. Where are we, anyway?”

“ By the lake at Hogwarts, it seems,” Hermione answered, looking at Ron's angry looking face.

“ WHAT! Where's the personal wealth? This is a complete waste of time. The only thing we've achieved is to get to school before everyone else.”

“ And I left Hedwig and Wormtail on the train! Someone could go in there and let him out!”

Ginny went over to their trunks and picked up the book with the spell in it. Reading the words, her brow furrowed slightly.

“ Harry, you don’t know much Latin, do you?”

After a slight shake of the head from the boy she continued to read the page.

“ It seems we’re not only at Hogwarts, we’re at Hogwarts in a different time. The spell ‘Tempus Vehere’ literally means ‘time travel’. Is that right, Hermione?”

The bushy haired girl nodded slowly and started to panic.

“ So, we’re in a different time? And we don’t know when? We could be anywhere! This all your faults, I never wanted to go along with it.”

“ SHUT UP!,” Ron shouted, “ This is getting us nowhere. Why don’t we just go up to the castle and see what’s there. We might be able to find some help that could get us back to the train.”

Silence followed for a few seconds before the others rushed to pack everything back into their trunks and place floating charms on them. Turning towards Hogwarts, they gradually walked across the grass to the castle to find some sort of help.

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On their way, Simbi poked his head out of Harry’s sleeve, quickly followed, as always, by Nirah. Both looked at their master, as if waiting for an explanation. When none was forthcoming, Simbi broke the silence.

Harry, what is going on?

We did a spell wrong. We’ve ended up in a different time, but we don’t know when

The two snakes looked at each other and appeared to be having a silent conversation. *So this is what they look like when they’re speaking telepathically*, Harry thought as they turned back to him after a final nod to each other.

We believe we are far from our own time. The air tastes different, much too clean

Harry pondered this before passing this insight on to the others. By this time they'd reached the doors and were entering the castle. In the Entrance Hall they were greeted by four figures, two male and two female. They looked at the new arrivals and began speaking to them in a strange language. Hermione looked at the others with a gleam in her eye.

“ I recognise this. It's Anglo-Saxon. We must be a long way in the past. I know a spell that'll make us able to understand each other for a short time.”

With that she waved her wand at each one in turn and muttered 'Comprio Lingua'. When she was finished she turned to the four adults and introduced herself.

“ Hello, I'm Hermione Granger. These are my friends, Harry Potter, and Ron and Ginny Weasley. We're sorry to barge in like this, but we had an accident and need some help.”

“ Accident is an understatement,” Harry muttered.

The four strangers looked at each other for a minute before one of the men stepped forward.

“ We will gladly give you any help you require. Let me introduce us. This is Lord Slytherin,” he said, gesturing to a tall blond man, before waving at the two women, “ and these are Lady Ravenclaw and Lady Hufflepuff. I am Godric Gryffindor, welcome to Hogwarts School.”

Four thuds could be heard echoing in the Entrance Hall as the students fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Chapter Five - The Hogwarts Four

Harry was the first to return to consciousness. He slowly opened his eyes, but closed them quickly when a bright light hit them. He waited a few seconds before trying again, this time keeping them slitted until he got used to the light. He determined the offending brightness was coming from a large ceiling-high window to his right. Looking around the room cautiously he discovered he was lying on a dark red couch. The other three were on similar couches spread around the room. The room itself was large and round, with several high windows, and wall upon wall of dusty bookshelves. The floor was bare stone, but the ceiling looked like the roof of the Great Hall. The only difference was that this didn't reflect the weather outside, but rather the night sky. Thousands of stars twinkled above his head as he gently turned to look at the rest of the room. He could see Ginny stirring on the other side of the room and knew she would soon be looking around as well. In the center of the room stood an ancient looking oak desk. The wood was polished to a shine, and the sides were decorated with majestic lions, with the legs of the desk carved into elegant paws. Parchment and books covered the top, and the sparkling hilt of a sword could be seen peeking out of the side. It was a gold colour with rubies set in it. In the corner by the fire a tall perch stood with a beautiful red and gold bird atop it. Harry suddenly realised why the room seemed so familiar. It was Professor Dumbledore's office. Only, it wasn't. There were slight differences, such as the array of weapons hanging in a cabinet by one of the windows and the enchanted ceiling above him. As Harry turned his head back to look at the phoenix, he noticed four people standing off to one side, worried looks on their faces. They were speaking to each other in a strange language that he didn't understand. It was only then that he remembered where he was.

Founders, amulet, time travel, he thought as he laid his head back into the couch cushion. *No wonder I can't understand them, the spell must have worn off.* Rooting around in his pocket he pulled out his wand and whispered the translation spell. He looked across the room to see Ginny doing the same thing. They glanced at each other and Harry got up to join her on her couch.

The movement caught the attention of the four founders and they moved over to sit opposite the teenagers. Gryffindor was the first one to break the silence.

“ Hopefully you are feeling better now. Would you like to explain in what way you need help, or would you rather wait for your companions to awaken?”

“ I think we’ll wait,” Harry replied, “ They seem to be waking up now anyway.”

Sure enough, Ron and Hermione were staring at the scene before them in awe. Ron couldn’t take his eyes off Godric Gryffindor. Hermione was quickly looking around the room and assessing the situation they had found themselves in. She was the first to speak.

“ What’s going on? The last thing I remember is the Entrance Hall.”

“ We brought you here, little one,” Helga Hufflepuff told her, “ You fainted for some reason, and so we thought it best to bring you the Godric’s office where you could be more comfortable.”

The four nodded their heads to the adults in thanks. They were all frantically trying to think what they had done wrong with the amulet. Harry was starting to feel guilty. He just knew that somehow this was all his fault. *If only I’d read the book more thoroughly, or at least attempted to learn Latin over the last four years. With all our spells being in Latin, and the amount of trouble I get in, it might be a useful skill.* He was pulled from his thought by the tall, grumpy looking man clearing his throat. *Slytherin, of course,* he thought with a giggle. The man shot him an annoyed glare.

“ As much fun as staring at each other is, I suggest we try to remedy the problem so you can be on your way.”

Sounds like Snape, Harry thought.

“ Oh, come now Salazar. They just got here. Anyway, I have a feeling they’re a long way from home and won’t be able to get back anytime soon.”

“ Did I ask you, Helga? No, I don't believe I did. Anyway, how do we know they're not a threat. They could be spies or Dark wizards intent on destroying us.”

Harry snorted at this comment. *Salazar Slytherin, ancestor of Lord Voldemort, accusing the Boy-Who-Lived of being a dark wizard. Could things get any weirder?*

By this time the four founders had started to argue furiously. Ginny turned to Harry and they shared an amused look. Ron and Hermione joined them on their couch and they leaned in close to have a quiet discussion of their own.

“ They're going to want to know who we are and where we came from. I suggest we tell them what happened with the amulet, and what year we're from. We can't tell them much else as they might somehow change the future. While we're here we have to be extremely careful. We can change the future in any way, we have no way of knowing what the consequences might be. We could change time so much with one little decision, even preventing major events that will happen in the future. For all we know things could be changed for the worse. We can't risk that happening.”

“ Alright, 'Mione, we get the idea. Can we tell them about You-Know-Who? They might be able to teach us some spells and stuff that could help us when we get back.”

“ Ron, that's brilliant! There are sure to be ancient magics that could be of use that have been lost over the last thousand years.”

“ Calm down, 'Mione. I don't think we should mention that Voldemort is Slytherin's heir. We don't want to get on his bad side by telling him we want to kill his heir. I also don't think we should mention me being a parselmouth. It might bring up some awkward questions.”

“ Don't say the name!”

“ Gin, fear of the name increases fear of the thing itself. He can't get to you here by saying his name. He can't even do that back home.”

“ Ok, Harry, I’ll try and say it if you insist. But only if Ron and Hermione do too. And I agree, we shouldn’t tell them his identity.”

By this time the founders had finished their discussion and were patiently waiting for the students to finish. Slytherin looked annoyed, but the other three were all smiling. Gryffindor broke the silence.

“ Well, who would like to tell us where you’re from.”

Ginny, Ron and Hermione all looked at Harry. He gave a long-suffering sigh and began to recount the story of the amulet. He gave a brief summary of what was going on in their time, detailing how he was expected to save the wizarding world from an evil Dark wizard. Gryffindor looked on in pride when he was told what House Harry was in. Ravenclaw looked thoughtful at the story of his ongoing fight. Hufflepuff looked amazed and worried in a very motherly fashion. As for Slytherin, he sat and stared at them with a sneer on his face. It was obvious he wasn’t impressed by the tale. Finally, Harry ran out of things to say. The founders had the main details, without giving them enough that it might affect time.

“ Well, that was quite the story, Harry. Do you know how to get back to you own time?”

“ I’m sorry Lord Gryffindor, but we’ll need time to research it.”

“ Well that’s quite alright, dears, you can stay here and carry on with your education while you work it out.”

Harry was starting to like Lady Hufflepuff. She sort of reminded him of Mrs. Weasley, only without the temper. She was a motherly figure, and he could see why her House was known as being kind and loyal. While he was musing, Ginny was the one to point out the obvious.

“ We may have a problem with that. In our time most of the magic practiced now has been lost. We wouldn’t know where to begin.”

Ravenclaw, who had been mostly silent up until then, came up with a solution that would benefit all.

“ We could exchange knowledge.”

“ What do you mean, Lady Ravenclaw,” Hermione asked, a hungry gleam in her eye. She would never pass up the opportunity to learn anything.

“ Well, it seems to me that we can learn a lot from each other. We have a unique opportunity. From us, you can gain all our knowledge of spells, potions, and languages that can no longer be found in your time. It may be a while before you find out how to go home, so while you are here we can teach you useful skills you may use to defeat your Dark Lord. Skills such as animagus, weapons fighting, dueling and invisibility may be of use. You could also learn wandless magic. I notice you use wands for the simplest of spells. I assume the art of wandless magic has been lost?”

She waited for affirmative nods before she continued.

“ In return, we would gain all of your knowledge of spells that have not yet been invented. You may also permit us to gain knowledge of life at Hogwarts a thousand years from now. It would be nice to know what happens to our school in the future. From you, Harry and Hermione, we would also be able to see how Muggles have developed over a millennium.”

“ Lady Ravenclaw,” Ron asked, “ How could we share knowledge? I don’t know of any spell that could do that.”

“ It must have been lost over time. It is complicated, but if we do it as a group, we can take the knowledge at the same time and thus save energy. Let us sit in a circle and I can begin.”

They did as she asked, although Slytherin looked as if he was about to protest. A warning glare from Gryffindor soon shut him up. Once they were arranged, alternating adult/teenager and boy/girl, Ravenclaw began a long and complicated chant. As she spoke, the students could feel a strange pressure building in their heads. As the chant reached its climax, magical energies swirled around the circle and the pressure turned to a sharp pain. *No worse than my scar pains*, Harry thought. As the last word of the chant was spoken the pressure disappeared. Strange knowledge burst forth into their

heads. They had all shared their knowledge, meaning not only did the teenagers gain knowledge possessed by the founders, but also shared each other's. Hermione's vast knowledge of spells and potions was shared, Ron and Ginny suddenly knew all about Muggles, and Harry gave the others the knowledge of what it was like to drive away a Dementor with a Patronus. Their knowledge was shared, but not their memories, so anything they did not want to disclose to each other was still private. As soon as the rush ended, Helga Hufflepuff brought everyone's thoughts back to the present.

" I suggest we go down to the feast. The students will be arriving soon, and we need to be there to greet them and perform the sorting ceremony."

" Speaking of sortings, I would like to be resorted."

Three pairs of eyes swiveled to Harry in disbelief. He looked back sheepishly before explaining his logic.

" It seems to me that we might be here for a while. If and when we do get the amulet working again, we may not necessarily be sent back to our own time. We could end up anywhere. If this is the case, I suggest that for each new place we go to we should try a different House. It would give us a wider range of perspectives that could save our life in the future. I don't see the harm in it."

" You're mad Harry! I'm staying in Gryffindor, I don't care what you say. I could never relate to anyone in any other House, not enough to stay there for a long time. You three do the swapping thing if you like, but I want no part in it."

" Have it your way, Ron. 'Mione, Ginny, what do you think?"

" I'm game."

" Sure, why not."

" I must say, that's a very mature decision, you three," Gryffindor commented, " The added perspectives may give you a greater insight into your enemies. I suggest we ask the hat to place you all in

different Houses, though. It would give you a better chance to get to know different types of people in our culture before you leave.”

With that he grabbed the Sorting Hat from the shelf, whispered to it for a minute, and placed it on Harry’s head. After much deliberation, it shocked Harry by calling out “RAVENCLAW.” Thinking back to his sorting in his first year, he had been expecting it to say Slytherin.

Hermione was just as big a shock as the hat called out “SLYTHERIN.” Ron looked horrified at this prospect. He didn’t think Hermione was cut out to be a Slytherin.

With those two choices made, Ginny was left with Hufflepuff. She seemed happy enough with this choice, and was a little surprised when Helga went over to her and gave her a motherly hug.

“ I suggest we go to the feast now,” she suggested, “ Please come up to Godric’s office tonight after dinner and we’ll arrange times and places for your extra lessons.”

The others all nodded in agreement and the group left for the Welcome Feast. *This is going to be an interesting year*, Harry thought as they entered the Great Hall, *a very interesting year indeed.*

Interlude – What the Sorting Hat Said

Everything went dark as the Sorting Hat was placed over his head. Even though he had grown over the last four years, the hat still came down to his neck. After a few seconds a familiar voice spoke up.

Well, well, well, what do we have here? A time traveller? Well, what shall I do with you, then? I hear I'm not allowed to place you into Gryffindor, although that does suit you well. Hufflepuff would cause you a lot of pain at the moment, with what has happened in the recent past. No, I don't think you would fit in well there. I see at your first sorting you were almost a Slytherin. Four years has had quite an impact on you, Harry Potter. I no longer think Slytherin would suit you as well. Your thirst to prove yourself is almost gone! This is interesting. You just want to be normal, and have no aspirations to stand out for your achievements. You have a good mind, I see. I suppose that would be a good place to put you. You could do well in

“ RAVENCLAW!”

Harry took the hat from his head and thought over what it had said. *No longer suited for Slytherin, there's a relief*, he thought as the hat was placed on Hermione's head.

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Hermione was a little apprehensive when the Sorting Hat was placed on her head. Ravenclaw had already gone to Harry, and she knew she would be better suited there than any other House, apart from Gryffindor. A small voice broke into her worrying.

Well, well, another one. A brilliant mind you have, little one, but also a lot of courage. Gryffindor is not an option for you, though, and neither is Ravenclaw any longer. You would be accepted in Hufflepuff, as you have a great deal of loyalty, and are willing to work hard. However, you are very ambitious in your pursuit of knowledge, and this would probably make you better suited to

“ SLYTHERIN!”

Hermione took the hat off slowly and looked over at Ron. His ears were turning red and he had a look on disbelief on his face. Hermione wasn't really sure if she could survive living amongst Slytherins. She was, after all, Muggle-born. But she'd just have to get on with it, and vowed to get the most she could out of the situation.

Chapter Six – Introductions and a Feast

As the group was walking down towards the Great Hall Hermione suddenly had a thought.

“ Lord Gryffindor, what are you going to tell the students about us?”

“ I’ll tell them that you have been home educated thus far, and that you need to come to Hogwarts this year to take your OWL exams. For this to work, you’ll all have to be in fifth year, even you, Virginia. The shared knowledge should make sure you can all cope with the fifth year material. Even when you return home, Hermione’s wide knowledge of the spells of your time should allow you all to continue your education from fifth year.”

By this time the group had reached the small room off to the side of the Great Hall. The students were asked to wait there while the rest of the school arrived. They were to enter the Hall after Gryffindor announced them before the Sorting. Before they knew it the sound of voices became much louder as the students entered. The four could hear Ravenclaw instructing them to sit and be silent while Gryffindor prepared his speech. Through the door they could hear as the founder addressed the school.

“ Welcome all to another year at Hogwarts. Before the Sorting I would like to announce four new students. They have been home educated and will be starting in their fifth year. They have already been sorted, and when I call their names they will enter and join their new House. First we have Ronald Weasley of Gryffindor!”

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****Ron’s POV****

Oh, God here I go. I wonder if there will be any nice people in my year. I sure hope so. I can’t believe the others abandoned me like that! I can see why they wanted to do it, but you wouldn’t catch me in any other House. I can’t believe ‘Mione’s a Slytherin! She’s too nice! She won’t last a week there, the Slytherins hate Muggleborns. They’ll be especially bad with the Head Snake himself around. Oh, well, she can sit with us in lessons.

By the time Ron's internal rambling was well underway he had reached the Gryffindor table. Looking at the staring students, he saw a boy that looked to be about his age beckoning him over and pointing to the seat next to him.

It can't hurt, he thought as he took the seat and held his hand out to the boy. He was fairly tall, like Ron, and had long brown hair pulled back in a low pony tail, and startlingly blue eyes. He smiled at Ron as he took his hand and introduced himself.

"Hello there, Ronald wasn't it?"

"Just Ron is fine." The redhead was looking at his new housemate curiously. He looked vaguely like someone he knew, he just couldn't put his finger on whom. The answer soon came to him when the boy told him his name.

"I'm sorry, let me introduce myself. I'm Ardwick de Mimsy-Porpington. I'm a fifth year as well. Pleased to meet you."

"You wouldn't happen to have a relative called Nicholas, would you?"

"No, I'm sorry. You must be thinking of someone else."

Sure, he must be Nearly-Headless Nick's ancestor! At least I'll have something interesting to talk to Nick about when I get home. This could be fun, and he seems nice enough.

The pair started to chat animatedly about a range of topics, from Ardwick's home in France to Ron's large family. By the end of the feast they were firm friends, and Ron couldn't help but think, *I'll have to introduce him to the others.*

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****Ginny's POV****

"And second we have Virginia Weasley of Hufflepuff!"

This is weird, going to the Hufflepuff table. I'm not sure this was such a good idea. At least in Gryffindor I would have had Ron to keep me

company. He looks to be doing great there. Hey, that guy he's talking to looks a little familiar, but that's impossible. I can't possibly know anyone here, unless I've seen a portrait of him somewhere. Hmmm, the Hufflepuffs look friendly enough. Maybe this won't be so bad.

The Hufflepuffs may have looked friendly, but when she sat down at the free end of the table they just gave her shy smiles before turning to watch the sorting. Ginny drifted off into her thoughts, watching to see how the other three were getting on. Ron was doing fine, Hermione seemed to be holding her own, but Harry seemed to have a glazed look in his eyes as a snobby looking Ravenclaw prattled on at him. *Reminds me of Parvati and Lavender*, she thought. She was brought out of her thoughts as a short sandy haired boy dropped down in the seat next to her. Giving her a brilliant smile, he held out his hand, waiting until she cautiously took it.

“Hi there, I'm Samuel Peeves, but everyone just calls me Peeves, I don't know why. I'm a first year, I just got sorted. So, you're new too? That's great! Can I be your friend? You can help me! I'm the only first year Hufflepuff, and most of the girls seem like gossips, you seem more normal. So what do you think?” The small boy said very rapidly.

To be honest, Ginny didn't know what to think. He certainly seemed friendly, and enthusiastic, but she was still trying to come to terms with his name. The more she looked at him, the more she came to the conclusion that this was indeed the poltergeist of her time, at least a younger version of the ghost. Unlike the boy Ron was talking to, who looked like he might just be related to someone she knew, this mischievous looking first year was most definitely the same person as the infamous Hogwarts troublemaker. *He looks quite innocent at this age*, she thought as she shook his hand gently and started up a conversation.

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****Hermione's POV****

“Thirdly, we have Hermione Granger of Slytherin!”

The first thing Hermione noticed when she entered the Great Hall was how few students there seemed to be. The House tables weren't as long as the ones in her own time. *Most people must still be educated at home. This is the first magical school, perhaps a lot of people just don't trust it yet. Mind you, in this time the world's population is considerably lower, so that might account for some of the discrepancy.*

Hermione's ever organised mind continued to mull over the smaller number of students as she sat down at the Slytherin table. She looked around nervously at the people around her. They didn't look as bad as the Slytherins in her time. *Perhaps they haven't had time to gather all the prejudice that my Slytherins have. At the moment the founder still seems to be a Light wizard, he hasn't shown his true colours yet.*

She was brought out of her thoughts by a haughty voice. She looked over at the tall blond boy, who had a smirk fixed on his face. *Looks like Malfoy*, she thought as he repeated what he had said.

"I was talking to you, woman! You should answer when a man speaks to you! As I said, I am Horatio d'Escargot, a member of the Norman aristocracy, and the most important person in Slytherin House. I haven't heard of the Granger family. Are you from a different country?"

"No, I'm Muggleborn." *No point keeping it secret. If I pretended to be a pureblood, I'd slip up eventually.*

"WHAT! A filthy Mudblood in Slytherin House? This is an outrage! Be gone, woman. I don't want you sitting near me!"

Hermione huffily stood up and moved further down the table. She didn't really want to do what he said, as it would make him think he could walk all over her. She only moved because she didn't want to be near someone who was even worse than Malfoy. Sitting next to a group of fourth years, a mousy haired girl spoke up.

"Don't listen to *him*. He thinks because he comes from France, and is very rich, he is better than everyone else. Don't take it

personally. He has a really low opinion of all women and Muggleborns. Just remember, most of us Slytherins aren't like that."

Hermione smiled at the girl. *At least they're not all bad. I wonder what happened over the last 1000 years to make the Slytherins so bad.*

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****Harry's POV****

"Lastly, we have Harry Potter of Ravenclaw House!"

Harry walked over to the Ravenclaw table and sat next to a tall girl who looked remarkably similar to Lady Ravenclaw. She had a haughty look on her face, as if she was better than the rest.

"I am Lady Gallatea Ravenclaw, only daughter of Lady Rowena Ravenclaw. Welcome to Ravenclaw House, Harry Potter. I am the fifth year female prefect, and later I shall be giving you a list of the rules of Hogwarts, as well as individual rules solely for Ravenclaw House."

"Um.... Thanks."

"Indeed. So, where are you from? Tell me about yourself. You look like a fine specimen. Are you betrothed?"

"Not that I know of..."

"Ah, well, maybe we can arrange something. My mother would like to see me married this summer. I turn 16 in October, you see. She would like me to produce an heir as soon as I graduate. A powerful line such as ours cannot be allowed to die out. Don't you agree?"

Harry nodded uncomfortably. He hadn't thought about the marriage aspect of Anglo-Saxon society. It just never occurred to him how important heirs were for pureblood families. He certainly didn't want to marry yet, so a betrothal wasn't a good idea, especially for when he went back to his own time. She wasn't that bad, he supposed, but she seemed a little full of herself. Like a toned down version of

Malfoy, but without the prejudice. *I might be able to survive in Ravenclaw for a while, I suppose. As long as I don't get turned into another Hermione, I'll be fine.* Gallatea was still talking to him, so he tuned back in to what she was saying and started to help himself to the feast.

~~*

At the end of the feast, the prefects stood up to lead their housemates back to their common rooms. The founders nodded at the four time travellers, reminding them that they had a meeting to go to. They all nodded in response, before following their Houses back to their new homes. They had agreed earlier to meet outside the gargoyle guarding Gryffindor's office once they had found out where their common rooms were, and what the password was.

Twenty minutes later, all four students met in the corridor heading towards the office. Hermione was the first to pipe up.

"Slytherin isn't as bad as it is in our time. There's one boy we'll have to watch out for, Horatio d'Escargot, but the rest seem ok. Horatio seems to be worse than Malfoy. He's a Norman aristocrat, and thinks he's better than the rest of us."

"Well, Ravenclaw seems ok too. This one girl, Gallatea, seems to have taken a liking to me. She's a bit stuck up, and wants to marry me..."

"WHAT! Harry, mate, you can't get married! That's just... wrong, on so many levels."

"I know, Ron, and I'm not marrying her! She not bad company, and she's Lady Ravenclaw's daughter, so you'd better be nice to her. Now, can we change the subject? Ginny, how's Hufflepuff?"

"It's fine, but you'll never believe who's a first year there, and my new friend."

"Who?" chorused three voices.

"Peeves."

“ WHAT!!! Peeves, as in poltergeist Peeves?”

“ That’s what I said, Ron. He’s so sweet and innocent as a first year. We’ll have plenty of blackmail material when we get home.”

“ I know what you mean. My new friend in Gryffindor is called Ardwick de Mimsy-Porpington. I think he’s one of Nearly-Headless Nick’s ancestors. I’ll introduce you tomorrow, we’ll have lessons together.”

“ What do you mean? We can’t all have lessons together.”

“ We do, ‘Mione.” Harry piped up, “ As there are so few students, all four Houses have lessons together. We’ll all be in the same fifth year classes. As there’s more time on the timetable, we don’t have electives. All of the courses are compulsory, which means you’ll have to do Divination!”

“ Are you sure, Harry? How did you know that?”

“ Gallatea was telling me all about it at the feast.”

“ And I heard about some of that from Ardwick.”

By this time the four found themselves standing in front of the gargoyle. Before they could start trying to guess passwords, it swung open in front of them, revealing the intimidating form of Salazar Slytherin. He raised one eyebrow at them in a very Snape-like manner, before silently turning and leading them up to the office. Once there, they took a seat on one of the couches while Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff finished a discussion they were having. When they were all seated, Gryffindor addressed the students in front of him.

“ As today is Thursday, you will have your first day of lessons tomorrow. I suggest you spend this time getting used to your new situation. At the weekend I would also recommend you begin research in the library to see if you can find out how to get home. Until you come up with something, we will be giving you lessons every evening for three hours between seven and ten. On Mondays you will study sword fighting with me, on Tuesday you will

learn the animagus transformation with Lady Hufflepuff. On Wednesday you will study martial arts and hand to hand combat with Lord Slytherin. On Thursday you will study the art of invisibility with Lady Ravenclaw. Fridays will be archery with Lady Hufflepuff. Saturdays will be spent practicing duelling with me. Sundays will be devoted to wandless magic with Lady Ravenclaw. Now, don't worry about remembering all of this, it will appear on your timetable sheets tomorrow. Now, I think you've all had a very long night, so you should all retire to bed. You have a big day tomorrow."

With that the students bid the founders a good night and left the office. Splitting at the Entrance Hall, they wished each other pleasant dreams and headed to their new Houses.

Chapter Seven – The First Day of Lessons

The next day dawned bright and early, and the four time travellers woke up feeling refreshed. They went through their normal morning routine, all the time thinking how strange their situation was. By 8 o'clock they had left their Houses and met up in the Entrance Hall. Hermione was the first to speak.

“ So, how did you all get on? Slytherin was weird; it's strange to live in a dungeon, with no light to wake you up in the morning.”

“ Hufflepuff's ok, at least we have light, 'cause we're in a tower. I have to share with two other girls in our year, but they don't really say much to me. Peeves is lucky, he had a whole dorm room to himself.”

By this time the four had reached the doors of the Great Hall. With a quick wave, they parted ways, heading to their respective House tables. At the Gryffindor table, Ardwick was waiting for Ron to turn up. As soon as he sat down the fifth year started asking him about his friends.

“ So, Ron, when are you going to introduce me to our friends?”

“ Tomorrow, I hope. We need to go to the library to do some research, would you like to come with us?”

“ Sure, that'd be great. What do you need to research.”

“ I'll tell you when we get there, I don't want everyone to know.”

“ Fine, I look forward to meeting them. Is your sister the same age as you?”

“ No, she's a year younger, but she knows enough to be in the same year as us.”

“ Is she betrothed?”

“ WHAT!”

Over with the Slytherins, Hermione was sitting on her own. Horatio had effectively silenced most of the House and turned them against her. Only her roommate, Christabel, would have anything to do with her. She was a shy girl with no Slytherin friends. She usually spent her time with Harry's new friend, Gallatea. Hermione was glad when the girl came down to breakfast and sat with her.

"Would you like to come to the library tomorrow to meet my friends?"

Christabel looked at her for a minute before slowly nodding her head, and striking up a conversation about herbology.

Across the room, Harry had been latched onto by Gallatea. As soon as she sat down she leant close to his ear and whispered "I know." Harry looked at her startled.

"Know what?"

"Where you're from. My mother told me last night. I'd like to help with the research. Can I come to the library tomorrow and meet your friends?"

"Sure, I think some other students are coming too. It depends who the others invite."

"I'll be there then." She smiled as she started handing out the new timetables. Harry took one look at it and groaned.

"Double Potions first thing, followed by Transfiguration, and double Divination after lunch. Could this day be any worse?"

~~*

Potions was held in the same dungeon Snape used. All four Houses fit in the room, but most people didn't just sit with their housemates. Harry and Gallatea were sat on the back row with Ron, Hermione, Ginny and Christabel. Ardwick was sat on the row in front with some of his other friends. The group chatted about random things until the door slammed open and Salazar Slytherin stormed in. Moving to the front of the class he turned to the students and

glared at each of them. *Wow, he's just like Snape*, Harry thought as the glare was turned on him.

What's his problem? Simbi asked quietly from under Harry's sleeve.

Did he have lemons for breakfast, Harry? Nirah added. Harry couldn't help himself and started to silently chuckle to himself. Unfortunately, Slytherin noticed his lack of attention.

"Is something funny, Mr. Potter?"

Yep, definitely like Snape, he thought before shaking his head at the annoyed potions master. Slytherin gave him one more glare before turning back to the rest of the class.

"Today we will be making the Ministrare Potion. This potion has similar effects to the Imperius Curse, only doesn't last as long. It is also easier to fight. Anyone not completing their potion correctly will be hung by their thumbs in the dungeon for an hour tonight. Do I make myself clear?"

He was answered by nods from all as they rushed to gather the ingredients the teacher was writing on the board. As he was making his potion, Harry was looking around the room assessing how well the other students did in potions. If there was anyone as bad as Neville he would like to know, so he could avoid being their partner in the future. His potion was going well until he almost added too many earwig tails. The new knowledge in his head would not normally allow him to make this mistake, but he was rather distracted at the time. He was only saved by furious hissing from Simbi and Nirah, who had been keeping an eye on what he was doing.

By the end of the lesson, only two people had made their potions wrong. It seemed that Ardwick was this year's Neville Longbottom. Much to Hermione's satisfaction, Horatio d'Escargot was the other student that messed up. He gave his Head of House a wide smirk, that was soon wiped off when he was informed in no uncertain terms that he would serve the detention, no matter how important his family. The four teens grinned at this, wishing it would happen to Malfoy once in a while.

~~*

Transfiguration was when the first problem for the time travellers occurred. The class was taken by Lady Ravenclaw, who seemed to be a very patient teacher. People were sat around the room in pairs, Harry with Gallatea, Hermione with Christabel, Ron with Ardwick, and Ginny with one of her Hufflepuff roommates. The first problem came when they started the lesson by taking notes. As Ravenclaw dictated, the students were quickly writing down what she was saying. After a while, Ardwick, Gallatea and Christabel noticed that their friends weren't writing in the same language as the rest of them. Gallatea, knowing they were from the future, let it drop as she realised they were writing in their own language. If anything, she was curious about it. Some of the words seemed similar to her own, whereas others she could clearly see French influences. There also seemed to be a complete lack of runes in their alphabet. Being a Ravenclaw, and therefore having a thirst for knowledge, she swore she would ask Harry to teach it to her before he left.

Hermione and Ron had less understanding partners. Ardwick was staring at Ron's page in awe, whereas Christabel was looking at the words in confusion. Both leaned over to their new friends and told them they would explain when they met in the library the next day.

The next problem was when the practical part of the lesson started. The other students were all trying to do the transfiguration without a wand. The four hadn't started their wandless magic lessons yet, and so didn't even know where to begin. They all got strange looks when they pulled out their wands and used them for the transfiguration. The other students couldn't understand why they needed to use wands for such 'simple' work. Horatio was having a good time giving them condescending looks.

" I see the new students have weak magic. I can't believe they need wands for this! They must all be weak little Mudbloods."

Before Ron could lunge at the smirking boy, Lady Ravenclaw had the Slytherin in a full body bind.

" For that, Monsieur d'Escargot, you will have a detention with me tomorrow night. I believe this is your second today."

Obviously in this time the teachers don't mind using harsher punishments, Harry thought as the body bind was lifted.

~~*

Lunch was a noisy affair, with students avidly discussing their new lessons. At the Hufflepuff table Peeves was animatedly telling Ginny that he had learned to levitate things. Ginny was amused by the small boy's enthusiasm about his lessons. It was a far cry from the irritating poltergeist he would be in the future.

At the end of lunch the group headed to the high Divination Tower. Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny were dreading it. They had visions of another Super Bug fake. When they reached the room they were pleasantly surprised to see no sign of floating material or incense. The floor was covered in cushions and there were no tables at all. The group arranged themselves on the floor and waited for the teacher to arrive. A few minutes later, Helga Hufflepuff climbed through the trapdoor and sat down in front of the class with a smile. From his wrist, Harry could hear a quiet hissing.

What is it, Nirah? he quietly hissed back. He didn't want anyone to notice he was a parselmouth.

She is a true Seer

Are you sure? he asked, surprised.

Yes, and Simbi concurs

Harry looked at the short teacher with a little more respect. True Seers were very rare. Just then she began the lesson.

" Now dears, this term we will be reviewing runes, tarot cards, tasseomancy and crystal balls. We will start with the latter. Now, each take a ball and see if you can see anything. Don't worry if you can't, it doesn't work for everybody."

The group sat and stared at the balls for a while. Some of them were getting a little frustrated from seeing nothing but a white mist. Suddenly, Ginny let out a gasp and turned to the

others. Speaking to them in English so no-one else would understand, she told them what she saw.

“ Slytherin’s up to something. I saw a fight in the Chamber of Secrets. Harry was there, as well as Gryffindor. It didn’t look good.”

“ Are you sure you saw something, Gin,” Ron asked, also in English,
“ As ‘Mione always says, Divination is a very imprecise branch of magic.”

This earned him amused looks from his two best friends. They started laughing before they were interrupted by Gallatea.

“ If you’ve quite finished, would you mind telling us what is going on?”

“ Sorry, ‘Tea, we can’t tell you, it might change history,” Harry told her apologetically.

The rest of the class was looking at the group in confusion and suspicion. Horatio had his usual sneer in place. Hufflepuff gave them a long, penetrating stare before dismissing the class without homework. On the way back to the Ravenclaw common room, Harry thought of something he wanted to ask his serpentine friends.

*Simbi, Nirah, can you tell if *anyone’s* a Seer?*

Yes we can, Harry

Is Ginny a Seer

The two snakes had a silent discussion for a few seconds before Simbi turned to his owner.

Yes, she is

Chapter Eight – A Trip to the Library

Eleven o'clock on Saturday morning found the four time travellers, plus Ardwick, Gallatea and Christabel, sitting at a table in a quiet corner of the library. Most of the other Hogwarts students were either still in bed or doing the homework they'd been given the previous day. Ron, Harry, Hermione and Ginny had all done theirs the previous night, as their new knowledge allowed them to quickly complete the work without any research needing to be done. Gallatea, also, had done the work, but then she was a Ravenclaw and loved to do work. She was as bad as Hermione.

The group sat around the table for a few minutes in silence. No-one knew where to start, and none of them knew how the others would react to what they were told. As the silence was becoming uncomfortable, Ardwick broke the tension.

“ So, is there a reason you brought us here, or are we just going to stare at each other all day?”

Harry and Ron exchanged looks. Harry's seemed to say 'I told the story last time, it's someone else's turn'. Ron replied with a resigned glare. Clearing his throat, he looked at the expectant faces of his new friends.

“ Um...well there's no easy way to say this. You'll have to keep it a secret, though, otherwise we can't tell you.”

“ We won't say anything,” Christabel assured him.

“ Right, well, we, um...”

“ Just spit it out, Ron”

“ Sorry 'Mione. Ardwick, Chris, 'Tea, we're from the future.”

Silence followed. Ardwick gaped at Ron before bursting out laughing. Christabel looked at them incredulously before fainting. Gallatea was calm, and simply waited for him to continue. She already knew about it from her mother, so she wasn't showing the extreme reactions the others were. Once Christabel had

been woken up and Ardwick had stopped laughing, the disgruntled students recounted what had happened to them. They explained that this was why they had been writing in English in Transfiguration, and had to perform the spell with their wands. By the end, even Gallatea was sat in stunned silence. Her mother had told her they were from the future, but nothing like in as much detail as she had just heard. After a few minutes, Christabel spoke up.

“ So this is what you need help researching? You need to find out about the amulet?”

“ Yes, I have a book about it, which is where I got the spell, but I haven’t finished reading it. After that, if it doesn’t explain it, we’ll have to look in the library here.”

Taking out his book, Harry opened it to the correct page and read out the entry. They didn’t really learn anything new, so they all split into different parts of the library to search for anything that might be of use.

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By dinnertime the next day they were getting frustrated. They were just about to leave for the Great Hall, having completely missed lunch, when a triumphant whoop came from a dusty corner of the library. Upon closer inspection, Ardwick was found sitting at a table with a heavy tome open in front of him, a large grin on his face.

“ I think I’ve found what you’re looking for.”

Pushing the book over, Hermione picked it up and looked at the picture on the page. Asking Harry for the amulet, she compared the two and saw they matched. Quickly reading over the text she paled and turned to the others.

“ What is it ‘Mione,” Ron asked the now shaking girl.

Harry took the book from her limp hands and read the short passage out.

“ The Amulet of Time is said to have been created by the founder of modern magic, the great wizard Merlin. Its purpose is to enrich the lives of whoever uses it...”

“ As in ‘great personal wealth’,” Ron muttered.

“...by transporting them to a different time. The first jump is usually the greatest. Thereafter, each jump takes the traveller nearer to their own time. The Amulet of Time usually takes the travellers to either three or four different times before returning them to their starting point. The Amulet can only be used once a year, and must be activated on the same date as, and within an hour of the time left on, the first jump. If another date is attempted, or the amulet is not activated in the allotted window of two hours on that date, the amulet ceases to function and all travellers will remain at their present time for all eternity.”

“ And that means?”

“ That means, Ron, that we can only use the amulet on September 1st between 12:30 and 2:30 pm. If we miss our window, we’re stuck here forever.”

Chapter Nine – The First Week of Training

Monday dawned bright and early for the Hogwarts students. All over the castle teenagers were groaning in protest as their alarms went off, indicating the start of their first full week of lessons. Harry, Hermione, Ron and Ginny had all been up late the night before trying to find any way to activate the amulet early and get them back home quickly. They were all discouraged when they found out that the Hogwarts library didn't have any more information on the subject. Hermione had worked out that if the amulet could only be activated once a year, and they would have to visit at least two more time periods, it would be at least three years before they would see their families again. By that time they, with the exception of Ginny, would be older than the Weasley twins. It was a very disturbing thought. Harry was the only one not bothered about seeing his family again. By the time they got back he would be old enough to live on his own and would never have to go back to the Dursleys. When he thought about it though, he would miss Sirius and Hagrid. They probably wouldn't even recognise them by the time they returned.

By eight o'clock the four had gathered in the Entrance Hall and were just heading to breakfast when the founders stopped them. They wanted to know how the research had gone and how long they would be staying. When they heard the news, Slytherin was disappointed, but the others all thought it would be for the best. If they had a whole year they would be able to gain more ancient skills. When this topic came up, Gryffindor was the one to break the news to the group.

“ If you're going to be having physical training you'll need to get in shape. Starting today I want you all to run three laps of the lake. Once your training starts I want you to practice what you have learned at lunch time. Lessons in each subject only once a week, even if it is for a whole year, will not be enough. You will have to practice as often as possible. In the holidays I'll want you to spend several hours a day honing your skills. The same goes for the weekends. Now I suggest you get running!”

With groans of protest the teenagers set off for their morning run.

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Their first lesson of the day was History of Magic taught by a curious little creature with long years and warts. It took Harry a few minutes to work out that it was a goblin. He hadn't recognised it at first as it seemed to be a different race to the ones that worked in the Diagon Alley branch of Gringotts. He soon found out why when Gallatea leant over and whispered in his ear.

"That's Professor Narnook. He's an Egyptian goblin, unlike the British one's you've probably seen before. He's really boring. He doesn't seem to tell us much apart from intricate details of various goblin rebellions, one of which he was supposedly part of."

"Sounds like our History of Magic professor. He's the only ghost professor, and his lesson is normally considered a good time to take a nap. He never notices."

"Well, some things never change then. It's the same here. Although I usually spend the time doing homework."

"So does 'Mione, she seems to think it's not prudent to waste the time. Hey, what's Ginny up to?"

Harry looked at the redheaded girl sitting in the seat in front of him. She was quietly scribbling away in a large leather bound book. The pages seemed to be empty, but she was soon filling them up with her tiny script. Intrigued, Harry tapped her on the shoulder. It took her a moment to finish her paragraph before she turned around.

"What's up Harry."

"What are you doing, Gin?"

"Oh this," the girl whispered and turned an interesting shade of red, "I'm writing a book about our travels. I want an accurate account of this time for when we get home. When we visit different times I'll add them. I want to document every little detail, because so much information has been lost. I believe Hermione's working on a book of her own. She's concentrating on writing a series of spell books with all the lost knowledge that we've gained. I think she was trying to talk Ron into doing the one for potions, but the last I heard he turned her

down point blank. Said he wouldn't want it to fall into Professor Snape's hands."

" I'll take potions then. It's a good idea, and you two can't do it all. I think you'll have the most to do, if you're documenting everything. Mind you, there have been a lot of potions and spells lost. Do you think we'll get them finished before we move on?"

" Well, I won't, because it's an ongoing project. You two might. I'll let her know later that you've agreed to do it. She likes schoolwork but I doubt she'd have time to do everything."

By this time the end of the lesson was approaching. Harry started to think about the project he'd just agreed to. Now that he had the knowledge and understanding, and despite the teacher, he found he was quite enjoying potions. He had an appreciation for the art that he had never had in his first four years at Hogwarts. He couldn't help but think, as he was packing his bag, *I wonder what Snape'll think when we get back.*

Chapter Ten – Swords and Foils

Seven that night found the four teens standing in front of the gargoyle arguing over what the password could be.

“ Well, it can’t be sweets, Dumbledore’s the only one who would think of using those.”

“ Even if it was, we don’t know any kinds of sweets they have in this time.”

“ They may have the same sort as us.”

“ I doubt it, Ron.”

“ What sort of things does Gryffindor like?”

“ How are we supposed to know?”

“ Well, you’ve probably read enough books on the subject, ‘Mione.”

“ I don’t think there *are* any books listing Godric Gryffindor’s office passwords, Ron, not even in Hogwarts: a History.”

“ No need for sarcasm.”

“ I think you deserve it.”

“ Oh, shut up.”

“ I will not shut up Ron Weasley!”

Ginny was the first to notice the amused figure standing in the now open door. She started giggling as Harry noticed too. The three stood and watched as Ron and Hermione threw insults at each other. Eventually, Hermione turned to storm off when she came face to face with the object of the argument. Blushing profusely, she started to stutter an apology. Before she could get anywhere, Gryffindor held his hand up to silence her.

“ That’s quite alright Hermione. Your dispute made for interesting listening. Now, if you’ll follow me, I’ll take you to the practice room.”

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Gryffindor led them up several flights of stairs in the direction of Gryffindor tower. It had been a while since Harry, Hermione and Ginny had had any reason to come to this part of the castle. Passing the entrance to the common room, the founder led them up a hidden flight of steps leading to a heavy wooden door.

“ This will be your practice room. The password is ‘amulet’ and I expect you to remember it. You will be in this room for all of your extra lessons, and feel free to make use of it any time you need to practice.”

The four teens gaped at the sight that met their eyes as the door was pushed open. The room was large and round, with windows all around letting in the evening light. The floor was covered in the center with thick straw mats for practicing on. Around the edge was a rich red carpet dotted with plush gold lions. Desks and chairs were scattered around, and the walls were covered with bookshelves.

“ You mean we have free use of this room?” Hermione asked in disbelief, a grin breaking out on her face when she received a nod in reply.

“ I suggest you come with me and choose weapons. You’ll have to get your own when you go to Hogsmeade later in the year, but for now you can choose some from the armoury.”

He led them over to a small door off to one side. Inside was another room with wall to wall weapons. There were swords of all kinds, designed for different styles of fighting. One wall was dedicated to bows of different lengths and styles with quivers full of arrows. One corner had many styles of knives and other blades. The four time travellers stared in shock as Gryffindor moved over to a case of swords and foils and asked them to choose one each. Once they had all chosen, they were led back into the main room and arranged on the central mat. Gryffindor stood in front of them and held out his sword, one which Harry recognised as the sword he pulled from the sorting hat in the Chamber of Secrets.

“ Now, I need you to listen very carefully. I won't have you playing around with the swords. They're very sharp, so I don't want to see any severed limbs. Ready?”

Receiving nods in agreement, the founder proceeded to show them a number of basic blocks and attack movements. The four seemed to pick them up fairly quickly, and soon they had progressed to a mock duel using the moves they had just learned. Harry and Ron went first.

“ Now, I want Harry and Ron to stand here in the middle. Hermione, Virginia, could you please move back onto the carpet? Right, off you go, but try not to hurt each other.”

The two boys bowed slightly to each other and began the duel. It lasted about five minutes, and their moves were a little clumsy, but they got better as they progressed. Ron soon had the upper hand and it was obvious the redhead had a talent for sword fighting. *At least he has something of his own to be proud of, he might not be so jealous now,* Harry thought, as Ron knocked the sword from his hand. Bowing to each other again, Ron let out a shout of triumph and a grin spread itself across his face.

Next came Hermione and Ginny. Their duel lasted a little longer, as neither had fully grasped the movements, and both were at about the same level. Finally, after fifteen minutes, both girls laid down their swords and claimed the duel a draw. It was obvious both were tired, not having the stamina yet to deal with a long duel. Gryffindor then let the group rest for a while before calling Ron and Hermione to duel. It was no contest really. Hermione was still tired from her duel with Ginny, so Ron had the sword out of her hand in a matter of minutes. The last duel started soon after, with Harry soon getting the upper hand and managing to get Ginny to fall backwards onto the floor. He held the tip of his sword to her throat until she threw her sword to the ground in defeat. Grinning down at the disgruntled girl, he held his hand out to help her up, only to find himself pulled down on top of her. Blushing profusely, both stood and moved away from each other, leaving a laughing Ron and Hermione.

Once the four had calmed down, Gryffindor called it a night, reminding them to do their running in the morning and to practice

what they had just learned the following lunch time. The teens all nodded wearily to the founder and headed back to their dorms for some well needed rest.

Chapter Eleven – The Art of Animagus

Tuesday morning found the four participating in their morning run. All were exhausted by the time they had completed their tasks, but their times had improved slightly. Before long they had reached the Great Hall and were heading to their own tables. As Harry sat down, Gallatea turned away from her conversation with one of her female friends to greet him.

“ Hello Harry, how was your run?”

“ It was better than yesterday. The others seem to be especially worn out. I don’t know if it’s because I’m used to running away from my cousin that I’m fitter. We’ll just have to wait and see.”

“ Running from your cousin?”

“ Long story, you don’t want to know.”

“ So, are you looking forward to tonight?”

Harry looked at her warily. Did she know about the extra training? No-one else was supposed to know about it. If it got out to the rest of the school that the four were getting special treatment, there would be a lot of angry parents.

“ What do you know about tonight?” Harry whispered back to her. Catching on, Gallatea also lowered her voice.

“ The Animagus lessons with Lady Hufflepuff. I know about them because I’ll be there too. My mother thought it would be a useful skill. It’s the only one of your lessons I’ll be partaking of, though. I think you may be able to get permission to bring Ardwick and Chris if you want.”

Harry stared at her in stunned silence, before slowly nodding his head in consent.

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Later that day in the first herbology lesson of the year the group experienced their first confrontation with Horatio d'Escargot. He had been keeping a relatively low profile for the last few days but he took Hufflepuff's inattention as a good chance to strike. Turning around in his seat, he glared at Hermione and Ginny, who were sitting in the seat behind him.

" So, I see you Mudbloods are weak at magic. Don't think I've forgotten that little display in Transfiguration, and no matter what that Ravenclaw woman says, I won't let it lie. One day, the world will be purged of filthy scum, and on that day I will be watching."

Hermione and Ginny just stared at him in contempt. It was Hermione that answered his taunt.

" Really? That's nice."

Horatio turned enraged eyes on the young witch and lifted his hand. But Hermione was too quick. Before he could utter a spell she had her wand out and threw an impediment jinx on him. The two girls watched in satisfaction as he struggled to move. After a few minutes the jinx was lifted and the angry boy turned back to the front, muttering about revenge.

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That evening at seven o'clock the four time travellers met at the entrance to the Gryffindor tower room with Gallatea, Ardwick and Christabel. A few minutes later Lady Hufflepuff turned up and the group moved up to the room. Hufflepuff smiled at the students and began to explain what was going to happen.

" Right, everyone, we'll be starting with some background notes on the theory of the animagus transformation. You have to cover the theory before even attempting the transformation. It is a very complicated piece of magic and there are a lot of things that can go wrong. Once we have covered the background, which should take us to about nine o'clock, you will all decide whether you want to continue. If you do not believe you will be successful, I suggest you

back out before we start the practical lessons. After the notes you will each perform a charm, one at a time, which will tell us what animal you will become. After that you will be spending the next few weeks researching your animal. It is impossible to become the beast, if you do not understand the beast. Understand?”

Seven nods were her answer.

“ Good. Now, take a seat and we will start with your notes.”

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Two hours later Lady Hufflepuff called a halt to the note taking. While the teens rubbed the cramp from their hands, the founder waved her hand and a circle of pillows appeared on the mat in the center of the room. She called her charges over and asked them all to sit in a circle on the floor. Once they were all seated, she began to talk.

“ Now, if you want to leave, now is the time to do it. This is your last chance to back out.”

Nobody moved. They all simply looked back at the older witch and awaited further instructions. After a few moments she nodded and continued.

“ Good, I’m glad you have all decided to continue. Ten points to each of you. Now, I need you to close your eyes and concentrate. Then repeat these words, one at a time starting with Harry. Now, say *Video Animagus*.”

Harry closed his eyes and began to concentrate. After a few moments he whispered the words to the spell.

“ Video Animagus.”

When the other occupants of the room gasped in awe, he slowly opened his eyes to see a magnificent beast roaming in the center of the circle. On closer inspection he could see it was a white feline. A very *large* white feline.

“ What *is* that?”

“ It’s a snow leopard, Harry,” Hermione supplied.

The group jumped in surprise, and Ginny let out a short scream, as the snow leopard suddenly spread previously invisible white wings. They reached right across the length of the circle and shimmered a similar shade of white to unicorn hair.

“ Wow,” was all Ron could say.

“ I think that about sums it up,” agreed Ardwick.

“ What is it?”

“ I thought we’d been over this Harry, it’s a snow leopard.”

“ With wings???”

“ So it would seem.”

Hufflepuff chose this moment to speak up.

“ Well, this is a most impressive form, Harry. I don’t believe I’ve ever heard of a winged snow leopard before. Now, I suggest we continue around the circle. The image will fade in a moment. Ardwick, I believe it is your turn.”

Ardwick closed his eyes, much as Harry had done. A moment later a large grey form appeared in the room.

“ An elephant?”

“ It would appear so, ‘Tea.”

“ We’ll have to be careful he doesn’t accidentally stand on us.”

“ Uhuh.”

“ I believe it is Hermione’s turn. Well done Ardwick. Now, Hermione, just do as the others did.”

Hermione closed her eyes and muttered the spell. Opening her eyes she was surprised to see a large snowy owl sitting in the middle of the floor.

“ An owl, how appropriate.”

“ Shut up, Ron. It’s your turn now, so you might not be laughing.”

“ I wasn’t laughing, ‘Mione.”

“ Just get on with it.”

A few moments later the image of a large, black winged horse appeared in the center of the floor. A minute later the group was looking at air. The beast had completely disappeared.

“ What the...”

“ I believe that was a thestral. They can turn invisible,” Gallatea stated.

“ But thestrals are dark creatures! They bring bad luck!”

“ Those are only fairytales Ron. If you’d ever read ‘Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them’ you would know that.”

“ Shut up, Gin,” he muttered as he peered at the now visible horse,
“ It doesn’t look so bad. Kinda majestic looking...”

Rolling her eyes, Gallatea proceeded to say the spell. A small shape appeared on the floor before flapping its wings and flying to sit on her shoulder. Looking up, she recognised it as a peregrine falcon. Smiling, she turned and waited for Ginny to say the spell. After a few failed attempts due to lack of concentration, another bird appeared. Ron burst out laughing when he saw it. Once he controlled himself he stated,

“ A pelican? Your animagus form is a pelican? Heeheehee.”

Turning red, Ginny pulled out her wand and pointed it at her brother.

“ What’s wrong with a pelican? It’s not that different from ‘Mione’s owl or ‘Tea’s falcon.”

“ I’m sorry, Gin, it just seemed funny.”

The redheaded witch crossed her arms and turned to the last person in the room and waited for her to say the spell. When she saw the small creature that appeared she didn’t feel so bad. After all, a pelican was no stranger than a meercat. Christabel seemed pleased, though, so she didn’t comment. Luckily, neither did anyone else. Hufflepuff was looking pleased and smiled at the students.

“ Right everyone, that’ll be all for tonight. Next week I want you to bring some books on your animal to start the research. Now, off to bed, you’ve had a rather...interesting...night.”

With that the seven students wandered out of the room, heading to bed. That night seven young teenagers dreamed about their animals and all the adventures they would have with their new forms.

Chapter Twelve – A Lesson in Beating Each Other Up

The second lesson of Wednesday was the one subject the four had been dreading. The Dark Arts. Ron especially was having a hard time getting his head around having to learn Dark Magic.

“ It’s only used by evil Death Eaters,” he had complained on the way to breakfast. The fact that all four had the knowledge already in their heads never occurred to him.

Harry was the one person actually looking forward to the lesson. He had been reading his parseltongue book from Knockturn Alley and had even tried some of the spells out using Simbi and Nirah. However, most of the spells were considered dark, and he didn’t want to try anything too strong without a firm grounding in the subject. He knew the knowledge was there, as it was with the others, but he knew he would feel more comfortable with it after he had had a few practical lessons.

The lesson started when Slytherin stormed through the doors, slamming his books onto his desk. Turning to the class, he looked contemptuously at anyone not from Slytherin House.

“ Today we will be talking about pain spells. This topic will be continued for the whole year, as it comprises a large part of the Dark Arts. Mr. Weasley, why are you frowning at this? Does this topic displease you somehow?”

Ron looked at the founder before stating with a haughty tone.

“ I just think that we shouldn’t be learning the Dark Arts.”

“ And why not, Mr. Weasley. What pearl of wisdom are you going to use to condemn the most powerful branch of magic?” the rather annoyed Slytherin asked.

“ Well, the Dark Arts are evil, and only used by evil Dark wizards,” was Ron’s confident response. Harry could immediately see by Slytherin’s expression that his answer was *very* wrong. He almost pitied his friend. Almost.

“ Really, Mr. Weasley? Let me tell you something. The Dark Arts in themselves are not evil. They are merely types of spells which hold more power than Light Magic. You call them evil, but you wouldn't class a simple Wingardium Leviosa as evil would you?”

“ Of course not sir.”

“ Indeed. And why not?”

“ Because it doesn't hurt anybody,” came Ron's less confident retort.

“ So let me get this straight, Mr. Weasley. Wingardium Leviosa is not dangerous because it is a Light spell. Is that what you are trying to tell me?”

By this point Ron was losing confidence fast. However, he couldn't quite see what Slytherin was getting at. Harry, Ginny and Hermione, however, could see where this was going. They looked at their friend as he hesitantly nodded in response. The teacher stood there for a moment and glared at the now very nervous Gryffindor. Eventually, he took a breath and started to explain.

“ Mr. Weasley, consider this if you will. You are in a situation where somebody is annoying or insulting you. You become angry, and in retaliation take out your wand and cast Wingardium Leviosa on this person. They shout at you and insult you further. Your anger increases, and you levitate them out of a window and remove the charm. Your tormentor falls to their death. You have become a murderer, and have killed someone in a frightening and painful way, when a simple killing curse would have been quicker and kinder. In this case, is the levitation spell, something a first year learns, still so innocent? Or is the Dark Magic alternative better in the long term? Do you understand Mr. Weasley?”

A rather shocked Ron could do nothing but nod in agreement.

“ Good, now I want you to remember something. Dark Magic in itself is not evil. Dark wizards, who favour Dark Magic, are not necessarily evil. What is evil is the intent. If Dark Magic is used to help someone, not to harm them, then it cannot be classed as evil. It is also so, that

so-called Light Magic can be used to do great harm if the intent is evil.”

The rest of the lesson was fairly quiet, and it was a very thoughtful group of time travellers which made their way to Ancient Runes.

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That night the four once again met in the round room. Slytherin was already there waiting for them, dressed in battle robes. As soon as they entered the room he beckoned them over and made them stand in a circle on the central mat.

“ Now, I want you to listen. This will not be easy on you, especially as you are all so out of shape. From now on I want you to practice the moves you learn in these lessons for at least an hour each day. Your morning run will not get you fit on its own. You need more physical exercise. When you practice I suggest you work in pairs, so you can have mock fights. When you go to Hogsmeade I expect you all to purchase some battle robes. For now you will have to make do with something loose and comfortable. Now, let us begin.”

For the first hour the group learned various types of martial arts maneuvers. The style was unlike any used in their time, which would be a great advantage in a battle. Before long they were using their new skills to have mock fights. Surprisingly, despite her lean frame and lack of developed muscles, Hermione did the best out of the group. By nine o'clock they were all exhausted and were ready to call it a night. Slytherin would have none of it, though.

“ Now that you know some of the basics we will concentrate on building up your muscles. For the last hour each week we will be performing a series of exercises designed to build up you strength and stamina.”

The four moaned in protest but the Head Snake was adamant. By the end of the lesson they were all exhausted. That night, none of them had any trouble sleeping. In fact, it was a miracle they made it back to their dorms without collapsing in a pile in exhaustion.

Chapter Thirteen – Now You See Me, Now You Don't

Thursday was one of the days the four had been looking forward to the most. The day they would start to learn the complicated art of invisibility. Harry and Ron were especially excited. Since they had both grown taller over the holidays, and it didn't seem like they would be stopping anytime soon, the invisibility cloak would soon no longer be an option. It could fit one person under it, but if both of them wanted to use it they would run the risk of being seen. It made late night trips to the kitchens much harder. On the other hand, if they could turn invisible anytime it could be used to their advantage, both when trying to escape from dangerous situations and when performing pranks. The four teens had a free period first thing after breakfast, and they were to be found in the library discussing possible uses for their soon to be acquired ability.

"Just think of all the things we could learn," exclaimed Hermione, "We could sneak into the library at night if we needed to do research. We wouldn't have to worry about getting caught and losing points."

"Wow, 'Mione, never thought I'd hear you suggesting we break the rules," was Ron's retort.

"Well, it's not like anyone would get hurt. And we wouldn't lose house points, so it wouldn't affect other people."

"True, but we could do much more fun things, like playing pranks on the Slytherins..."

"Hey!"

"...or spying on the founders..."

"That would be unethical!"

"...or getting food from the kitchens. What do you think Harry?"

"Personally, I think it's time we had some fun. We've been fighting evil Dark Lords since first year, and now we're away from Voldemort I think it's time we just did what we like. There's no-one to hurt us here,

and even if there was, we now have enough knowledge to deal with any threats.”

“ What are you suggesting, mate?”

“ What I’m suggesting, Ron, is that we do some pranks, play some quidditch, and just be kids for a change.”

“ Sounds good to me.”

At that moment Ginny, who had her head in her arms on the desk, began to stir. She had dozed off a while ago when the boys had been talking about quidditch. She was now shifting restlessly and muttering in her sleep. Suddenly, she sat up straight and gave a little yelp. The incident was similar to what had happened to her in Divination the other day. *Must be a vision*, Harry thought. Her eyes flew open and her gaze was met by concerned looks from her three friends.

“ What’s up, Gin, you look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“ I’m fine, Ron, it’s just...”

“ Just what?”

“ Nothing. I just have a feeling something bad is going to happen tomorrow.”

Harry thought about this for a second, remembering what Simbi and Nirah had told him about her being a true Seer.

“ Ginny, was it a vision with images, like you had in Divination? Or was it a feeling, like you had in Diagon Alley when you told me to take out more money?”

“ Like Diagon Alley.”

“ Right. I think we need to look into this whole Seer thing.”

Ron and Hermione were watching the exchange, confused. They had not heard the exchange in Diagon Alley, nor did they know about

her being a Seer. Harry had mentioned it to Ginny the night after her incident in Divination, but he had never told the others.

“ Harry, what are you talking about? What do you mean about my sister being a Seer?”

Harry sighed and looked at Ginny. She gave a slight nod for him to tell the others.

“ Ron, Hermione, I found out on Friday that Ginny is a true Seer. I thought there was something funny going on when we went to Diagon Alley to get our school supplies. When we got to Gringotts, she told me to take out a lot more money than I normally would, as she had a strong feeling I would need it. I trust her, so I did what she said. Then we got sent to the past for however many years we'll be stuck here. There may be times when that extra money comes in useful. When we were in Divination, Ginny had a vision. Something about a battle in the Chamber of Secrets, I think. I talked to Simbi and Nirah about it, and they told me she was a true Seer.”

The other two just stared at Harry for a few minutes in awe. Ron was pleased that his sister was special, if a little jealous. Hermione just wanted to hit the books and find out all she could about true Seers. Once they had both snapped out of their dazes, Hermione went to gather some books so they could spend the morning researching Ginny's new gift.

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Two hours later the four friends hadn't found much on true Seers. From what Harry had managed to glean from Simbi and Nirah, true Seers were very rare. There were actually three types of Seer. True Seers had a very strong Inner Eye and could experience both visions and intuitive feelings. They could see things that were going to happen months or even years in advance, and their visions were much clearer. The second type were short sighted Seers. They had weak visions that only showed them things that would happen in the next few days. The third, like their old Divination professor, could only see a few minutes in advance, if at all, and had only a few true visions in their lives, which they themselves could not recall having. Ginny, being a true Seer, was of the most powerful type.

Just as they were about to give up, a whiney voice sounded from behind them.

“ Well, well, if it isn’t the Mudblood scum. Studying hard, I see. You need to study hard to make up for your weak magic. Not that you could ever make up for *that*. No matter how hard you study, you will *never* be *anything* worthwhile.”

“ Shut up, d’Escargot.”

“ Ohhhh! The redhead has clout! My, my, how long did it take to think that one up? A week?”

“ Leave my brother alone, go and bother someone who cares.”

“ Be silent *woman*! How dare you speak to a man like that! You should learn to hold your tongue in front of your betters.”

“ Well when I see one of my betters, I’ll bare that in mind!”

Horatio took a step towards Ginny, his hand in the air as if to strike her. Before he could reach her Harry had hit him with a very powerful disarming spell, which sent the boy hurtling back and hitting the book stacks with a sickening thump. The other three stared at the Boy-Who-Lived in fright. The first to recover was Hermione, who pointed at Harry’s outstretched hand with a shaking finger.

“ Harry, you’re not holding your wand.”

Harry stared at his hand in disbelief. He had just performed a very powerful wandless magic spell without even realising it.

“ I think when we go to our lesson tonight, we should tell Lady Ravenclaw about this.”

The other three nodded in agreement.

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That night when the group assembled in the tower room they were impatient for the founder to arrive. They had been waiting for the

lesson to arrive, but no longer for the reasons they had had that morning. Pranks and trips to the kitchen were the last things on their minds. When Lady Ravenclaw entered they all stood up and hurried over to her, Harry telling her what had happened. She listened attentively and nodded her head when he had finished.

“ How did you feel at the time?”

“ What do you mean?”

“ Before you performed the spell, what did you feel. What emotion?”

“ Anger. He was trying to hurt my friend, and I knew I just couldn't let that happen.”

“ Well, all I can tell you is that the emotion must have been very strong. Those who have never been trained in wandless magic can not normally perform such strong spells unless they are experiencing very strong emotions. Now, we will do more about this on Sunday, for now put it out of your mind and we will concentrate on invisibility. Now, I need you to imagine yourselves as transparent. You will not be able to do this very quickly. When learning this magic, you need to start with slight transparency and work your way up to full invisibility. Now, close your eyes and clear your mind...”

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Three hours later the exhausted teens made their way out of the room. Harry had made the most progress, making himself slightly transparent. The others had been successful as well, but not to the degree that Harry managed. Ravenclaw believed they would be able to manage full invisibility by Christmas.

Chapter Fourteen – Bows and Arrows

The next day the four were still talking about what happened in the library the day before. At the Ravenclaw table, Harry was telling Gallatea about it. She sat in silence until he had finished before mulling the information over for a few minutes.

“ I agree with my mother,” she said, “ You must have been feeling very strong emotions at the time. What I can’t understand is why you got so angry. Surely you would have had time to intervene in a calmer way, without blasting him across the library.”

Harry looked back at her a little sheepishly. He still couldn’t believe his reaction himself. Even when Aunt Marge had been insulting his parents, he hadn’t performed a spell that strong. He considered his reasons for a few minutes before responding.

“ I don’t know, ‘Tea. I just...I couldn’t let him hurt her. She’s my friend, and Ron’s little sister. I just felt as if I had to protect her.”

Gallatea gave him a slight smirk.

“ Are you sure there isn’t more to it? Would your reaction have been that strong if Hermione or Ron had been in danger? And because she’s Ron’s sister and not yours, shouldn’t Ron have been the first one to jump in and protect her?”

“ I would have done it for anyone! What are you implying?”

“ Nothing, nothing, no need to get so worked up,” she said with an impish smile. Harry just rolled his eyes and went back to his breakfast.

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The rest of the day passed fairly quickly, with another Dark Arts lesson, much to Harry’s delight and Ron’s disgust. Horatio hadn’t turned up all day, so most people assumed he was still in the hospital wing. By the end of breakfast the whole school had found out what had happened in the library the day before. People kept coming up to Harry all morning to congratulate him, telling him how they would

have loved to have done it themselves. The problem for other people was that Horatio's family was very rich, and had a lot of power and influence in the wizarding world. If anyone else had tried to hurt the boy, their family would have found themselves unemployed, or even killed. Harry didn't have to worry about repercussions, though, as he didn't have anyone that could be hurt. Ron, Ginny and Hermione were safe at Hogwarts, and even if Horatio tried to retaliate, the four of them were more than a match for one boy.

That evening's lesson with Lady Hufflepuff was eagerly anticipated. Ginny, especially, seemed excited about learning archery. She had always taken a secret interest in the art, and had long wished to learn it for herself. Eventually, her Head of House bounced through the door with a wide smile, looking as if she was looking forward to the lesson as much as the students. When she had reached the middle of the floor, she addressed her charges.

“ Now, today we will be learning about the art of archery. Once mastered, archery can be one of the most deadly and efficient forms of attack. With a bow and arrow, you can take out an opponent from a great distance, without having to be close enough to them, that they can attack you with a sword. Now, I will expect you to purchase your own bows and arrows when you go on the Hogsmeade trip after All Hallows Eve, but for now you can choose weapons from the armoury. Off you go, I'm sure Godric showed you where it is.”

As the students were moving towards the armoury, Hufflepuff wandered over to Harry and whispered in his ear.

“ Congratulations on your wandless magic. I hear you threw the boy all the way across the room. From what I hear he'll be in the hospital wing for at least a week. I can't tell you the number of times I've wished someone would stand up to him. And doing it to protect your friend, that shows true Hufflepuff loyalty, Harry.”

Harry blushed. To have the great founder herself tell him he showed Hufflepuff loyalty was a great compliment. By the time his cheeks had returned to their normal colour, the others had chosen their weapons and were making their way back to the central mat. Harry hurried and chose his equipment before moving to join them. When

they were all ready, Lady Hufflepuff demonstrated how to wear the quiver and hold the bow properly. They practiced this for a while before Helga decided they were ready to try hitting targets. With a wave of her hand, four targets appeared at the other side of the room, and the four teenagers started their training.

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All went well for the next hour and a half. At around 9:45 Ginny moved over to where Harry was practicing. Out of all of them, Ginny had been making the most progress. Once she reached Harry she waited for him to finish shooting before telling him what was bothering her.

“ It’s back, Harry.”

“ What’s back, Gin?”

“ The feeling I had yesterday in the library. That something bad’s going to happen.”

“ Don’t worry about it, Gin, it might not be as bad as you think.”

Just as the words were out of his mouth, a pained yelp was heard from the other side of the room. Turning in alarm, Harry and Ginny came face to face with a distraught Ron. Hermione was lying on the floor with Lady Hufflepuff leaning over her. On closer inspection, they could see an arrow sticking out of her left shoulder.

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The infirmary was much the same as it was in their time, with the obvious exception of a bustling Madam Pomfrey hovering around. Instead, a tall willowy woman with long, pale blond hair and pointed ears was tending to the now unconscious Hermione. Harry and Ginny turned to Ron and asked the obvious question.

“ What happened in there, Ron?”

Ron looked a little distressed before answering their question.

“ It was all my fault. I didn’t mean to...”

“ What happened?”

“ I got distracted when Lady Hufflepuff was talking to Hermione. I accidentally shot her with my arrow.”

“ What!” Harry yelled, “ How can you *accidentally* hit her with an arrow??? Why were you pointing it at her in the first place?”

“ I’m sorry, Harry, I didn’t mean to. I was about to fire at the target, and I turned to see what Hufflepuff was saying to ‘Mione and the string slipped out of my hand.”

Seeing how distraught his friend was, Harry let it drop. He knew Ron would never do anything to intentionally hurt Hermione. As he was watching the girl being healed, he tapped Ron on the shoulder and asked him what the strange woman was. Ron hadn’t noticed her pointed ears, and when he did his mouth fell open in shock. Once he had recovered, he whispered to Harry.

“ She’s a wood elf. They’re of no relation to house elves. They are said to be beautiful, and very powerful. There aren’t many left in our time, and those that are around stay away from humans as a rule. We’re privileged to see a real one.”

Harry took this in, and by the time he had finished his pondering, Lady Hufflepuff had come over.

“ She’s going to be fine. The wound will need to heal overnight, but she should be back in the morning. I suggest you get back to your common rooms now. There’s nothing more you can do tonight.”

The three nodded in agreement and turned to leave. As they were nearing the door, Harry spotted another occupied bed. Grinning maliciously, he waved his wand and a bucket of ice cold water appeared above the small figure. When they were out of the room and halfway down the corridor, the shrill screams of a now soaking Horatio followed behind them.

Chapter Fifteen – Flashbacks and Duelling

Saturday morning saw Hermione back at the breakfast table, as good as new. Horatio still hadn't returned, and from what Lady Hufflepuff had said the night before, he wouldn't be seen for a while. The Great Hall seemed strangely cheerier without him there. People were still talking about what Harry had done two days ago, making the Boy-Who Lived rather embarrassed. He thought going into the past would give him a break from being in the spotlight, but it seemed that no matter where he went, he was famous for something. *At least this will just be for a few days, and not for the rest of the year*, he thought gladly.

Harry wasn't looking forward to that evening at all. Saturday was the day they started their training in duelling. Every time he thought about the upcoming lesson he couldn't help thinking back to his second year, when Gilderoy Lockhart had set up a disastrous duelling club and everyone had found out he was a parselmouth. He also thought about the start of the summer when he had duelled with Voldemort...

He was pulled out of his thoughts by Gallatea. She was pulling him from his seat and dragging him towards the door of the Great Hall.

"Tea, where are we going?"

"You've forgotten already? We're meeting 'Mione, Chris, Ardwick and the Weasleys by the lake. We were going to tell you more about our time, so Ginny will have more to put in her book."

"Oh, yeah. Sorry. I'd forgotten about that. Let's go. It's a nice day; I might even be able to fit in a swim in the lake."

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As the seven sat by the lake, Harry was considering what their lives were going to be like for the next year. So far they had been coping reasonably well. The other day, however, Hermione had broken down in tears at lunch time. She had been thinking about her parents, and the idea of not seeing them for at least three years was getting her down. They hadn't been able to find any more information in the

library about the amulet. The one book they did have told them they would have to make at least two more trips before they could get home. Three years was a minimum. For those with families it was a long time. Harry wasn't so worried, though. He was glad that by the time they got back, he would be old enough to live on his own, so would never have to go back to the Dursleys. He couldn't help but wonder, though, what the people back home had thought of their disappearance. Sirius would be worried sick. Harry felt sad at the thought of his godfather. If he had only brought Wormtail with him instead of leaving him on the train, he would have been able to free his godfather once he got home. He missed Hedwig too. Not that he had anyone he needed to send letters to, but he just liked to have her around. Simbi and Nirah were good company, but they didn't seem the same as his beloved owl. She was his first birthday present that he could remember, from his first friend, and had kept him company at the Dursleys during the nightmarish summer holidays. Thoughts of Hedwig inevitably brought him to Hagrid. The half giant was the first person to be nice to him that he could remember. He wondered how his friend was getting on with Madame Maxime, and if his mission to visit the giants had been successful.

Harry's thoughts moved away from what he had left behind to what would be facing them in the future. The thought of spending a whole year in the time of the founders didn't frighten him as much as he would have thought. If he had been asked to consider the scenario before he left he probably would have said that he would never be able to cope. But now he was here he was enjoying himself. Here he got to be 'just Harry' and not 'Harry Potter – the Boy-Who-Lived'. He had even made three great new friends. Ardwick was good for a laugh. He liked jokes and playing games, and he never took life seriously. Christabel was quieter and more reserved. She was more of a thinker than Ardwick and was as good as Ron at wizards' chess. Despite her seriousness, though, she had a sharp wit which no-one could match. Gallatea was very different from the other girl. She was fiercely intelligent and hard working, and was more outgoing than Christabel. When Harry had first met her, he thought she was a bit of a snob. However, once he got to know her, and the idea of a betrothal was firmly out of her head, he could see that she was going to become one of his closest friends. It made him sad that he would only get to see his new friends for a year. After

that he would most likely end up in a time where they were long dead. The thought grieved him, but he decided not to think about it too much. Instead, he considered where they could end up next. The book they had found told them that each time they used the amulet, they would move nearer to their own time. Harry couldn't help but consider the possibilities. They could end up in the middle of the Battle of Waterloo, or Culloden. They could witness some of the infamous goblin rebellions, or the Great Plague. They could end up anywhere, literally. The thought was a little frightening. The next place they end up could be somewhere so close to their own time, that they would have to use different names, or even change their appearances. Harry was abruptly pulled out of his thoughts as Ron poked him in the arm. He tuned back into the conversation, just as Ardwick was telling them a funny story about his little sister, the village idiot, and a pregnant cow.

“What did you do that for?” he whispered to his friend.

“We're going back to the castle in a minute. Ginny thinks that because it's Saturday, we should spend some time in the room practicing what we've learned so far. Tomorrow, 'Mione plans to drag us off to the library to research our animagus forms.”

“Sounds like a plan. I think Ard's finished, we should go up now. I think you need a little more practice with a bow and arrow.”

Ron grinned back sheepishly as the group took their leave.

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When Gryffindor turned up that night he was surprised to see four sweaty and tired looking students. As soon as he realised they had been practicing as suggested, he beamed at them proudly.

“Well done, all of you. I hadn't expected you to be this enthusiastic. I'm glad to see you're taking the initiative and training for yourselves. It really will help you in the long run. Now! Let's begin. Harry, I want you to stand there opposite Ginny. There! And Ron, over here opposite Hermione. Now, on the count of three, I want Harry and Ginny to duel. I need to get some sort of idea where you are up to. One, two, three!”

Harry and Ginny pulled out their wands and took aim.

“ Expelliamus!” Harry yelled, but Ginny dodged out of the way, taking aim herself. The first thing she could think of to yell was a mild pain hex. Unfortunately, the spell was one of a number that came out as a beam of bright green light.

Harry’s eyes widened as the spell shot towards him. He threw himself to one side, allowing the hex to sail over the top of his head, before curling into a foetal position on the floor, rocking slightly back and forth. Voices and memories swirled in his head.

Kill the spare.

A flash of green light.

His mother’s screams.

Cedric’s body falling to the ground.

The Cruciatus curse.

Red eyes.

Kill the spare.

Not Harry, please, take me instead.

Is this part of the task?

A golden dome.

Vibrating wand.

Kill the spare.

Harry was finally dragged from his mind by Ron’s insistent shaking of his shoulder. His eyes snapped open and darted around the room in terror. When he realised he was in Gryffindor Tower, a thousand years away from Voldemort, and not in a graveyard in Little Hangleton, he started to relax. His breathing still harsh, he stood up and turned to face the horrified eyes of Ginny Weasley. As soon as

he was upright the girl threw her arms around him and held on for all she was worth, muttering apologies over and over. Once the pair had calmed down, Gryffindor asked what was going on.

“ I had a flashback. I’m sorry. It’s just, I’ve seen quite a few people I’ve cared about killed with the Killing Curse. The green light made me panic. I thought the Dark Lord of our time was attacking me. It won’t happen again.”

Gryffindor looked at the young boy, seeing that he really didn’t want to go through that again.

“It’s alright Harry. If you don’t think you can take this class...”

“ NO! I’ll take the class. I *will* get over my fear, and be the best dueller I can,” the boy said, determination glinting in his eyes. All Gryffindor could do was smile back at the boy in pride. He wasn’t giving up, and that was all the founder could ask for.

Chapter Sixteen – The Wonders of Wandless Magic

Sunday found all seven friends sitting in a remote corner of the Hogwarts library, stacks of books on all sides. Ron, Hermione and Harry were all reading their copies of 'Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them', whereas the others, having non-magical forms, were looking through some of the library books. Gallatea couldn't help looking over at Harry's book every now and again, staring in wonder at the English words written on the page.

"Harry?"

"Yes, 'Tea."

"Will you teach me your tongue?"

"Will I teach you what?"

"The language you are reading. Is that what you speak at home?"

"Yes it is, it's called English. From what I remember from primary school, English is based on Anglo-Saxon, so you'd probably recognise some of the words. There are a lot of Latin and Greek words in it too, so I don't think it would be too hard for you to learn. Why would you want to, though? No one else will speak modern English for about 800 years!"

"It would be interesting. I could write a book after you have left. A chronicle of your year here from my perspective. Ginny's book will tell it from your viewpoint, so I think it would be good to have mine as well. I could write it in English, and then people would be able to read it in your time. It would also be fun to have people trying to work out what it said for the next few hundred years!"

Harry couldn't help but laugh. She did have a point. Ginny's book would only give them the whole situation from their point of view. It would be interesting to see an Anglo-Saxon person's take on the whole thing. Harry went back to looking through his book, as he thought of the best time to teach Gallatea what she wanted to know. After a while he came to a decision.

“ ‘Tea?’”

“ Yes?”

“ How does this sound? On Sundays we spend the mornings in the Gryffindor room, and I’ll teach you English. In the afternoons we can practice our transformations and do more research.”

“ Sounds good,” the girl replied, turning back to her ‘Encyclopedia of Raptors’.

Harry took one more look at his book before surmising that his animagus form was unique. He couldn’t find any information on it at all. The closest he could find was a golden gryphon. Unlike the common gryphon, which had the head, forelegs and wings of a bird and the hind legs and tail of a lion, the golden gryphon was a whole lion, with wings on its back. This was the real symbol of Gryffindor House, as he had discovered from the founder himself. Harry’s form was similar to the golden gryphon, in as much as it was a winged ‘big’ cat, only it was a snow leopard rather than a lion. Very curious. Putting his book aside, Harry pulled out the animagus book Sirius had given him for his birthday and sat down to read through it.

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Later that day found Harry making his way to the hospital wing. He’d grown bored with his book after a couple of hours, and the others were all still researching their animals, so he decided to go and visit the elf healer. She had intrigued him when he had seen her the other day, and he thought he might be able to learn something useful from her. After all, as Ron had said, elves were never seen in his time. It was too good an opportunity to miss.

Pushing open the heavy door, Harry scanned the room for any sign of the tall woman. The only inhabitant he could see was a sleeping Horatio. He considered playing a prank on the other boy, but decided against it. After all, the healer probably wouldn’t be too impressed with him if he attacked one of her patents. Moving over to the small office at the far end of the hospital wing, Harry knocked on the door and hoped the elf was in. After a moment the door was pulled open and the elven woman poked her head around the door.

“ Can I help you, dear?” she asked in a lilting voice. Harry could just stare at her in awe.

“ Hello, I’m Harry Potter, I was wondering if I could speak to you.”

She eyed him for a few minutes before pulling the door open wider and gesturing to a seat. Once the Boy-Who-Lived was seated, she opened the conversation.

“ I was wondering, ma’am...”

“ Please, call me Lolide,” she interrupted.

“ Lolide...I noticed you were an elf...”

“ And still am.”

“...and I was just thinking...”

“ Yes?”

“...would you mind telling me more about your people? I mean, where I come from...you know where I come from?”

“ Yes I do.”

“ Right, that helps...where I come from, all of the elves hide from the humans. My kind, from what I can gather, hasn’t seen any elves for about 600 years...”

“ So you thought while you were here you would come and grill me for information?” she asked in amusement.

“ Well...um...sort of, yeah...”

“ Very well then, I see it could be very useful to the humans of your time if you knew more about me. I will make you an offer, but bare in mind, this offer is open only to you. Your friends must not know about this. I sense I can trust you, as I trust the Lady Ravenclaw, to whom I owe a life debt. You must breathe not a word of the time we spend together to anyone. I will teach you things you may find useful

in the future, but you must understand that the wisdom of my people is not given lightly. Do you accept my conditions?"

" Yes," the boy agreed, surprised by her willingness to teach him.

" Very well. I believe you are being taught invisibility by Lady Ravenclaw."

" Yes."

" That skill should not take long to master, not as long as the other skills you are learning. For you, with the level of power I sense in you, the skill will take but a few weeks to learn, provided you practice as often as you can. I propose, that once you have finished your invisibility lessons, you will spend your evening with me from 6 until 10. I will teach you the customs of my people, our tongue, and our magic. I do this in the hope that once you return to your own time you will seek out the elves and bring peace between our people. Do you agree?"

Harry could do nothing but nod. He couldn't believe he would be learning elven magic. When he decided to come here he had expected to receive little in the way of information, but this was far more than he could have ever hoped for.

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It was a rather vacant looking Harry that met the others in the Gryffindor room that evening. Ron and Ginny looked at each other briefly before turning to watch their friend. He looked deep in thought and they were worried it was about something serious. Hermione hadn't even noticed Harry come in. She had borrowed his copy of *'Animagi – All You Ever Wanted to Know'* and was still reading it now while they waited for the founder to turn up. Right on time the door swung open to reveal the slender figure of Rowena Ravenclaw. She smiled at the group, before waving her hand to summon five comfy armchairs in a circle on the central mat. Taking a seat, she gestured for them to do the same before she started the lesson.

" Now, then. Today we will be going over the basics of wandless magic. We will start with simple spells, and work our way up to

harder material. As you know, wandless magic is performed by hand gestures rather than wand movements. You also need to mentally focus more, as you have no wand to focus the magic for you. Now, hold out your hands and point your fingers.”

They all followed her instructions, feeling rather stupid sitting with their fingers outstretched. As they did this, Ravenclaw waved her hand and four feathers appeared, one in front of each chair.

“ Once you get more used to wandless magic, you will be able to perform spells without speaking the incantation. You merely have to think the spell and perform the correct hand gestures. I would like you to start by pointing at your feathers and concentrating on focusing your magic. I then want you to try Wingardium Leviosa on the feathers. Don’t worry if you have trouble at first. Practice makes perfect, after all.”

Feeling foolish, the four teens concentrated on the feathers in front of them and waved their hands in a ‘swish and flick’ motion while muttering the incantation. Harry’s feather floated neatly off the floor, while Hermione and Ginny both managed it on the second try. Much to his annoyance, it took Ron a full five minutes to perform the spell.

“ Well done, all of you. It normally takes the first years a lot longer to master it. Five points to each of you. Now you may have noticed that Harry managed this first. I believe this is because he has performed wandless magic before. The rest of you will soon catch up. Now, try Expelliamus...”

Chapter Seventeen – The Sign of a True Marauder

By the end of September the four friends were happily settled into Anglo-Saxon life. Gallatea was doing exceptionally well with her English lessons. She could already make some basic phrases. The grammatical structure was reasonably similar to her own language, so she wasn't finding it terribly hard. Before long she would be able to speak it without too much difficulty. Her aim was to be able to learn enough that she could speak to her friends in their own language. She knew that they were all starting to get homesick, so she wanted to bring a bit of their culture to them. She was even constructing a basic Anglo-Saxon – English dictionary as the lessons progressed.

The animagus transformation was progressing nicely for the whole group. Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Ardwick, Gallatea and Christabel had spent the last few weeks researching their animals. It was the first step before trying to transform. As Hufflepuff told them, they couldn't become the animal if they didn't understand the animal. Harry had been spending his time, when the others were researching, reading up on the Dark Arts. Once the first lesson had passed and Harry had gained a better understanding of the subject he found it quite fascinating. He decided it wouldn't hurt to have a reasonable grounding in Dark Magic before he went home. As long as he remembered that it was intent that counted when using some of the curses, he didn't feel so guilty about studying it. *After all, he thought one day, you can't fight Dark Magic with Light Magic and hope to win. The Dark Arts are more powerful, and that was where Dumbledore was going wrong. He refused to use Dark Arts spells, and was stuck in a rut. I'm going to change that when I get home.* Some of the spells in his parseltongue book were decidedly Dark, but he tried each and every one of them. Simbi and Nirah didn't mind. They thought it made life more interesting. As well as reading up on Dark spells, Harry had also started his first book. He knew Hermione wanted him to write a book on the rare potions he knew about. He intended to write at least five books. One on Dark Potions, one on antidotes to Dark potions, one on Light potions, one on antidotes to Light potions, and one specifically on ancient Dark Magic. It was the last one he was working on at the moment. He had

three chapters finished already. He was aiming to write two books a year, so he would be finished before he got home.

Harry wasn't just learning the Dark Arts. The other classes were going well for all of them. Harry had found a particular talent for duelling. Once he had gotten over his initial fear, his fierce determination and seeker agility made him very talented. His extra reading wasn't going any harm either. As had been expected by Lolide, he had completed his invisibility training rather quickly. With all the extra practice he had been having he had mastered it in three weeks. The others hadn't quite got it down yet, but they were all progressing well. This week Harry was due to have his second lesson in the infirmary with the elf. Each week he was to spend his first hour learning the elven language. The second hour was elven customs and traditions. The rest of the time was devoted to healing and battle magics that Lolide's people used. Once he had mastered the language and customs, she had promised to take him to visit her family in one of the elven cities, a trip he was seriously looking forward to. He decided it would be a good idea to borrow Ginny's camera when he went. He knew the pictures would be very useful when he got home. He thought he might even write a book about elves when he had finished the others.

Ginny was doing well with her own book. She had been spending a lot of time with Christabel, Ardwick and Gallatea finding out about their time. She had written over twenty thousand words already, but had had to start one of her chapters over when Crookshanks had chewed the first page. The cat was more trouble than it was worth. Ginny had also been taking a lot of pictures with her camera. She'd started an album, one large enough to house pictures from all the time they were to be away. When she got home she wanted to have something to remember her new friends by. She knew her family would want to see her growing up too, even if it was only in pictures. Ginny had spent a lot of her time, when she wasn't writing, practicing her archery. Her lifelong interest was starting to pay off. She was the best at archery out of the four of them. Each of them had discovered a special talent. Harry's were duelling and the Dark Arts. Ginny's were archery and photography, as well as being a true Seer. She had had a few small visions and feelings recently, but nothing on the scale of the vision in the first Divination lesson.

Ron had settled in well as well. He was exceptionally skilled at sword fighting, a fact he was very proud of. He finally had a talent he could call his own. He was also very good at coming up with sneaky plans, usually for sneaking down to the kitchens at night. He attributed it to all of the chess games he had won. Over the last month he had become good friends with Ardwick. He found they had a lot in common. Ardwick had four older brothers and two older sisters. His younger sister had died of influenza a few years back. He was the youngest in the family now, and often felt he was in their shadow. Ron could relate, being the youngest of six brothers. The redhead was slightly better off though, as he was at least older than Ginny. Ron hated being in his brothers' shadows, but the trip into the past was doing him the world of good. He didn't have any of his family there apart from Ginny, so he was the oldest. He could show his talents without his family thinking of how one of his brothers had done it first. It was a refreshing change for him. It was the same with his friendship with Harry. Harry had always been the 'Boy-Who-Lived', and Ron was his sidekick. In this time, Harry wasn't famous, so Ron was seen for himself, and not just as 'Harry Potter's best friend'. If it wasn't for the fact that he actually missed the rest of his family, he would never want to go home. At least he had Ginny, though. Hermione had been rather sad, as she had no family there at all. Harry, for obvious reasons, wasn't that bothered. Hermione, though, really missed her parents.

Hermione had spent the last month doing what she did best – immersing herself in the library. She couldn't get enough of the ancient spells, and it took her mind off her family. She was still the same bookworm she had always been. The first book she was writing was about ancient charms. As with the other two, she was getting on well with it. The founders hadn't been giving the four any homework, as they already had the knowledge in their heads. They just needed to attend the lessons for the practical experience. They could then spend the time they would usually have spent doing homework practicing their skills and writing their books. Hermione had taken a liking to martial arts. She was top of the group in that particular field of combat. While all four were acquiring many skills in the lessons they were having, they each had a specialty. With enough training, and if they worked as a team, they would eventually be unstoppable.

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“ Lalith.”

“ No! Lalaith.”

“ Lalailith.”

“ No, no, no! Lalaith!”

“ Lalaith?”

“ Much better, Harry. Now, again. Lalaith.”

“ Lalaith.”

“ Ok, now what does it mean?”

“ Laughter?”

“ Yes, well done. Now, say leuca.”

“ Leuca.”

“ Yes, that’s better. What does it mean?”

“ Um...snake?”

“ Very good. See? It’s not that hard, is it?”

“ No Lolide, as long as I keep practicing.”

Harry had been having some initial problems with the elven language. He could understand the words, and he was even learning the alphabet so he could write them. His main problem came with pronunciation. Elven speech was very fluid and lilting. It was more suited to native French or Latin speakers. The harsher English and Anglo-Saxon Harry was used to speaking clashed horribly with Lolide’s native tongue. The woman had told him that he was doing well, though. If he put his mind to it, Harry was a good worker. He was intelligent, enough so that the Sorting Hat had put him in Ravenclaw over Slytherin. He only really learned anything, though,

when he had an interest in a subject. This was where the shared knowledge had been helpful to him. Since he had learned more about various branches of magic, he had contracted the learning bug. He needed to know more. He was getting as bad as Hermione, especially when the subject he was studying was Dark Magic.

A few minutes after he had drifted off into his own thoughts, Lolide cleared her throat. Snapping back into the real world, he looked sheepishly up at the amused looking elf.

“ Are you always like this, Harry or have I caught you on an off day?”

“ Um...I’m usually like this...”

“ Then I am having to be watching out for you in the future, young one. If you pay this little attention when you are engaged in battle, you are being killed I think?”

“ That’s true. But it hasn’t happened yet...”

“ Obviously.”

“ ...so I can’t be that bad.”

“ But you are, little one, you are. Now, let us be moving on to elven culture. What is a noldo?”

“ A High Elf.”

“ Very good. What is an ornemalin?”

“ A kind of tree.”

“ And a Silima?”

~~*

It was on September 30th that Harry had his bright idea. He was sitting in the library with his six friends. The girls were engaged in schoolwork and study, and the other boys were playing a game of chess. Ron had finally met his match in Ardwick, and it was a refreshing change. Harry was thinking back to the start of the month

when he had decided he was going to have more fun while he was in this time. After all, they didn't know where they were going to end up next. They could find themselves in the middle of a war or something. He had been giving the matter some thought and had finally decided on an interesting course of action.

"Ard, Ron, when you've finished, I have a proposal for you."

"'K Harry," the redhead muttered as he concentrated on taking Ardwick's queen.

Five minutes later, he had the two boys' attention. They had moved to a different corner of the library, away from the prying ears of the girls. Somehow, Harry didn't think they would approve of his idea.

"Ron, do you remember what I got for my birthday?"

"A bloody annoying amulet?"

"No! Well, yes...I mean apart from that."

"A couple of books and a big box from the twins."

"Yes, it was a Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes Mischief Making Kit. It has prototypes of all of their latest products. I thought, since we're here in the past, and I want to have some fun before I go back to being the Boy-Who-Lived, I could follow in my father's footsteps. I think we should become pranksters."

Silence followed this statement. Ardwick was looking at the pair in mild confusion, while Ron suddenly burst out laughing.

"That's brilliant, Harry. We can be the Marauders of the founders' age. The first ever Hogwarts pranksters. We also have a great advantage. We know all of the tricks the twins pulled, as well as ones you've heard from Sirius. We can use them now, and they'll be totally new, because no-one will have seen them before. When do we start?"

"I figured tonight. I reckon we should do the whole school. Set traps in all of the corridors and the classrooms, rig the common rooms and

the Great Hall, and spell all of the food for the meals. We can call it our grand entrance into the world of pranks, and no-one will know it was us, providing we're careful."

" Harry, Ron, I don't understand. You plan to play tricks on the whole school?"

" Yep."

" Uhuh."

" Why?"

" Because it'll be fun, and I can't wait to see Slytherin's face when I turn him pink at breakfast."

" Harry! We can't do that to Lord Slytherin?"

" Why not, Ard?"

" Because it's wrong!"

" Exactly!"

" But.."

" But nothing, Ard," Ron butted in, " Are you in or out?"

" I'm in."

" Good."

" One more thing you guys," Harry said, " I think we should bring Peeves in on this..."

" WHAT! Harry, are you mad?! You know what he's like in our time..."

" Yes, I do, and I think he's perfect to help us. Anyway, when we get back home we might be able to use this to get him to stop pranking us."

“ Fair enough. Let’s go find him.”

And so it was that a new generation of Marauders were born, of Harry, Ron, Ardwick and Peeves – the first ever Hogwarts pranksters.

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8:30 the next morning found the four new Marauders sitting in the Great Hall in anticipation. Tracking down Peeves had been relatively easy, and once he heard what they were planning he was eager to help in any way he could. They had joint pranked the Hall, corridors, classrooms and the Slytherin common room. They had then each gone back and sorted out their own common rooms. Not long after the four had arrived, disgruntled students started to wander in to breakfast. The Ravenclaws were all sporting rainbow coloured afros and glowing yellow robes. The Hufflepuffs all had sunlight shining from their behinds and black halos above their heads. The Slytherins were afflicted with red horns and pointed tails, their robes flickering between various shades of red. The Gryffindors shuffled in with lions’ mains and were roaring instead of speaking.

Silence fell as the founders entered the room. As promised, Salazar Slytherin had bright pink skin and robes, which wouldn’t change back to their normal colour no matter what he did to them. He was grumbling to himself about his whole wardrobe being similarly affected. It wasn’t until the founders had started on their breakfast that the real fun started. When Slytherin got up on the table and started to sing, the Marauders lost control and fell on the floor laughing. The few bars Slytherin had sung gained the attention of all of the students. Jumping down onto the floor, he linked arms with the other three and they started to skip around the Great Hall singing together.

“ We’re off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz.

We hear he is a whiz of a wiz, if ever a wiz there was.

If ever oh ever a whiz there was, the wizard of Oz is one because,

Because, because, because, because, because,

Because of the wonderful things he does.

We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz!"

Ravenclaw was the first to break off. As the others joined hands again and danced around the student tables, she stood in front of the Ravenclaw table and started singing on her own.

" I could while away the hours, conferrin' with the flowers
Consultin' with the rain.
And my head I'd be scratchin' while
My thoughts were busy hatchin'
If I only had a brain.
I'd unravel every riddle for any individ'le,
In trouble or in pain.
With the thoughts you'll be thinkin'
You could be another Lincoln
If you only had a brain.
Oh, I could tell you why

The ocean's near the shore.
I could think of things I never thunk before.
And then I'd sit, and think some more.
I would not be just a nothin' my head all full of stuffin'
My heart all full of pain.
I would dance and be merry, life would be a ding-a-derry,
If I only had a brain."

Ravenclaw joined the rest for the chorus.

" We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz.

We hear he is a whiz of a wiz, if ever a wiz there was.

If ever oh ever a whiz there was, the wizard of Oz is one because,

Because, because, because, because, because,

Because of the wonderful things he does.

We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz!"

Slytherin was next to separate. He leapt onto the Slytherin student table and did a rather lengthy tap dance before starting in on his verse.

“ When a man's an empty kettle he should be on his mettle,
And yet I'm torn apart.
Just because I'm presumin' that I could be kind-a-human,
If I only had heart.
I'd be tender - I'd be gentle and awful sentimental
Regarding Love and Art.
I'd be friends with the sparrows ...
And the boys who shoots the arrows
If I only had a heart.
Picture me - a balcony.

Above a voice sings low.
Wherefore art thou, Romeo? I hear a beat....
How sweet.
Just to register emotion, jealousy - devotion,
And really feel the part.
I could stay young and chipper
And I'd lock it with a zipper,
If I only had a heart.”

By the time the founders were back on the chorus, most of the students were on the floor laughing their heads off. Even though they themselves had been pranked earlier, this was just too funny for them to care. This was all Harry's work, being the only one in on the pranks who would be familiar with the Wizard of Oz. He looked over at Hermione to see her laughing harder than anyone else. The rest of the school was just reacting to the words the founders were singing.

“ We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz.

We hear he is a whiz of a wiz, if ever a wiz there was.

If ever oh ever a whiz there was, the wizard of Oz is one because,

Because, because, because, because, because,

Because of the wonderful things he does.

We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful wizard of Oz!"

Gryffindor was the last to break off for his own verse.

" Yeh, it's sad, believe me, Missy,
When you're born to be a sissy
Without the vim and verve.
But I could show my prowess, be a lion not a mou-ess
If I only had the nerve.
I'm afraid there's no denyin' I'm just a dandelion,
A fate I don't deserve.
I'd be brave as a blizzard...."

Here they came together to sing their lines...

" I'd be gentle as a lizard..."

" I'd be clever as a gizzard..."

" If the wizard is a wizard who will serve."

" Then I'm sure to get a brain."

" A heart."

" A home."

" The nerve."

After the last word the founders seemed to snap out of whatever spell had been cast on them. Looking around the Great Hall at the hysterical students they all blushed profusely and made incredibly quick exits.

~~*

The day progressed in much the same way. After each lesson the new Marauders would start laughing when they passed pranked students in the corridor. Hermione had figured out who was behind the pranks and was not suited. After all, who in that time apart from Harry would have seen a Muggle musical? The next big highlight of

the day, though, came at dinner that night. Halfway through desert, Horatio d'Escargot got up on the table and waved his hand. He was suddenly dressed in a sparkling costume with a guitar in his hand. He began to strum the instrument as he sang.

“ You look like an angel
 Walk like an angel
 Talk like an angel
 But I got wise
 You're the devil in disguise
 Oh yes you are
 The devil in disguise

You fooled me with your kisses
 You cheated and you schemed
 Heaven knows how you lied to me
 You're not the way you seemed

You look like an angel
 Walk like an angel
 Talk like an angel
 But I got wise

You're the devil in disguise
 Oh yes you are
 The devil in disguise

I thought that I was in heaven
 But I was sure surprised
 Heaven help me, I didn't see
 The devil in your eyes

You look like an angel
 Walk like an angel
 Talk like an angel

But I got wise
 You're the devil in disguise
 Oh yes you are
 The devil in disguise

You're the devil in disguise
 Oh yes you are
 The devil in disguise
 Oh yes you are
The devil in disguise.”

As soon as the song ended the boy got a horrified look on his face, looked around the Hall at the laughing students, and promptly fainted.

~~*

That night Harry, Ron and Ardwick were cornered by the girls in the library. Hermione was baring a strange expression that looked halfway between outrage and amusement.

“ Well, I hope you’re pleased with yourselves. I’m surprised we haven’t been expelled already. Making the founders sing! I can’t believe you did that!”

“ But you enjoyed Horatio fainting, didn’t you?”

“ Shut up, Ron!”

“ Thought so.”

Harry turned to Ginny and saw her grinning. He gave her a suspicious look, and when she noticed he was watching her she leant over and whispered in his ear.

“ I caught the whole thing on film.”

Chapter Eighteen – Quidditch? What's that?

The biggest shock for Harry and Ron came in the second week of October. As usual, the group was gathered in the library for a study session. Ardwick, Gallatea and Christabel were doing the tonnes of homework they had been set for over the weekend, and Ron, Hermione and Ginny were practicing their invisibility. Hermione had nearly managed to complete her training, and Ron wasn't far behind. Ginny was still having some problems because she feared not being able to see herself. She would get semi-transparent and start to panic. Harry had tried to help her but he wasn't getting very far. At that moment Harry was trying to get her to relax enough to become more transparent.

After a while, Ron let out a loud whoop of joy as he finally managed to complete the invisibility transformation. Hermione yelled in outrage, as when they had started she had been ahead of him. Now she found her preoccupation with an Arithmancy question had lost her her lead. Ginny had given up and was sitting with Christabel and helping her with her herbology. Ardwick had given up on his homework and was watching to see how much progress Hermione was making. Harry and Ron joined him at his table to watch. He looked on confused at his friends' conversation.

" So, Harry, what sort of chance do you think the Cannons have of winning this season?"

" Well, you'll just have to wait until we get home to find out. I mean, it's not like people from our time can send us the quidditch results with an owl."

" True. Hey, have you noticed something?"

" What?"

" They don't have any House teams here. I mean, you'd think they would play quidditch here. The quidditch pitch hasn't even been built."

" Ron, have you even considered that they don't play quidditch because it hasn't been invented yet?"

“ Oh.”

“ Yes ‘oh’. How many times have you read ‘Quidditch Through the Ages’?”

“ Quite a few...”

“ And what does it say there?”

“ That quidditch was created in the time of the founders...”

At this point Ardwick thought it prudent to interrupt. After listening to the conversation for a few minutes he surmised they were talking about something they had in their time that wasn't around in his. He was immensely curious about this 'quidditch', as the other two boys seemed really excited talking about it.

“ Um, guys? What's quidditch?”

“ Guess that answers the question of whether it's been invented or not.”

“ Harry!”

“ What?”

“ Never mind.”

The two boys turned to Ardwick. Seeing the expectant look on his face they glanced at each other and decided to explain. *After all*, Harry thought, *what harm can it do?* He turned to Ron to ask his friend for help explaining the complex rules of quidditch.

Once they had finished, Ardwick was sat with an amazed yet faintly confused look on his face. He had grasped the basic idea, but would need to see a game in action before he fully understood the attraction to the sport. Taking in his expression, Harry had a brainwave.

“ Ron, go back to your dorm and bring your copy of ‘Quidditch Through the Ages’. If Ard reads that it'll probably clarify a few

things. Plus it has moving pictures of famous games, so it might help if he can see some of the moves.”

Nodding in agreement Ron left the library to bring the book. As soon as he left, Harry waved his hand and thought, *Accio book*. A few minutes later, the book Ginny had bought him for his birthday, ‘A Seeker’s Guide to Legal Dirty Tactics’, came flying through the library doors. Harry gave Ardwick a smug look.

“ Ron will do anything I tell him. It would never occur to him to just summon it.”

Ardwick looked at Harry for a moment before bursting out laughing. The noise and flying book had attracted Gallatea’s attention. She left her homework and went over to the table the boys were sitting at.

“ What’s so funny?”

“ Ron and I were just explaining how to play quidditch to Ardwick. It’s a sport we play in our time, using four balls and broomsticks. At home we have House teams and a Quidditch Cup every year. I’ve played on my team since my first year, and I was the youngest seeker in a century.”

“ Seeker?”

Harry, sighing, got ready to explain the rules for a second time. By the time Ron came back Gallatea was rambling happily about quidditch. She had always been good on a broomstick, and enjoyed flying. The idea of playing a sport in the air really appealed to her. She had immediately wanted to borrow ‘A Seeker’s Guide to Legal Dirty Tactics’, and had claimed ‘Quidditch Through the Ages’ as soon as Ardwick had finished it. Seeing her enthusiasm he couldn’t help but think, *what have I started now?*

~~*

The next day was a Saturday, and as soon as breakfast was over Gallatea was dragging Harry out of the Great Hall and onto the Hogwarts grounds. She had been waiting since yesterday to try out

the sport her friend had told her about, and now she had a whole day free to play. Harry was confused until they reached the flat area of ground where the quidditch pitch stood in his time. He spotted two brooms sitting on the floor. One he recognised as his beloved Firebolt. The other was a beautiful handcrafted broom made of cherry wood. He turned to the grinning Gallatea for an explanation.

“ What’s going on, ‘Tea?”

“ I want you to play quidditch with me. I brought our brooms, and figured we could transfigure some stones into hoops and balls. What do you say?”

“ I think we should get Ron and Ardwick as well. I don’t think the other girls would be interested in playing, but we could play two on two, each team with a chaser and keeper.”

“ Great, that’s just as well. The boys are meeting us here after breakfast. I asked them earlier this morning.”

Not long afterwards Ardwick and Ron came down the slope from the Hogwarts entrance, brooms in hand. Like Gallatea’s, Ardwick’s was hand made in a deep mahogany. Ron’s was his old Comet 60. Not the best broom, but good enough for a fun game. As soon as they arrived, Harry and Gallatea raised their hands and transfigured two branches into goal hoops. Two rocks became a quaffle and a bludger. As they didn’t have any beaters, they thought it was best to use only one bludger. Ron looked on in envy at his best friend. Harry had been the quickest to pick up wandless magic. After only six weeks he could easily do most spells without his wand, or even without an incantation.

“ Right, we’re ready,” Gallatea announced as she leapt on her broom. The others soon followed and an intense game was played, Harry and Gallatea against Ardwick and Ron. Gallatea was proving to be a very skilled chaser, whereas Ron and Ardwick both flew in a style better suited to beaters. Harry wasn’t bad as a keeper, but had to keep stopping himself from looking for a non existent snitch.

Two hours later the windswept and beaming group headed back inside. They went to the library where they found Hermione, Ginny

and Christabel sitting around a table studying. Seeing their friend come in with brooms in their hands, the three sent them questioning looks.

“ We played quidditch,” was all Harry had to say.

~~*

Two days later found the group, minus Gallatea, sitting in the charms classroom. The topic of conversation – Gallatea’s birthday. The question everyone had, was ‘what do you get the daughter of Rowena Ravenclaw?’. The Ravenclaws were rich, even richer than the d’Escargots. There wasn’t anything she couldn’t have. Luckily for Harry, he had thought of the perfect thing to get her. The others knew he had something in mind, and were rather annoyed that he wouldn’t tell him. Ginny argued that if he didn’t tell them, they ran the risk of one of the group buying her the same thing. Harry just gave her a secretive smile and told her no-one would think of the same thing. Hermione had cornered him that morning and demanded to know what it was, thinking it was something potentially dangerous. Harry, though, had again refused to tell her. He knew that if he told Hermione, she would stop him. He would get a big lecture about not messing with time.

Eventually, they all agreed that a surprise party and small gifts would be the best option. The party would be more personal than big gifts, and the presents themselves would just be small tokens. They had a week to get everything ready, and they decided to each take one task. Ron was in charge of food, as he was easily the first to volunteer. No-one was very surprised, everyone knew Ron was obsessed with his stomach. Hermione was doing decorations. She didn’t trust anyone else to do it. Christabel and Ginny were in charge of entertainment for the day. It was a lot to organise, which is why it would take two of them. Ardwick was left with the job of procuring odds and ends any of the organisers would need. He had a knack for being able to get his hands on pretty much anything you would need, no matter how strange. Harry was given the job of keeping Gallatea distracted the night before, while the others got the Gryffindor Room ready for her birthday. It shouldn’t be too hard for him, he just had to keep her in the Ravenclaw common room for the evening. He was

planning to offer her extra English lessons on Sunday nights anyway. Since he had made so much progress with his wandless magic, he didn't need to attend the lessons any longer. He decided he could spend the lesson time teaching his friend more English. Her progress had been good, and she was even learning to read and write it quite quickly.

Having decided what they were all going to do, they got back to thinking about presents. Ron, Hermione and Ginny had decided to give her something representing their time. It would be something her wealth couldn't buy her. Ardwick and Christabel decided that making her something themselves would be the best idea. The time travellers were only there for a year, and so they wanted to make it a birthday their friend would remember for a lifetime.

~~*

The next day found Harry seeking out Rowena Ravenclaw. His Head of House could be quite difficult to find at times, especially when she was working on a new project. He saw her leaving the Great Hall after lunch and quickly left to follow her, leaving a curious Gallatea watching his back. She couldn't understand why the boy would need to speak to her mother. Shrugging, she turned back to her meal, figuring she would probably find out later.

Meanwhile, Harry was chasing the founder down the corridor. He had never realised how fast she could move. Not that he had ever taken any notice. Deciding she wasn't going to slow down, he quickly thought of a way of getting her attention.

"Lady Ravenclaw! I need to speak with you."

That did the trick, and Rowena stopped and turned to wait for him. She had a curious look on her face as he came jogging up to her.

"Could I please speak to you in private?"

"What about, Harry?"

"It's about an idea I had for a birthday present for Gallatea."

“ Very well, then. Follow me.”

She quickly moved off and Harry had to jog to keep up with her. She led him down an unfamiliar corridor for a few minutes before he realised they were in the Ravenclaw Tower, not too far from his common room. She stopped abruptly before a door and entered a lavishly decorated room. The furnishings were expensive, and in an attractive shade of dark blue. The room, Harry noticed, was not dissimilar to Gryffindor’s office. He realised this must be Lady Ravenclaw’s office. He had never been here before, but he could see it suited her personality well. Taking a seat, she motioned for him to do the same.

“ So, Harry, what can I do for you?”

“ Well, I’ve had an idea for a birthday gift for Gallatea and was wondering if you would help me with it.”

“ Of course I will, Harry. What is it you have in mind?”

“ Well...”

~~*

Gallatea’s birthday dawned with a cloudless blue sky and brilliant sunrise. The girl herself was sat at the top of the Astronomy Tower, and had been since the previous evening. Looking out over the Hogwarts grounds she thought over all that turning sixteen would mean for her. Sometime this year she would have to choose a husband. Although she was only just sixteen, in her culture it was customary to get married at that age. The trouble was, she still felt like a child. She seriously envied Hermione and Ginny. She knew that in their time they didn’t have betrothals anymore, and they weren’t classed as adults until they were eighteen. As she thought this over, she discovered what the problem was for her. She was already in love. In love with someone she could never have. Since the first moment she had seen him, being introduced in the Great Hall, she had known he was the one she wanted to spend the rest of her life with. She had even asked him for a betrothal, and as she thought back to it, memories of the conversation she had with her mother after the Welcome Feast floated into her mind.

****Flashback****

“Mother, I have chosen a husband.”

Rowena looked up, startled, as her daughter came into her office. At her words and tone of voice she could tell it was one of the new boys she had chosen.

“Come in, my daughter. Tell me, who have you chosen?”

“The new boy, Harry Potter. As soon as I saw him I knew he was the one I wanted. Please, Mother, do you approve?”

The founder looked at her daughter sadly. She could see that her mind was made up, and wasn't sure how to break the news.

“Gallatea, there is something I must tell you about the new students.”

“Whatever it is, Mother, it can't be too bad.”

“They're not of our people. They came here from the future using a powerful magical amulet. They will eventually have to return, and they cannot take you with them. You see why you cannot marry the Potter boy? If you fall in love with him you will have your heart broken. Don't take the chance, Gallatea.”

The young girl's face crumpled. She knew Harry was the one she was meant to be with, but if what her mother said was true, she could never have him. I'll just try to be his friend, she thought, at least it's better than nothing...

****End Flashback****

Gallatea wiped the tears from her eyes, took one last look at the rising sun, and headed back to the Ravenclaw common room.

~~*

At breakfast Gallatea had people coming up to her and wishing her a happy birthday. She was a little disappointed that she hadn't seen her friends yet. Harry would usually sit with her at mealtimes, but he

was nowhere to be found. Neither was her mother, come to think of it. It seemed a little strange that both were missing at the same time. *Strange*, she thought, *maybe they're planning something*. The next thing she knew a pair of strong arms were enveloping her from behind. Turning around she saw the object of her thoughts.

“ Hello, ‘Tea. Happy birthday!”

“ Thanks, Harry. Do you know where my mother is? I haven’t seen her this morning, which is strange because she normally comes to see me before breakfast on my birthday.”

“ I saw her earlier on the grounds, but I don’t know what she’s doing now.”

“ Ok. Are you going to eat anything? It’s nearly time for Runes.”

“ Sure.”

Much to her disappointment, Harry took his arms from around her and sat down. *It’s just a sign of friendship, he doesn’t feel any more for you*, she thought as Harry ate his breakfast.

~~*

That evening after dinner, Harry dragged Gallatea from the Ravenclaw table and up to the Gryffindor Room. The others, including Rowena and Lolide, had left earlier to get the party ready for when the pair arrived. It was Harry’s job, being a fellow Ravenclaw, to bring the birthday girl up for seven o’clock. Once they reached the room, Harry opened the door and ushered the sixteen year old into the dark tower. As she entered, the candles flared to life and her friends and family jumped out yelling “ Surprise!!!”

She didn’t know what to say. All of the people closest to her were gathered in one room smiling at her. Harry was behind her, having just closed the door. Gallatea was speechless. This was the most thoughtful thing anyone had ever done for her birthday. With a wave of Ginny’s hand some soft music began to play in the background as Hermione ushered her over to a table. The table had food of all kinds at one end and presents at the other.

“ Surprise, my daughter. You didn’t think we’d forget your birthday, did you?”

The young girl turned emotional eyes to her mother before throwing herself into her embrace. After a few minutes, she pulled away and turned to the rest of the group, hugging each one in turn, and lingering a little longer in Harry’s arms.

“ So, ‘Tea, what do you want to do first?”

“ I think I’d like to open my presents first,” she told the raven haired boy.

Moving over to the table, she took a seat and picked up the first present. It was wrapped in dark blue paper with a gold bow. Pulling off the wrapping she found a box containing a curious round object she had never seen before. Turning to the group, she couldn’t help but look confused.

“ What is it?”

Ron grinned brightly, for it was his gift.

“ It’s a sneakoscope. It makes a noise if someone near you is being dishonest.”

“ Um...thanks...I think.”

“ You’re welcome.”

Moving on, she got a set of gryphon feather quills from Christabel, a large leather-bound book with blank pages for her to write her English dictionary in from Ardwick, a bag of sweets from Hermione, containing among other things a box of Bertie Bott’s Every

Flavour Beans and some Chocolate Frogs. She looked at the sweets in amusement before turning to Hermione. The girl shrugged.

“ I thought you’d like to be the first person in history to try some modern sweets.”

Gallatea grinned back at her blushing friend. Next she opened a present from Lolide. It was a round crystal stone, about the size of a hen's egg.

“What is it?”

“It is an elven healing stone, young Ravenclaw. It is being protecting you, I think. You may be finding a use for it in the future.”

“Thank you, Lolide. Will you show me how to use it?”

“Later, young one. I believe you are having more gifts to open.”

Gallatea reached for the second to last gift on the table. It had red wrapping paper and a tag telling her it was from Ginny. Opening it she was thrilled to find a photo album. She had seen Ginny taking pictures a few weeks ago and wondered what she was doing. She was amazed with the camera. She found it a lot quicker than waiting for someone to paint a portrait. The album contained pictures of her mother and friends, with some on their own and some in groups. Right at the back was one she had insisted Ginny take. It was taken by her mother, and had all of her friends, as well as her, in the picture. The seven of them were standing on the front steps to Hogwarts, grinning like mad and waving. Gallatea felt hot tears rolling down her cheeks as she looked at Ginny.

“I thought you might like something to remember us by.”

“Thank you, Ginny. I will take good care of it.”

Turning back to the table, she picked up the last gift. The tag told her it was from her mother. Ripping off the paper she found a large wooden crate that was rocking slightly backwards and forwards. Curious, she pulled it open and found a full set of quidditch balls inside. She gave her smiling mother a shocked look before launching herself at the founder.

“I heard you'd taken an interest in this new sport, and thought you might appreciate the equipment. They're hand made, as I wouldn't be able to get them from any shop.”

“ Thank you so much, mother.”

“ You’re welcome, my daughter.”

Turning back to the group, Gallatea realised she hadn’t received a gift from Harry. Her heart sank a little at this thought. Hermione had obviously come to the same conclusion, because she turned to the boy and grabbed his attention.

“ Harry, where’s your gift? We’ve all been dying to know all week.”

Harry smiled at them and held his hand out to Gallatea. Taking it, she was pulled from the room, the others following close behind her.

~~*

“ Harry, where are we going?”

“ Just wait, you’ll see when we get there.”

The group was making its way across the Hogwarts grounds, moving in the opposite direction to the lake.

“ Close your eyes, everyone. I want you all to be surprised.”

Doing as he said, everyone but Ravenclaw closed their eyes. Harry gave a big grin and waved his hand, removing the invisibility charms on his present.

“ Alright, you can look now.”

As one the group opened their eyes.

“ What the...”

“ Oh, my..”

“ What is that?”

“ He didn’t...he did! I can’t believe...”

“ HARRY JAMES POTTER! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING????”

****Thunk****

Harry looked pleased at the various reactions of his friends. Waving his hand, he woke Ron up from his faint and went over to the stunned Gallatea.

“ Do you like it?”

“ Like it??? I LOVE it! But what...? How...? When...?”

“ I built it from various bits and pieces. I’m getting quite good at wandless magic. I needed a little help from your mother, but I got there in the end. The hardest thing was trying to keep it hidden. Come here, I have something to show you.”

Taking the unresisting girl by the hand, he pulled her over to a small patch of ground where a rectangle of pure black onyx was set into the earth. He waved his hand above it and whispered ‘Gallatea’. The password accepted, words formed across the surface of the onyx. On closer inspection, the girl could see a message written across it in both English and Anglo-Saxon.

To Gallatea Ravenclaw

A special gift for a special friend. I will remember you always.

From Harry Potter

“ Oh, Harry. Thank you so much.”

“ You’re welcome. I wanted to get you something that would last forever.”

With that the pair headed back to the party, a brand new quidditch pitch stretching out behind them.

Chapter Nineteen – Halloween Suspicions

The day after Gallatea's birthday brought much confusion to the school. By the end of breakfast all of the students had heard about the new quidditch pitch and were wondering what it was for. They figured it was for some type of sport, judging by the stands of seats. But the six golden hoops served to confuse them further. It was also obvious that the other three founders hadn't been told about the addition to their school when Slytherin stormed in, quickly followed by Gryffindor and Hufflepuff. The other two seemed calm and accepting, but Salazar was on the warpath. He made Snape after a Gryffindor-Slytherin match seem like a teddy bear. Striding up to Rowena, he started berating her at the top of his voice.

“WHAT IS THAT?”

“What is what, Salazar?”

“DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH ME, WOMAN!”

“I am not playing games. It is a birthday gift to my daughter from one of her friends. Do you have an objection to that?”

“YES I DO! IT IS UNSIGHTLY, AND SERVES NO PRACTICAL PURPOSE.”

“Nonsense, Salazar. It is a quidditch pitch.”

“And may I ask what quidditch is?” Gryffindor asked.

“Quidditch is a sport played in...the place the new students are from.”

“I see. And how many people here know how to play this sport, may I ask?”

Gallatea, Harry, Ginny, Hermione, Ron, and Ardwick put their hands up. Gryffindor looked around the room and noticed no other hands.

“ My dear Rowena, it seems as if we have a new pitch to play a sport that nobody knows about. Now does anybody have a suggestion as to what we do to remedy this?”

At the Slytherin table Christabel slowly stood up. Everyone was surprised at the usually shy girl drawing so much attention to herself. It was Hufflepuff that called on her.

“ You have a suggestion, my dear?”

“ Well, I figured that as my friends caused the disturbance, and I am the only one of the group unfamiliar with the sport, I would be the best to speak. From what I hear, where Ron, ‘Mione, Ginny and Harry are from they have teams to play this sport. I have also heard them speaking about House teams. I would suggest that as we now have the facilities, we make use of them. I propose that Harry and Ron write for us the rules of the game and how it is played, perhaps in the form of a book. These books could be distributed to the other students, and those who are interested could form House teams. We could have competitions between the House teams, as a recreational form of physical education. I have often heard Lord Slytherin complaining about the physical fitness of many students. This may be a reasonable solution.”

This said the girl sat down and awaited a response. Her friends were looking at her in pride, and the founders had huddled to discuss this suggestion. The students were eagerly anticipating their response. Many of them found the idea of a sporting event appealing. After a few minutes, and many dirty looks from Slytherin, the founders turned to the students, Rowena speaking for all of them.

“ It has been agreed to try this suggestion for the rest of this year. If it works out well, we may make quidditch matches a new Hogwarts tradition.”

~~*

It wasn't until the start of period three that Hermione got the chance to corner Harry about the quidditch pitch. She had tried to talk to him the night before, but he had stayed close to Gallatea. She could tell he was avoiding her, and figured it was because he knew she would

give him a lecture. But he couldn't avoid her forever. At the start of their free period she found him sitting in a remote corner of the library reading a Dark Arts book. Going over to him, she sat opposite him, leaned across the table, and slammed the book shut. He lifted his head and gave her an annoyed look, but didn't get to say anything before she launched into her tirade.

"What the hell were you thinking? I distinctly remember telling you when we first got here we were not to change the past under any circumstances. Do you understand the gravity of what you have done? You could have completely changed history for all we know. We could get back home and find the world a completely different place. This is a disaster!"

"Relax 'Mione. I seriously doubt building the Hogwarts quidditch pitch is going to change history at all. And if it did, it wouldn't be by much."

"Harry, you can't know that. Just imagine this scenario. The person who was supposed to invent quidditch, doesn't. They fall into poverty and eventually commit suicide. They happen to be the ancestor of someone important in our time. When we get back we find You-Know-Who has taken over. Or even Grindelwald. If Dumbledore's ancestor was killed, he would never exist. We might not exist. The world will...be...in...ruins..."

"'Mione, you have to calm down. Breathe, ok. It won't be that bad. How do you know we were not supposed to be here? How do you know that we weren't meant to be in the past, influencing the future. If we hadn't used the amulet and come here we could have altered everything. The fact is, Hermione, we have no way of knowing if we will change things by being here, or make them stay the same. I guess we won't find that out for sure until we go to the next place, but I have a feeling it's the latter."

"What could possibly make you think that? What evidence have you got? If you know something I don't then I think you should share."

"It's just a feeling. And little things, you know? I mean, we came here from a time that has lost so much magic. We may be the only ones that can bring back the old ways. Another thing is Lolide. She

asked me at the start of term if I could make amends with the elves on behalf of the wizarding world when I get back. If we hadn't come here, I don't think we would have been able to do all that. The extra skills we gain here could possibly be the only advantage we have in the war against Voldemort. I can not sit back and pretend this is all a coincidence."

" You know I don't believe in Divination and Fate, Harry..."

" I know you don't. But if you remember, Ginny is a Seer. I told you that when we were in Diagon Alley she told me to get more money out of my account. Her vision was telling us we were coming here. You know true Seers are never wrong. We were meant to be here, I just know it."

" Ok, Harry, I'll let it go until we have more evidence we're not doing more harm than good, but I'm not forgetting about this, you do realise that?"

" Thanks, 'Mione, I needed that."

~~*

A couple of days later found Harry and Ron sitting in the Great Hall, writing furiously. Harry was better at writing things down in book form, as he had had a lot of practice with his Ancient Dark Arts book. Ron, on the other hand, was finding it a little bit more difficult. The pair was trying to write down a comprehensive quidditch rule book that the whole school would be able to understand. Eventually, Ron called a halt.

" You know what, Harry? I think I should just let you write it."

" Ron! You can't leave me to do all the work."

" Don't worry, I'm not. I just think that with you being better with the writing, I could leave that up to you. While you do that I could sort out layout and pictures."

" How are you going to get pictures? A real match has never been played!"

“ I could get ‘Tea and Ard to help. We could get everyone outside and have a short mock game. We have enough people for a whole team, and we can just pretend we have opponents...”

“ You scare me sometimes, you know that?”

“ Harrrrreeee...it won’t be that bad. Once we have the first House game we can replace the pictures.”

“ True, I suppose that’ll have to do.”

With that the pair eagerly got to work. Harry continued writing down the rules and moves, while Ron left to find the others and beg Ginny to let him borrow her camera.

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The seven friends entered the Great Hall for the Hallow’een feast the next night and their jaws immediately dropped in shock. The Hall was decorated with thousands of different coloured fireflies. They were bigger than Muggle fireflies, about the size of a snitch. Assorted ghosts were floating about near the ceiling, causing the Anglo-Saxons to squeal in delight. In this time, Hogwarts had not been around long enough to acquire any ghosts, so seeing them in the Great Hall was a rare treat. Large pumpkins floated around the edges of the room, and the House tables were decorated with spidery material with various illusions of severed body parts. The overall effect was magnificent. As the group sat down at their respective House tables, Helga Hufflepuff stood up to give the Hallow’een speech.

“ Welcome everyone to the All Hallows Eve Feast. First I would like to thank the seventh years for their help in decorating the Hall, you have done a truly superb job. I would also like to announce that Harry Potter and Ronald Weasley have completed the quidditch rule books, and Lord Gryffindor will be distributing them to your House tables in a few minutes. Once you have read the books, anyone interested in trying out for a team please sign up in your common room. The sign up sheets will be there for three weeks, so you needn’t worry about having to read your books quickly. Now, let me wish you a prosperous and enjoyable All Hallows Eve, and tuck in!”

Clapping her hands in a gesture rather reminiscent of Dumbledore, Hufflepuff sat down to a table full of food. At the Ravenclaw table, Gallatea was sitting in thoughtful silence. She was brought out of her thoughts by Harry who, thinking she might want to actually eat something before the food went cold, poked her in the side with his elbow. The startled girl turned on the green eyed boy and gave him her best death glare.

“ What was that for?”

“ You just seemed to be spacing out, I thought you might like some dinner before you permanently disappear into that mind of yours.”

“ I was just thinking, do you think I’ll make the house team?”

“ Of course you will! You’re one of the most skilled chasers I’ve ever seen. It would be a crime not to let you on the team. Besides, it’s *your* quidditch pitch, and I doubt the new captain could keep you off it if they tried.”

“ Thanks, Harry, I needed a little reassurance. It was my obsession with quidditch that started the whole thing, it would just be embarrassing if I wasn’t on the team.”

Harry smiled back at the girl and let his eyes wander around the room. They landed on the regal form of Salazar Slytherin. Harry frowned at the founder. The man kept perusing the room, as if looking or waiting for something. Every now and again he would glance at Gryffindor, look to his magical timepiece, and back around the room. Harry nudged ‘Tea and whispered into her ear.

“ Is it just me or is Slytherin looking a bit suspicious?”

Gallatea looked at the founder and back at Harry.

“ He seems perfectly normal to me.”

“ Look closer, and watch for longer. He keeps looking around the room, as if he’s searching for something, and then glancing between his timepiece and Gryffindor. Just watch him. And I’m sure he’s muttering in parseltongue.”

“ What do you know about parseltongue, Harry? Only he can understand it anyway.”

Harry just pulled up his sleeves. Gallatea gave a start when she spotted the two snakes wrapped around his wrists. In the two months Harry had been in her House, she had never noticed them before. Upon closer inspection she discovered they were shielded by a concealment spell. Only those who knew they were there, or were shown them by the caster, could see them. She sat in stunned silence as Harry quietly began hissing to the two coral snakes.

Simbi! Nirah! I need your help.

What can we do to help you, Harry? Nirah answered him.

I think Salazar Slytherin is up to something. I want you to spend some time spying on him over the next few weeks. Will you do that for me?

Of course we shall. Nirah and I will be honoured

Thank you both. However, a word of advice. Slytherin is a parselmouth. If you are near him, be careful to discuss things telepathically.

Of course, young master

With that Harry gently pulled the pair from his wrists and set them on the floor, where they soon disappeared into the crowd of legs. Turning back to the rigid Gallatea, he poked her in the side for the second time that night. She merely blinked, and turned her head towards her friend. Harry gave a deep, resigned sigh.

“ ‘Tea, can I trust you to keep this to yourself? I know a few Ravenclaws that would freak out if they knew I had two snakes in the dorms. And about me being a parselmouth, I don’t want anyone to find out about that either. Can I trust you?”

The girl simply nodded.

“ Good. I need to get a message to the others, see if they notice anything funny about Slytherin.”

Gallatea came out of her stupor at this. She turned slightly glazed eyes to Harry.

“ I can do that, just give me a minute.”

Harry watched curiously as she closed her eyes, a great look of concentration on her face. A moment later he heard surprised yelps from the other five. Looking around at the other tables he could see the rest of the group with awe filled, yet slightly concerned, looks on their faces. Then, as one, they turned and started to watch what Slytherin was doing. Turning back to Gallatea, he found her looking back at him, a wide grin on her face.

“ I did it,” she crowed.

“ Did what?”

“ Well, in my bloodline we have a lot of people with telepathic abilities. They don’t usually manifest themselves until an heir is at least sixteen years old. I just thought I’d give it a try, and it worked!”

“ Well done, ‘Tea. You never cease to amaze me. I take it they got the message?”

“ Yes, they’re all going to watch him. We’re going to meet in the library tomorrow after breakfast to compare notes.”

Harry just nodded to her. *It may be nothing, he thought, but I don’t like the way Slytherin was acting. I wonder if this is the year he falls out with the other founders and leaves Hogwarts? That would be something interesting for Ginny to put in her book. This feast is getting a little dull, and I think I should give Slytherin something to really look at...*

Grinning evilly, Harry discreetly waved his hand beneath the table. A moment later a swarm of vampire bats was circling above the now screaming students. Harry had read about this particular little charm in a Dark Arts book he had found in the back of the library. The bats

couldn't hurt anybody, but their constant swooping was starting to cause panic. Gallatea was one of the few calmly sitting watching the fun. The only others were Ron, Ardwick and Peeves. They knew Harry had had something planned for the Halloween feast, but weren't sure what. Gallatea had figured it out as soon as she saw his grin. She smiled at him, muttering " *Boys!*" under her breath.

~~*

The next morning found the seven friends sitting in their corner of the library. The table they were sat at had been claimed by the group right at the start of the year. It was right at the back of the library, and gave them almost as much privacy as they had in the Gryffindor Room. Hermione was giving Gallatea questioning looks, and Ardwick had a look of abject terror on his face when he looked at the young woman. Sighing, she decided to tell them about the night before. When she was done, they all concurred that Slytherin had been acting strangely. After explaining about her gift, the others didn't look as afraid. That was soon to change after Harry spoke up.

" 'Tea, could you telepathically call to Simbi and Nirah, please. I would like an update from them."

As Gallatea nodded, looks of understanding came across the faces of Ron, Hermione and Ginny. On the other side of the table, Ardwick and Christabel were looking confused. They weren't confused for long, though, as a few moments later Simbi and Nirah came slithering up to the table. When Harry reached down and picked them up, placing them on the table, the pair started to back away.

" Chris, Ard, it's ok. They won't hurt you," the raven haired boy told them. It did little to comfort them, especially when he turned to the snakes and started to talk to them.

Have you guys found anything out?

Yes Simbi spoke up *From what we can gather, Slytherin is gathering all of the snakes in somewhere called the 'Chamber' once a month. Their job is to spy on the one called Gryffindor.*

Harry paled a little at this.

Thanks for your help. I don't suppose you could attend these meetings, could you? Just to find out what he's up to

We will do that for you, little master

Thank you

Turning back to his friends, Harry took in the mixed reactions.

“ Chris, Ard, you don't need to be scared. You can't tell anyone else what I'm about to tell you. I'm a parselmouth, and these are my friends, Simbi and Nirah. They've been gathering information about Slytherin, and they seem to have found out what he's up to. From what they can gather, he's sending out snakes to spy on Gryffindor and having them meet him to report back once a month. Simbi and Nirah have agreed to attend the meetings to find out what is happening.”

“ Where are the meetings being held, Harry?” Hermione asked him. Taking a deep breath, he looked at Ginny for a moment before answering.

“ The Chamber of Secrets.”

Chapter Twenty – Slytherin Spies

“ You can’t be serious!”

“ I’m sorry, Gin, but I’m afraid I am. Simbi and Nirah told me that the meetings would be held in ‘the Chamber’, and that’s the only secret chamber I can think of. I mean, think about it. If you were going to spy on one of the other founders, and you didn’t want anyone to find you, then you would go somewhere they couldn’t reach. The Chamber of Secrets is the only part of Hogwarts I know of that the others would be unable to access.”

“ Wait a minute,” Christabel spoke up, “ Could you please tell us what you mean? I’m a little confused, and I think Ardwick and ‘Tea are as well.”

The other two nodded in agreement. They had never heard of the Chamber of Secrets before. The time travellers looked at each other briefly before Harry launched into the tale of his second year at Hogwarts, Ginny adding details he was unsure of. Once they were finished, the three Anglo-Saxons were staring at them in awe.

“ Amazing! You killed a basilisk when you were twelve!” Ardwick loudly exclaimed. Hermione looked at him disapprovingly, then sighed in defeat. In her book, boys would never learn to behave in a civilised manner in a library.

“ That’s by the by, Ard. We need a course of action. After being best friends with Harry for four and a half years, I like to know what’s going on around the school. The best way to find out what Slytherin is up to would be to follow him around for a while.”

“ Ron, I appreciate your logic, but I think we should take this to my mother. We shouldn’t go spying on one of the professors, it’s dishonest. My mother might know what’s going on...”

“ I don’t think so, ‘Tea. If Slytherin is having snakes spy on Gryffindor, and is meeting them in the Chamber of Secrets, he obviously doesn’t want anybody else to know about it. If we follow him down there at the next meeting, we can see for ourselves what’s going on and report back to Lady Ravenclaw when we have some hard evidence.”

“ But Harry, you’re the only one that will be able to understand him. Anyway, I thought you said you were sending your snakes to the meeting. Why would we need to go as well?”

“ I see your point, ‘Mione, but what if they get caught? I mean, Slytherin might have a specific group of snakes he is using, and Simbi and Nirah might seem suspicious. I know he doesn’t know about me being a parselmouth, but he might not want to take the risk. He could hurt them, and I couldn’t let that happen. I think I should be the only one to go.”

“ What! You can’t!”

“ Harry, that’s dangerous!”

“ NO!”

“ What if he sees you...”

“ STOP IT! I’ve made up my mind. I’m going to the next meeting, and that’s final. I think we need to know what’s going on and I’m the best person to do it. In the meantime, we should all take turns watching him for any suspicious behaviour. Agreed?”

The rest of the group reluctantly nodded their heads. They could see Harry’s logic, but they weren’t happy with the situation. They were afraid he might get hurt, but trusted him to be careful and do the right thing.

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Three weeks after the Hallow’een feast finally came, and with it the quidditch tryouts. Harry and Ron were on the pitch early, getting out school brooms and transfiguring temporary quidditch balls. It had been decided by the founders that the pair of them would be the best people to lead the tryouts, as they were more familiar with the game, and so would be able to make good suggestions for players. For that day they were instructed to treat all of the Houses equally, so as to make the selections fair. They were not to favour their own House teams.

Gallatea had been practically bouncing off the walls since breakfast. She had been eagerly awaiting the tryouts since she had first seen the quidditch pitch, and was doubly excited now that the day had finally arrived. She had spent the previous evening cleaning and tidying her broom, Harry's broomstick servicing kit open in front of her. Harry had lent it to her so she could get her broom into the best shape possible. He knew she wouldn't have to worry about the tryouts, as she was a fantastic flyer, but he knew she would feel better if her broom was in good condition. He really admired Gallatea's broom. It had been handmade by her mother as a birthday present two years ago, and the craftsmanship was exquisite. Harry loved his Firebolt dearly, but would kill for such a personalised broom. It was made specifically for the girl to fly, and responded poorly to anyone else who tried to fly it. It was just as fast as his Firebolt, which he found strange considering the fact that it was a thousand years before his broom was made, and technology shouldn't have advanced that far.

Harry came out of his thoughts when Ron flew by close to his head. Looking around he saw the students had started to gather on the pitch. Most of them were sat up in the stands, but a large number were also gathering on the pitch, separated into different Houses. The four founders could be seen positioned in the teachers' box, along with Lolide and the other teachers. Once they were sure everyone was gathered, Harry and Ron made their way up to the students on the pitch. Harry gestured for Ron to go ahead, and stepped back to let his friend work. The redhead grinned at him before turning to address the students.

"Come over here, all of you. Right, I want you all to get into groups over there. Beaters I want on the right, chasers on the left, keepers in the middle. Anyone wanting to try out for seeker can go over to Harry. We'll start by putting together mock teams for each House, and then you'll play together. We're looking for people who can work together as a team, especially for chasers and beaters. We'll be playing the games without seekers, as we'll be testing them later. Now, for the first Slytherin team I want..."

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They had a total of eight games of quidditch. By the end of it the whole school had gotten a feel for the game, and most of them thoroughly enjoyed the experience. It was an instant hit. The team members had unanimously been chosen by the four founders, the teachers, Ron and Harry. Much to her delight, Gallatea had been chosen as one of the Ravenclaw chasers. Ginny was a Hufflepuff chaser, much to Ron's surprise. Ron himself was Gryffindor keeper. The only position they still had to fill was seeker. Harry led all of the hopefuls out on to the pitch. He was trying out himself, and wanted to make it as fair as possible. Turning to the group, he pulled out four winged balls.

"Right everyone; here is what we are going to do. As you have no doubt read in your books, these are snitches. Normally they are gold, but for the tryouts we are using coloured ones. We have one of each colour, red, green, yellow and blue. I will release them all and we will fly into the air. When I blow my whistle I want you all to find the snitch that corresponds to your House colour. The first person from each house to catch your snitch will be the team seeker. Once we have done this, you will join your new teams to choose a captain. Now, off we go!"

Harry released the four snitches and rose into the air, quickly followed by the other students. After a few moments he blew his whistle and the chase was on.

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Needless to say, Harry was the first to catch a snitch. This automatically made him the new Ravenclaw seeker. He couldn't help but feel guilty, though. He had a lot more experience than the others. However, he also wanted Ravenclaw to win the House Cup, and knew he was their best hope. Despite having spent his first four years in Gryffindor, it was surprising how loyal he was to his new House. He went over to the rest of the new team, beaming at Gallatea when he got there. She ran over to him and gave him a hug.

"I did it, Harry! I made the team!"

“ I told you you would, and you got the place on pure talent, not just because of who you are. You earned your place, and you deserve it. Don’t let anybody tell you otherwise.”

She grinned back at the boy and gave him another hug. Turning to the rest of the team, Harry felt he should say something to them too.

“ Congratulations to all of you, you make a great team, and I have high hopes for the quidditch cup. Now, all we have left to do is choose a captain. Any suggestions?”

“ I nominate you, Harry.”

“ I agree.”

“ Me too.”

“ And me.”

“ Any objections?”

“ Nope.”

“ None.”

“ It’s decided then.”

Harry stood in stunned silence. The team had unanimously chosen him for quidditch captain. He couldn’t help but wonder why.

“ Why me?”

“ Because you have the most experience, Harry. You’ve played it before, and you know all about it. You’re the best flyer, and you’re a good leader,” Gallatea explained.

Harry grinned back at the team and shook all of their hands. He couldn’t believe it. He was captain. He couldn’t wait for the first match to take place on the first of December. All of the parents, as well as the Minister for Magic, had been invited. It would be an historic moment, and he would be a part of it. The first ever Hogwarts quidditch match.

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ogwarts A couple of days later Harry was startled when Simbi gently bit him in the ankle to get his attention. He was sitting in the Ravenclaw common room at the time, with Gallatea next to him, her nose buried in a book. As soon as he noticed the small snake he put his wrist to the floor to let the serpent wrap around it. Lifting up his arm, he poked Gallatea to get her attention before turning back to his familiar.

What's up, Simbi?

Young master, you asked to be informed when Slytherin's next meeting was to be

Yes

It will be tonight in the Chamber

Thank you, Simbi, I really appreciate this

Turning back to his human friend, Harry told her what Simbi had told him. A frown wrinkled her forehead.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this, Harry? I mean, Lord Slytherin is dangerous..."

"Of course I am, 'Tea. I can take care of myself, and I know everything he knows, and more. Remember the knowledge transference? I also know spells from my time that he doesn't. I'll be fine."

"If you're sure, Harry, then I'll trust you. I'll just let the others know. When are you going?"

"Tonight. I'll leave after dinner and follow Slytherin until he goes to the Chamber. I've learned invisibility from your mother, so he shouldn't notice me."

"Alright Harry, but try to keep out of sight. I'll just telepathically tell the others what is going on, I think they ought to know."

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Dinner that night was a rather silent affair. Harry was preparing himself for another trip into the Chamber of Secrets, a place that held only bad memories for him. He really didn't want to go back to the place he had fought a basilisk for not only his life, but Ginny's as well. The more he thought about it, though, the more determined he was to go. Harry knew from his experiences with Dementors that the thing he feared the most was fear itself. Harry knew he was afraid of the memories the visit would bring up, but was determined to face his fear.

Sooner than he would have hoped, Gallatea was elbowing him in the ribs and nodding towards the head table. Slytherin had just stood up and was making his way to the main doors. Harry gave his friend one final look before standing and following the founder. Once he got out of the doors, the anxiety hit him full force. Looking around, and making sure there was nobody about, he quickly turned himself invisible and headed after Slytherin in the direction of what would become Moaning Myrtle's toilet. Quickening his pace, he caught up to the striding man and fell into step right behind him, having placed a silencing charm on himself. It wouldn't do him any good if Slytherin could hear his footsteps or his breathing.

The pair eventually reached the entrance to the Chamber, where Slytherin hissed the customary *Open up*, before positioning himself at the opening and sliding down the hole. Harry quickly followed suit, not eager to be left at the entrance. He came out the bottom of the chute to see the older man's form retreating down the long, damp corridor. *This sure brings back memories*, he thought.

Eventually the pair reached the main Chamber, where the basilisk was hidden. Slytherin moved over to a huge throne set up against the back wall, rather reminiscent of the throne Harry had seen Voldemort using in some of his visions. After a few minutes, Harry could make out the ribbon-like forms of several dozen snakes emerging from the shadows in several directions. The founder seemed to sit up straighter at their approach, as if anticipating their reports. Harry took his preoccupation with the serpents as an opportunity to move over to one of the large statues. Sitting on one

of the giant feet, he got himself in a good position to hear all that was being said. He was just in time, as all of the snakes seemed to have appeared. At the back, Harry could just make out the brightly coloured bodies of Simbi and Nirah. He was a little worried for them, but knew he would be able to get them out of there should the need arise. Just as he was contemplating possible escape routes, Slytherin started to address the snakes gathered before him.

What have you got to report, my spies?

A large snake, about the size of Nagini, came forward. It was obviously the spokes-snake.

I am afraid we have little to report, my Lord. The one named Gryffindor has done little of interest this month. The only thing we have to report is that he has had another visit from the healer. The elf seems to visit him at least once every month. As we are unfamiliar with most forms of magic, we have been unable to determine the reason for this. We are sorry, my Lord

*ENOUGH! This is not acceptable. You have told me the same news for the last three months. Surely you have more to report than *that**

We are sorry, Lord. He has had no more meetings with your Minister for Magic. We would have noticed if he had. However, the only other thing that may be of use to you, Lord, is that after his sword fighting and duelling lessons with the younglings, he seems unusually exhausted

*If that is all you have to tell me, then be gone. Next month you *will* have better news, or the consequences will not be favourable to you*

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As soon as Harry reached the Gryffindor room later that night he was bombarded with questions from his friends. After a few minutes he held up his hands and yelled, "ENOUGH!"

Everyone shut up immediately. They could see that his nerves were a little frazzled after his trip, and really didn't want to anger him. After all, he *had* been studying the Dark Arts rather extensively. Waiting until he had seated himself, Hermione started the questioning, as she was the one who planned out what she wanted to know.

“ So, what happened?”

“ Slytherin has snakes spying on Gryffindor, and it seems as if they have been doing so for quite some time. Apparently, Gryffindor has been having a lot of meetings with the Minister for Magic, but I didn't find out why. He has also been having regular checkups by Lolide, and seems to be more exhausted than he should be after our lessons. The snakes, not being very familiar with magic, weren't sure what Lolide was checking for, though. That was all I could find out. I don't know why Slytherin wants to know all this, though.”

“ How many snakes were there?” the bushy-haired girl questioned.

“ About three dozen. Luckily, he didn't seem to mind Simbi and Nirah, so I think it will be safe to just send them to the next meeting, to save having to go myself.”

“ Sounds good Harry. The question is, what's wrong with Gryffindor?”

Interlude – The First EVER Quidditch Match

“ Welcome ladies, gentlemen, students, teachers and parents, to the first Hogwarts quidditch match. If all you people from the Ministry of Magic like it, it could become a new craze! Today we have Ravenclaw House, the House of Thinkers, battling against Gryffindor House, the House of the Brave. I am your commentator, Samuel Peeves, enjoy the show!”

Peeves’ last words were drowned out by the cheering of the students. They had all been eagerly anticipating the first game, wanting to see how a real quidditch match was played, instead of just seeing pictures and reading about it in a book. Hermione was sitting in the teachers’ box next to Peeves, Ginny’s camera in her hand. She wanted to document this historic event. Despite her misgivings, she wouldn’t miss this for all the gold in Gringotts.

“ First we have the Gryffindor team! Captain and keeper Ronald Weasley leads the team onto the field. The Gryffindor chasers, Jocelyn Hart, Duce Jenaux and Sebastian du Gaul are not far behind. Beaters Emmett von Braun and Theodore Hess follow the chasers onto the field. And of course, last but not least, Ardwick de Mimsy-Porpington is the Gryffindor seeker!!!”

Hermione and Ginny watched as the team did a lap of the field, clapping for Ron and Ardwick. They were having a little trouble with who to support. Ginny wanted to support her brother, but also wanted to cheer for her old crush. Hermione couldn’t choose between her two best friends, it wouldn’t be right. So both were sat together in the teachers’ box, wearing their own House colours and vowing to remain impartial. Just then, the Ravenclaw team came onto the field amidst screams from the blue-clad students.

“ And here come the Ravenclaw team, led onto the field by captain and seeker Harry Potter. Next come the chasers, Gallatea Ravenclaw, daughter of our own Lady Rowena Ravenclaw, Hélène Devreau, and Guillaume Mollineux! Next come beaters Milo DeLance and Ged Thorpe, and keeper Jonas Tigellinus!”

Just as Peeves had finished announcing the teams, and both had done a couple of laps of the pitch before taking their positions, Hufflepuff came out and mounted her broom. Flying up to the middle of the field she waved her hand, releasing the snitch and bludgers. Another wave brought the quaffle to her hands. Throwing it into the air and blowing her whistle, the match was started.

“ And it’s Ravenclaw in possession! Look at Gallatea go, have you seen that broomstick?! How elegant, and maneuverable! Every home should have one!”

“ PEEVES!”

“ Sorry, Lady Ravenclaw. Anyway, magnificent save by Weasley, Jenaux in possession and racing down the field. WATCH OUT FOR THAT BLUDGER, DUCE! And it’s 1 – 0 to Gryffindor!!!”

The game carried on for some forty minutes, neither side gaining a significant advantage. The scores were tied at 80 – 70 in favour of Ravenclaw when Harry spotted the snitch. He didn’t really want to end the game so soon, as he was thoroughly enjoying himself. He hadn’t played a proper game of quidditch since the end of his third year, and the exhilaration of being back on the pitch meant he wanted to spin it out as long as possible. However, he could see Ardwick was floating over in the general direction of where he had seen the snitch. He couldn’t let Gryffindor win. After all, he had been the youngest seeker in a century! He wasn’t going to lose without a fight! He decided the best thing to do would be to lead his friend away from that end of the pitch. *Time to try out my Wronski Feint*, he thought. Turning sharply downwards, he headed towards the ground at top speed.

“ LOOK AT POTTER GO!!!! HE SEEMS TO HAVE SEEN THE SNITCH! DE MIMSY-PORPINGTON IS HOT ON HIS HEELS, BUT WILL HE CATCH UP?”

Harry tuned out his partner-in-pranks as he headed at top speed towards the ground. Just shy of impact he pulled up sharply and started off in the direction he had seen the snitch. Ardwick, who had been not far behind him, didn’t realise what had happened and nearly hit the ground. While he managed to fly off at a tangent, he lost his

grip on his broom quite low to the ground and went skidding across the grass.

Meanwhile, Harry was gaining on the snitch. In his concentration, he didn't see a bludger heading right for him. Just as he closed his hand around the snitch and held it aloft, signalling the end of the game, the bludger hit him full force on the shoulder, knocking him from his broom. The last thing he saw before he hit the ground and lost consciousness was the horrified face of Gallatea looking down at him.

Chapter Twenty One – Fantastic Beasts and What Not To Do To Them

Harry awoke in the hospital wing with a pounding headache. As soon as he opened his eyes he had to close them against the fierce light shining through the windows. He could feel a potion being pressed to his lips but was too weak to protest. As he swallowed, he could feel his headache begin to dissipate and felt as if he could try opening his eyes again. This time he could see several figures sitting around his bed. All of his friends were there, as well as Lolide, who was standing at the end of his bed, muttering various incantations. Once his vision cleared, he could see the room in more detail. Correcting his vision had been one of the first pieces of wandless magic he had learned from Rowena, and it was times like this that he was glad he no longer needed to wear glasses. Looking at his friends more closely, he was shocked to see tears falling from the girls' eyes. Ron and Ardwick didn't look much better. Although they hadn't been crying, they were obviously upset. Harry thought this seemed a bit odd, considering it was only a small quidditch accident. *You'd think I'd died or something. I could only have been out half an hour*, he thought. Deciding to find out what was going on he spoke up.

"Hi guys, why the long faces?"

This was apparently the wrong thing to say, as Gallatea gave a loud sob and launched herself at him. This was a mistake, for as soon as her arms wrapped around Harry's waist he could feel a sharp pain lancing down his back. Letting out a loud yell, Gallatea sprang back from him, a horrified look on her face.

"I'm so sorry, Harry, I should have known better."

"It's alright, 'Tea. What's going on? Why do you all look so upset? I can't have been out that long..."

"Harry, you were out ten days, mate," exclaimed and incredulous Ron.

"TEN DAYS?! How...? Why...? What...?"

“ You broke your back in the fall,” Ginny explained, “ Lolide was able to fix it, but it was touch and go for a while. We weren’t sure you were going to make it.”

It took a minute for this new piece of information to sink in.

“ I broke my back?”

“ Yes.”

“ And nearly died?”

“ Yes.”

“ Oh, sweet Merlin. The fall didn’t seem that high, and the bludger didn’t do that much damage...”

“ I’m afraid it did, Harry. And that stunt you pulled with me where I fell off my broom was dangerous too. You could have killed me!”

“ I’m sorry, Ard. It was a Wronski Feint, and I didn’t mean to hurt you, just keep you away from the snitch.”

“ S’k, I forgive you. Will you teach me the Wonkey Faint?”

Ron and Harry looked at each other, thinking about Hermione at the Quidditch World Cup, and burst out laughing.

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Later that night Harry awoke to noises coming from the far end of the infirmary. Sitting up, he quietly got out of bed and made his way over to the curtain around his bed. Pulling it back a little, he got himself comfortable for a little eavesdropping. He knew it was dishonest, but he suffered from an abundance of over curiosity. After only a moment he realised who it was he was listening to. Lolide and Gryffindor. They were speaking in hushed tones, in rapid fire elvish. Harry could pick out the gist of what was being said, thanks to his lessons with the elven healer. However, some of what they were discussing was lost on him. The words that he did understand,

though, pieced together some of what Slytherin had mentioned in the Chamber of Secrets.

“ ...come...often, Godric. You...your heart...take the strain. I can...this time, but...do less...time.”

“ Lolide, ...do...you can. Your medicine...thing...stopping my...”

“ Godric! You know...I...get help...Rowena...heal you, and...Helga...herbs for this sort of thing.”

“ I know...have to...the students. I know...training...Harry. Are you...sleeping?”

“ I'll look...”

Harry jumped back into his bed, turning his back to where he knew Lolide would be coming in to check on him. He closed his eyes, feigning sleep when she came in, and sighed in relief when she left again without comment. He had had a lot of practice pretending to be asleep after the Dursleys, so he was confident he could fool anyone. Not long after, Gryffindor bade good night to the elf and left the infirmary. Harry thought back on what he had heard, thinking, *I'll have to tell the others about this...*

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Monday the 12th December found Harry still sitting in the infirmary, his friends all gathered around him. They had gone to visit him straight after breakfast and would be heading to their first class soon enough. He wanted to tell them what he had heard the night before, but knew he had to omit certain facts, such as the language the adults were speaking in at the time. He knew he was not supposed to tell anyone about the lessons he had been having from Lolide, as if he told they would be discontinued. Harry didn't want that to happen, as he was really enjoying the lessons. Lolide seemed to think he had some elven blood somewhere in his past, as he had really taken to elven magic. He found it fascinating, and was making spectacular progress. The problem was, if he didn't tell his friends that the pair had been speaking in Lolide's language, he would have no excuse for why he didn't hear the whole conversation. He would have to think

on his feet, and avoid as many questions as possible, which would be a little difficult with Hermione around. Taking a deep breath, he prepared for disaster.

“ Um...guys? I heard something last night that you might find interesting...”

“ What was that, Harry?” Gallatea asked him.

“ Well you know Slytherin was talking to the snakes about Gryffindor visiting Lolide?”

Six affirmative nods made him plough on.

“ Well, last night he was in the infirmary. I woke up in the night and heard them talking...I couldn't really hear from over here, but from what I *could* hear, Gryffindor has been struggling with the lessons he has been giving us. Lolide said something about his heart, and how it was getting harder to treat him. She suggested talking to Ladies Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw about it, but I don't think he was too happy about the idea.”

“ Is that all you found out, Harry?”

“ I'm afraid so, 'Mione. But if this is the year that...,” looking around at Ardwick, Christabel and Gallatea, “...um, the big event happens, like we think, then I suggest we do as much as we can to help.”

As expected, Hermione was the first to object. Harry had been thinking about what was going on earlier that morning. He had gotten the feeling that this would be the year that Slytherin would split from the other founders and leave Hogwarts. If it wasn't this year, then it would be soon, was the conclusion he had come to. The events certainly seemed to fit. However, if Gryffindor's health was failing, and it was a result of the extra training he was giving them, then Harry felt it was their responsibility to help. Hermione, however, didn't quite see it that way...

“ Harry, we talked about this after the quidditch pitch fiasco. We can't just go around changing time, it's not right. It's out of our hands and

you know it! We've already done enough damage, we don't want to add to that. You have to think of the consequences..."

"Hermione, I have thought of the consequences. I've also listened to Ginny..."

"Me? What have I said?"

"...and I know that whatever we do here is not going to affect the future. In fact, if we sit back and do nothing we will be doing more harm than good. I *told* you all of this after 'Tea's birthday, so why can't you trust me?"

"Harry, I do trust you..."

"You have a funny way of showing it."

"...but I just want *one* scrap of proof that we're not going to mess everything up."

"You want proof? Think back to the first day of classes when Ginny had a vision in Divination. She saw me in the Chamber of Secrets with Gryffindor, fighting. If we're not meant to help, then why would I be there? And you *know* it was a true vision, because Ginny is a Seer."

Hermione just gaped at her friend. She had completely forgotten about Ginny's vision, and by the looks of the others' faces, so had they. Harry just gave them a smug little smile before ushering them off the class.

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The next day everyone was surprised to see Harry coming into the Great Hall for breakfast. After the damage done during the quidditch match, no-one had expected to see him for at least another week. As he sat down at the Ravenclaw table, Gallatea rushed up to him and put her arms around him. When she pulled back she gave him a questioning look. Harry took the hint.

“ Lolide let me out early. She knew how desperate I was to go to tonight’s animagus lesson, so she decided to make me go to classes. She said that if I can’t cope with normal lessons, I can’t go tonight.”

Gallatea just gave him a big smile and another hug. The pair sat down at the Ravenclaw table, and Harry was immediately bombarded with congratulations from the rest of his House. They had never gotten to celebrate their win over Gryffindor at the quidditch match, as their seeker had been in the hospital wing, but now he was back, they were planning a huge party. Just as they were deciding what sort of food to have, Hufflepuff stood up and motioned for silence.

“ Now that we once again have all of our students with us, I would like to make a little announcement. The first ever Hogwarts quidditch match has been a huge success. The Ministry of Magic loved it, as did all of the parents. The Minister himself will be arriving after breakfast to discuss a patent deal with Harry Potter and Ronald Weasley, as well as details of how to set up nationwide quidditch teams. As well as the Minister, we will be visited by a representative of Flourish and Blotts of Diagon Alley about a publishing deal for the quidditch rule book. I would therefore like to ask that Ron and Harry come up to Lord Gryffindor’s office as soon as they have finished breakfast.”

As soon as Lady Hufflepuff had finished, every set of eyes in the Hall turned to either Ron or Harry. Both boys were sat in shocked silence. They couldn’t believe that one discussion in the library about the Chudley Cannons’ chances of victory had let to *this*. Standing up at the same time, they made their way out of the doors.

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Once they arrived at what would one day be Dumbledore’s office, they waited to be let in. Unlike in the future, they had no idea where to start with guessing passwords. After a few minutes, the gargoyle leapt aside, allowing the pair to enter. They were nervous as they reached Gryffindor’s office, not knowing what to make of the Minister for Magic. When they got to the top of the revolving staircase, they nervously knocked on the door. A few seconds later it was pulled

open by Lady Hufflepuff, and the boys were ushered over to their seats. Behind Gryffindor's desk sat a strange looking man with a long beard and half moon glasses. He was wearing deep blue robes that matched his eyes, and Harry and Ron thought he looked a lot like Dumbledore. He smiled when he saw the two boys, and leant forward to address them.

“ So, you are the fine young men who have brought a new craze to Hogwarts. That quidditch match at the start of the month was very popular, both with parents and Ministry members. In fact, word has spread very quickly, and we have several people wanting to set up teams. In order for this to work, we need your permission, as the creators, and suggestions in how a league system can be set up. Do you agree to this?”

The two dumbfounded boys looked at each other, before Harry turned to the Minister.

“ With all due respect, Minister, this has taken us sort of by surprise. Would we be permitted to discuss this for a few minutes before we agree to anything?”

“ Of course, take your time.”

Harry turned back to Ron and addressed him in English.

“ Ron, what do you think about this? I mean, it would be a wonderful thing, being the creators of quidditch, but we do have to consider what 'Mione has been saying. The only thing that troubles me is, if we created it in this time when we are fifteen, and learn about it in the future when we are younger, then where did the original idea come from? It could cause a time paradox. And from what I know of Muggle physics that could do something drastic, like destroy the universe or something.”

“ Harry, the way I see it, we're already in that situation anyway, and were from the moment we told Ardwick about quidditch. There's nothing we can do now to change it. We may as well make the most of it, and stop worrying. For all we know, we could be doing what we're supposed to. You were the one telling us that we were here for a reason, well how do you know this isn't one of them?”

“ I see your point, Ron. So, are we going to do this? And what about the book deal? We’ll have to change our names, because in our time they would notice something. The original quidditch rule book is still available in our time, after all.”

“ Yeah, just think of all the money we can make in 1000 years from the patent and book sales! But seriously, I think you should do the negotiating.”

“ Why me?”

“ You’re better at this sort of thing, what with all of the practice you’ve had.”

Harry just nodded and turned back to the bemused Minister. He obviously hadn’t understood any of what the pair had been saying, and seemed to be wondering what language they were speaking. He seemed to collect himself when he noticed Harry was staring at him.

“ Have you finished your...discussion?”

“ Yes, Minister.”

“ Will you sign the patent?”

“ Yes, we will. However, Ron is concerned about what will happen about proceeds? Will we receive any money for the use of quidditch as a sport?”

The Minister seemed a little surprised at this question. He had not expected the two fifteen year olds to think about things like that.

“ Of course! You will receive royalties for every match played, to be delivered to a place of your choice...”

“ Then we would like you to open a joint account for us in Gringotts. All royalties from games and the rulebooks will be paid into it. Also, we need all new teams to pay a starting fee of 10 Sickles.”

“ Very well, I will see to it myself.”

“ Thank you, Minister, we appreciate it.”

The Minister passed them several pieces of parchment, which they read in depth before signing. The man then made copies of each to be placed in the Gringotts vault.

“ Well, thank you boys, I can get started on organising teams now. Would you like to give me any suggestions for how they should be arranged for competitions?”

Harry gestured for Ron to continue. The redhead outlined how the quidditch league back in their time worked, as well as suggesting a European and World Cup if the sport ever spread outside of Britain. The Minister took notes on all that had been said, before taking his leave. As soon as he had left, another man came out of a side room and took the seat the Minister had just vacated. He looked at the two boys over his spectacles and smiled at them.

“ Misters Potter and Weasley, such an honour it is to meet you. I am Jeremiah Flourish, co-owner of Flourish and Blotts’ bookstore in Diagon Alley. I hear you have written a fascinating book, and I am interested in publishing it. Would you agree to this?”

“ Yes, sir. Ron and I have discussed it, and we would be honoured for you to produce our books. We have only one condition. We would like eight special copies made. They are to be leather bound, with names we will provide you with embossed on the front. They are for us, and our friends. Do you agree?”

“ I certainly do, Mr. Potter. If you would sign on here, and write down the names you would like, I will get right to work.”

The boys signed the appropriate parchment, and wrote down their names, the names of all their friends, and the Weasley twins. Ron knew his brothers would kill for an original copy, especially a personalised one. Once everything was completed, Mr. Flourish took his leave, and the boys, after thanking Gryffindor for the use of his office, left to go to their next lessons.

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That evening the seven friends met in the Gryffindor room for their animagus lesson. This was the one they had all been waiting for. After months of preparation, they were finally ready to try the transformation. If all went to plan, they would change for the first time and 'lock' their forms, allowing them to transform anytime thereafter. The whole procedure had taken less than four months, which was mostly due to the help they had received from Lady Hufflepuff. The whole thing took a lot less time if you had a teacher than if you tried to do the whole thing yourself.

When Hufflepuff entered the room at precisely seven o'clock the students all hurriedly took their places in a circle on the floor. Helga chuckled to herself at their antics and took her place in the circle. After a few moments of meditation to center themselves, the teenagers were ready to complete the transformation. Helga, seeing their impatience, proceeded.

" Now, I know you are all excited, but I need you to relax. You will have to listen very carefully, because if you do it incorrectly, you will be stuck as a half-human-half-animal. Once you have entered the meditative state we have been working on, I need you to picture your animal in your head. You need to think of all of its characteristics, not only physical, but instinctive and mental. Once you have done this, clearly think the incantation 'Corpus Animagus'. This should transform you, but only if you are fully focused. Once the transformation is complete, you must think 'Facio Animagus'. This will 'lock' your transformation, allowing you to change at will thereafter. Enter your meditative states now, and good luck!"

The students all closed their eyes and began to relax. It took just over ten minutes before the first **POP** could be heard, and a peregrine falcon was flying around the room. Changing back, Gallatea went to sit at one of the tables so as not to disturb the others, a big grin on her face. The next to change was Harry, who prowled around the room for a few minutes before changing back and going to sit next to Gallatea. Twenty minutes later, after Ardwick had finally changed, the group decided to celebrate. Snapping her fingers, Hufflepuff summoned a house elf, which promptly went back to the kitchens to gather various party foods. A few moments later, the other founders arrived, courtesy of Gallatea's telepathy, and the party

proper began. At 3am the group made their way to bed, knowing they had a Care of Magical Creatures lesson first thing the next morning.

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Care of Magical Creatures for the time travellers was a vast improvement on Hagrid's lessons. They all loved the half giant dearly, but they were glad not to be studying any more blast ended skrewts. This term they had been learning about the various breeds of dragon, and today was to be their first practical lesson. Gallatea had been a little worried, as dragons were her biggest fear, but Harry had reassured her that he wouldn't let anything happen to her.

After a brief lecture from the Care of Magical Creatures teacher, the group was led over to a pen where a Welsh Green was tied up, asleep. Most of the students kept a respectable distance, but Horatio, thinking his noble status made him impervious to harm and despite the teachers' protests, strode up to the sleeping reptile and started to tickle it. By this time, the rest of the students, bar Gallatea, had started to back away when they saw one enraged red eye open and look in their direction. When the dragon started to move, even Horatio didn't stay put. Almost everyone started to run out of range of the flames they knew would soon be flying through the air. Harry, however, paused to look back at the beast. He froze in shock when he saw Gallatea still stood rooted to the spot in front of the dragon. Making a split second decision, he raced back towards his friend, pulling her to the ground as a jet of flame burst through the air, right where her head had been. Rolling them both across the ground, he pulled her to her feet and started to pull her over to the Forbidden Forest, out of range of the flames. The furious creature started to give chase until it reached the end of its chains. Sending fire after them, Harry only just managed to pull them out of range before they got roasted alive. Sitting down behind a tree, he pulled Gallatea onto his lap and wrapped his arms around her. The girl clung to him and as she continued to shake, Harry murmured comforting words to her.

"It's alright, 'Tea. I promised I wouldn't let you get hurt, and I didn't. Please calm down, it's over now."

“ I thought I was going to die.”

“ I thought so, too, but you’re ok.”

“ Thank you, Harry. I can’t believe Horatio did that!”

“ Well, at least now I know where the school motto comes from...”

“ What?”

“ Draco dormiens nunquam titillandus.”

“ Never tickle a sleeping dragon?”

“ Uhuh.”

“ Harry, I can’t believe I came so close to losing you. Please, never leave me again.”

“ Not until I have to, ‘Tea. You’re too important to me.”

And with that their lips met in a tender kiss.

Chapter Twenty Three – Dark Discussions

Christmas morning found all seven friends, as well as Lady Ravenclaw, gathered in the Gryffindor Room. The four time travellers had set up a Christmas tree a few days earlier, showing the Anglo-Saxons one of their traditions. Christabel in particular loved the tradition, and vowed to continue it in her family. Lady Ravenclaw had provided the mistletoe, which she hung in the doorway to catch the students as they came in. Harry and Gallatea, Ginny and Ardwick, and Ron and Hermione had all been caught, but luckily for Christabel she arrived late, and so was spared. Not that Harry and his girlfriend had minded too much, but when they started to get carried away, Gallatea's mother had given her a disapproving look.

The group sat around the Christmas tree with cups of tea in their hands, talking about what they usually did at Christmas. The Weasleys were telling them how their family celebrated, and what they did when they stayed at Hogwarts. Hermione told every one of the Muggle traditions, and how over the top they went. They all agreed that Christmas for Muggles was too commercialised. When it came to Harry's turn, he told them what it had been like when he was younger, not receiving any presents and being banned from touching the tree. One year he had even been locked in his cupboard during the Christmas dinner for 'being too noisy'. Gallatea gave him a hug, and he told her how much better Christmas had been for him since starting at Hogwarts.

The group spent the rest of the morning telling funny stories about their families and previous Christmases. They didn't have any presents, as that was a more modern idea. Despite the Christmas tree, the four time travellers had decided they wanted to experience traditional Anglo-Saxon celebrations. Ginny thought it would be a good section to include in her book.

About half an hour before the Christmas dinner, which they were to eat in the Great Hall with the rest of the students, the boys went off to one corner to discuss their planned prank. Harry had won the prank war by a long way, with his stunt at dinner. The way he had planned the day, especially by lulling the students into a false sense of security, clearly showed his Slytherin side. It was this cleverness, as

well as the quality of his pranks, that had won it for him. He had something similar planned for that day, and he just wanted to go over the last minute plans with the other Marauders.

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Dinner was a magnificent affair. The students had arrived at the Great Hall to find it decorated with icicles hanging everywhere, and snow falling from the ceiling. To make the meal less uncomfortable, the snow disappeared as soon as it hit a surface. Tiny ice faeries were fluttering about the Hall, greeting the students and playing with the snow. The tables had vases of snow drops in the middle, and decorative wreaths were hanging around the walls and from the doors.

Before the food appeared, Gryffindor stood up to give a few notices.

“ Now, I know you are all hungry, so I will be brief. Firstly, I would like to wish you all a very merry Christmas. To celebrate, we will be having a Yule ball tomorrow evening. It will be a costume party, so I want you all to come up with something creative to wear. If possible you should dress to match your partner, as there will be a competition for the best costumes. In order for you to acquire your costumes, you will be permitted to visit the town of Hogsmeade tomorrow. However, you must be back in time for the ball, which will start at seven o'clock. My second announcement is concerning an event that occurred last week in the fifth year Care of Magical Creatures lesson. We have discussed these events, and have decided to award Harry Potter an award for special services to the school. What he did was very heroic, and he showed true Gryffindor courage. I am very proud of him, as is Lady Ravenclaw. I would like to thank him now on behalf of all of the staff for saving young Miss Ravenclaw's life.”

Harry smiled embarrassedly as everyone, bar Horatio and some of the Slytherins started to clap. He bent his head to hide the blush in his cheeks. He had just done it to save his friend, and would have done it for anybody. He didn't like all of the attention. Eventually, the noise died down and Gryffindor continued with his speech.

“ Now, I just have one more matter to mention. To commemorate last week’s events, we have a new school motto, which will be added to the Hogwarts crest. After much discussion, we have settled on ‘Draco dormiens nunquam titillandus’, which for those of you who do not know Latin, means ‘never tickle a sleeping dragon’. Now, enjoy the feast, and happy Christmas!”

That said the founder took his seat and clapped his hands. A delicious meal appeared in front of the ravenous students and they all started to pile it onto their plates. Not long after, the students at the Slytherin table started to choke on their food, before glaring angrily at the Marauders. They could tell what was going to happen next. Before they had chance to run and hide, their clothes turned bright red and they all grew long white beards. Horatio, being the obvious target, ran over to Hermione, took her hand, and started to croon.

“ If I should stay,
I would only be in your way.
So I’ll go, but I know,
I’ll think of you every step of the way.”

The rest of the Slytherins joined in for the chorus, holding hands and swaying side to side.

“ And I will always love you.
Will always love you.
My darling, you.”

Horatio took over again, pulling a bewildered Hermione to her feet and joining the swaying Slytherins, who continued to join in when Horatio reached the chorus.

“ Bittersweet memories,

That is all I'm taking with me.

So goodbye, please don't cry,

We both know I'm not what you, you need."

" And I will always love you

I will always love you.

At this point everyone bar the Slytherins was on the floor in hysterics. The mere idea of Horatio d'Escargot singing a love song to a muggleborn was hilarious.

" I hope life treats you kind,

And I hope you have all you dreamed of.

And I wish you joy and happiness,

But above this I wish you love."

Much to Hermione's consternation, Horatio pulled her into his arms and started to slow dance with her while the other Slytherins finished the song.

" And I will always love you

I will always love you

I will always love you

I will always love you

I will always love you

I will always love you."

As it was coming to a close, he gently placed his lips on hers, only to be pushed back rather forcibly by the unfortunate girl.

" Darling I love you

I'll always, I'll always love you."

Once the song and dancing had finished, the strange costumes disappeared and Horatio's face turned a poisonous shade of red. He was not happy. Whipping out his wand, he started yelling at Hermione.

" VIOUS MUDBLOOD! HOW CAN YOU DO THAT TO ME? I CANNOT BELIEVE I WAS FORCED TO TOUCH SUCH A FILTHY CREATURE! MY FATHER WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS, JUST YOU WAIT. YOU WILL BE HUNG, DRAWN AND QUARTERED BEFORE THE WEEK IS OUT!"

Hermione had started to back away as Horatio continued his tirade. No-one had ever seen him looking so angry, and he didn't seem to be calming down. Hermione glanced at the founders and noticed they were unsure what to do. Slytherin seemed to be smirking, but the other three were starting to look concerned. Concern turned to horror as the screaming boy pointed his wand at the girl and yelled, " CRUCIO!"

The students watched in terror as Hermione fell to the floor, writhing in agony. Her screams filled the Hall and drifted through the castle. The founders weren't sure what to do, as they didn't want to risk hurting the girl further. Harry was the one that came up with a solution. In the chaos he made his way to the back of the Hall and started chanting in parseltongue. Luckily for him, Simbi and Nirah were wrapped safely around his wrist, so he was able to perform the snake magic. A few seconds later, Horatio was blasted across the floor, his magic temporarily drained from his body. It was powerful Dark Magic Harry had invoked, but luckily no-one noticed where it came from. As soon as the curse was lifted, Ron ran over to the fallen girl and lifted her into his arms. Looking at Gryffindor, he waited for a nod before leaving the Great Hall to take her to Lolide. As soon as he left, the students broke out in whispers until Gryffindor stood up and called for silence. Turning to the dazed Horatio, he started to talk angrily.

“ Horatio d’Escargot, considering your actions last week with the dragon, and the events we have witnessed today, I feel we have no choice but to expel you from this school.”

“ OBJECTION!” roared Slytherin, leaping to his feet and pointing at Gryffindor, “ On what grounds could you possibly be expelling the boy?”

“ Salazar, he used harmful Dark Magic on a fellow student. That is not acceptable. I tolerate your teaching of the Dark Arts because I see the merit in using them for good, but when the most painful curse in existence is used on a fifteen year old girl for no reason whatsoever I can no longer stand for it.”

“ You can hardly class using a pain curse on a Mudblood a serious offense! If it had been a pureblood, it would have been a different issue, but filth like that shouldn’t even be in this school. Mudbloods are worse than cattle, and should be treated as such.”

Gryffindor was fuming. This argument had been coming for a while, as the two had had conflicting views on muggleborns from the start.

“ SALAZAR SLYTHERIN, HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT ABOUT A HUMAN BEING! Witches and wizards, be they pureblooded, halfblooded or muggleborn, deserve the same respect and treatment. They are all the same; they all have the gift of magic. I understand you have a particular hatred for those you see as polluting our blood, but I cannot have you taking it out on the students, and encouraging your House to do the same. We will settle this now.”

Gryffindor drew his wand and waited for Slytherin’s answer. The fact that he was prepared to use a wand showed he was going to use spells too strong for wandless magic. Slytherin just smirked and took out his wand. Getting into the accepted duelling position, they both raised their wands and bowed slightly, neither taking their eyes off their opponent. Gryffindor threw the first curse, putting up a powerful shield to stave off any attack.

“ Impedimenta!”

Slytherin ducked out of the way before erecting his own shield. He sent back something he knew Gryffindor couldn't block.

"Avada Kedavra!"

Harry closed his eyes in horror as the green light went speeding towards the other founder. Much to his surprise, when he opened his eyes again, the man was still standing. Looking over to Ginny, he could see her eyes were wide in disbelief and she was starting to shake slightly. Harry turned back to the duel just as Slytherin yelled, "Serpensortia!"

Seeing the snake on the floor, rapidly moving towards Gryffindor, he knew what he had to do. Turning himself invisible, despite the risk of being seen, he moved over to the snake and started hissing to it.

Please come over here

The snake looked around in confusion before moving once again towards Gryffindor.

STOP Harry hissed quickly, delaying it long enough for Gryffindor to cast the counter curse.

After that the duel started to get nasty. Slytherin kept casting Dark spells on Gryffindor, especially pain curses. Harry and Ginny thought it was a bit strange that he wasn't using unforgivables any more. Eventually, Gryffindor managed to get the upper hand. With a last "Reducto!" Slytherin was blasted from his feet, hitting the wall of the Great Hall and knocking him unconscious. Gryffindor sent up red and gold sparks to indicate his victory before collapsing on the floor. The students in his House started to panic, but Rowena quickly took charge. Sending Hufflepuff up to the infirmary with Godric, she rounded up the students and sent them all to their common rooms. Harry, before leaving the Hall, started hissing to his snakes.

Guys, do you think you could go up to the infirmary and see if you could find out what is going on with Gryffindor? I'd like to know why he collapsed

Of course Simbi hissed back, *We would be honoured, little master*

We shall be back later Nirah added, before they slithered away across the room.

Harry made his way over to where the rest of his friends had gathered. They all looked a little shaken, but none the worse for wear.

“ Gryffindor Room?” Ginny asked. The others nodded in agreement and they all headed out of the Hall.

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In the Gryffindor Room, the five remaining members of the group all sat down heavily in front of the fire. Gallatea had telepathically asked Ron if he was coming back, and he told them he would be there soon with Hermione. When they finally turned up, everyone quickly rushed to a still shaky Hermione and helped her to sit down. Once they had ascertained that she would be all right, they started a very important discussion.

“ So, what did we miss?” Ron asked.

It was Christabel who explained what had happened. She told him about the argument and the following duel, as well as about Horatio being expelled. When she had finished, she turned to the group and asked something that had been bothering most of them.

“ What happened to Horatio? I mean, when he had the Cruciatus curse on ‘Mione, and he was blasted across the room. A simple ‘Reducto’ would have produced the same explosion, but the spell wouldn’t have been broken.”

“ That was me,” Harry confessed.

Six pairs of incredulous eyes turned in his direction. He smiled sheepishly and explained.

“ I read it in my snake magic book. It’s a Dark Arts spell that has to be recited in parseltongue, using at least one snake for a focus. Luckily I had Simbi and Nirah with me. It basically sucks all of the magical power out of someone for a short period of time. I have a

feeling it *would* be banned in our time, but there's not much point in banning it as so few people can speak parseltongue."

" So what do you mean, it takes their power?" Hermione couldn't resist asking.

" It sucks out your magical energy, pulling it into the caster. It leaves the victim unable to use magic until their energy has recovered. They are effectively Muggles for about 24 hours before their magical energy has built up again enough for them to perform simple spells. It takes about a week for the effects to fully wear off. It was the only way I could think of to stop the spell..."

The rest of the group was looking at him in awe. Hermione, though, showed signs of another lecture. Harry jumped in before she could say anything.

" Before you say anything, Hermione, I know it's a dangerous spell, and I wouldn't use it under normal circumstances. But I thought it was an emergency, and I didn't want to see you hurt. Can you understand?"

Hermione reluctantly nodded her head and smiled. It was Ginny who asked the next question.

" Does anybody know how Gryffindor survived the Killing curse?"

Ron and Hermione, not having heard about that, started violently, glancing quickly at Harry's scar. I was Gallatea who explained.

" He's immune."

" What do you mean?!" Ron exclaimed. Sighing, Gallatea continued.

" I'm not supposed to talk about it, but all of the Hogwarts Four have managed to acquire immunity necklaces. The man who created the Big Three, the Imperius, Cruciatus and Killing Curses, created ten necklaces that resist the effects. He kept one for himself, and the founders, being the most prominent witches and wizards of our time, were each given one as a gift. I only know about them because my mother has promised to pass hers down to me when she dies. The

other five are all for sale in Hogsmeade, but no-one can buy them, as they are prohibitively expensive. Even Horatio's family doesn't have enough money."

" I think I've read about them somewhere," Hermione added, " They were the only known block for the Unforgivables..."

" Unforgivables?" Ardwick asked.

" That's what we call those three curses. Using one on another person qualifies as an immediate life sentence in Azkaban."

" Wow!"

" Yes, I know. In our time, all of the necklaces have been lost, and are thought destroyed. Harry is the only known person to have survived the Killing Curse without a necklace. When you say they are for sale in Hogsmeade, how expensive are you talking?"

" I had a look at them the last time I was there with my mother," Gallatea said, " And I think they were a whole five galleons each!"

" FIVE!"

" Nobody has *that* much money!"

Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny looked surprised at their friends' outbursts. To them, five galleons for something *that* powerful and useful was nothing to pay. Harry alone had taken about fifty galleons out of his account when Ginny had told him he would need more money. He turned to his friends.

" Five? Is that all?"

Gallatea, Ardwick and Christabel looked at him as if he was insane. Hermione caught on first.

" Of course, why didn't I think about that? In a thousand years, the value of money will have dropped greatly. In our time, something that seems relatively inexpensive, would seem a fortune here."

“ You mean to say, in this time I’m rich?! That’s great! See, the amulet did bring us great personal wealth!” Ron exclaimed.

Harry was looking at his confused girlfriend. Thinking *Accio Money Bag*, he waited for his gold to turn up. When it came flying through the door, he turned to the Anglo-Saxons.

“ Just to give you an idea of what we mean, take a look at this. I took this out of my vault back at home. It was just a tiny portion of what is actually in there.”

Tipping the fifty or so galleons onto the rug, he turned to see his three friends slumped in their chairs in a dead faint.

Chapter Twenty Four – Hogsmeade Discoveries

The next morning, Harry had to get up especially early. Not that he minded, as he was always up early on Boxing Day. He needed to hurry though, as he had an extra lesson planned with Lolide, and he wanted to get it over and done with before he went to Hogsmeade. He rushed out of the door with only ten minutes to spare, only just making it to the infirmary in time. Lolide had scheduled the extra lesson for in the holidays, as it was a special topic. She knew it would be rather draining, so she wanted him to have a whole day of performing little or no magic to recover. Today, Harry would be learning the difficult art of Soul Magic.

Soul magic was a powerful art known only to the elves. In the height of his power, Voldemort had sought to discover its secrets, but had been unable to do so. Soul magic was very powerful, and few could control it. It was only due to Harry's incredible success at elven magic that Lolide had even considered teaching it to him. The basic idea of Soul Magic was to manipulate a person's soul. The soul could be extracted from one body and placed in another, changed altogether, destroyed or even retrieved from a Dementor and replaced in a body. Harry thought it would be a useful thing to know, especially if Sirius ever got caught. After all, there was no guarantee Wormtail would still be captured when he got back. If Sirius ever got caught, he would be given the Dementor's Kiss. At least this way, Harry would be able to help him if that did happen. Soul Magic, he decided, might also be the only way to destroy Voldemort. If, as he suspected, the Dark Lord achieved immortality, then a simple Killing Curse wouldn't do the job. Destroying his soul would be the only option left.

As soon as he arrived, Harry gave a quick glance around the infirmary to see if Gryffindor was still there. Much to his disappointment, the founder appeared to have left, and there was still no sign on Simbi or Nirah. Just as he was about to look more closely for the missing snakes, Lolide came out of her office and ushered him in to take a seat.

“ Hello Harry. Today, I will be teaching you in Anglo-Saxon, for I know you have learned much of my tongue, but I am thinking this

topic is needing a little more care. If you is not understanding me fully, and you is making a mistake, it will be very serious. Now, I need you to relax and meditate. We will be starting with soul manipulation...”

The pair spent the next two hours working on the Soul Magic. Harry picked up the basic idea fairly quickly, but was restricted in as much as he couldn't practically try out any of the magic. He couldn't try destroying a soul, as he had no-one to practice it on. He also knew he did not have the right to use anybody as a guinea pig. He had learned it all in theory, he would have to learn the practical side himself as and when the necessity to use it arose.

~~*

By nine o'clock Harry was sat in the Great Hall with Gallatea, planning their day in Hogsmeade. Gallatea was telling him about the shops they had there in her time, and Harry was reciprocating by telling her about his version of Hogsmeade. Much to his surprise, Honeydukes was around in Gallatea's time, only it sold different things to the one in the 1990s. At nine thirty, the pair got up from their table and headed into the Entrance Hall, where they met the rest of the group. Heading out as one, they got into the carriages that took them up to Hogsmeade. Harry hung back a little, looking at the large black horses that pulled what he had previously thought to be horseless carriages. They were identical to Ron's animagus form. Thinking of Cedric's death, he realised why he could now see the thestrals. With a sad smile, he followed the others into the carriage and waited for them to arrive in Hogsmeade. When they got there, by unanimous vote they all headed straight to Honeydukes. Harry, thinking about the shop in his time, sidled up to Ron.

“ Hey Ron, do you reckon the passage under Honeydukes is there yet? If it is, we can sneak here in the middle of the night and get supplies of sweets!”

“ Good point, mate! One thing we'll have to do, though, is before we go we'll have to stock up on sweets from this time. We won't be able to get them when we get home, and they'd be worth a fortune!”

“ True, and we have enough money to get a lifetime’s supply.”

By this time the seven had reached the shop and had gone through the door. The girls headed straight for the wall of chocolate to one side, whereas the boys favoured the novelty selection. Ron and Harry were having the time of their lives. They were telling Ardwick about all of the sweets they had in their time, excluding the ones they had given to Gallatea for her birthday. Ardwick was particularly disgusted when he heard about blood flavoured lollypops, but really wanted to try some fizzing whizbees. The boys turned back to the shelves and Harry and Ron started pulling things off and reading the descriptions to each other.

“ Jelly dragons, make you breathe fire for up to thirty minutes.”

“ Whiz Poppers, make you break wind in various well known tunes.”

“ Sugar parchment, for when you want to eat your homework.”

“ Chewy knights, always wanted to bite their heads off? Now you can!”

“ Edible ink, lets off a tantalising aroma that will drive your teachers to distraction.”

“ Tortoise Toffee, makes you win any race, no matter how long.”

“ Reducto Raisins, blow your mind.”

Eventually, they chose a little of everything and went over to see what the girls were up to. Ginny was debating the merits of Mandrake Marshmallows with Christabel, and Hermione was telling Gallatea the medicinal properties of chocolate. Ron went up and butted into their conversations.

“ Are you lot ready?”

Nods to the affirmative confirmed they were ready to move on to the next shop. Harry took his purchases up to the counter and handed over a galleon for the lot. The shopkeeper nearly fainted.

“ Sir, I’m sorry, but I cannot change this much money. Do you have anything smaller?”

Harry dug around in the bottom of his money bag and found a silver sickle left over from his shopping in Diagon Alley.

“ Is this better?”

The shopkeeper nodded, but still found it difficult to find enough change for the coin. Eventually, Ron had to add his purchases to the bill to lower the amount of change enough for the shopkeeper to manage. As the group left the shop, the owner gave them an inquisitive look, wondering why a group of students were carrying so much money around with them.

~~*

The next shop the students came to was the one the four time travellers had wanted to visit since the night before. As they looked in the window, they could see various antiques, including furniture and ornaments. They went inside and found it was a lot bigger than it looked from the outside. Much to Hermione’s delight, one whole corner was dedicated to rare books. The other girls all headed over to the jewelry section to admire the various baubles and bangles on sale. Harry, Ron and Ardwick, on the other hand, went up to the counter, where a wizened old man was sitting. He reminded Harry a little of the man in the Knockturn Alley bookshop, where he had bought his parseltongue book. Ron was the one to step forward.

“ Excuse me, sir, my friends and I would like to make a purchase, but we don’t know where to look to find what we need.”

The man gave them an inquisitive look, as if trying to figure out if students could afford anything he had on sale.

“ And what would young folk like yourselves be looking for in an establishment such as this one?”

Ron and Harry gave each other nervous looks before the red head turned back to the owner.

“ We have been told that this shop is selling necklaces that nullify the effects of the...,” and here Ron looked at Ardwick for confirmation of the terminology, “...Big Three,”

The old man immediately started to laugh. Not just a little chuckle, but a full belly-laugh. He eyed the students standing before him and spoke up.

“ That’s a good joke, laddie. Three students after one of them necklaces. Ha! You do realise they’re five galleons each?”

“ Of course, and we’re prepared to pay that price.”

Harry called over Ginny and Hermione, letting them know they were getting somewhere. The man still seemed skeptical, but he was willing to show them one of the necklaces.

“ I’ll bring you one to look at, but I’m not handing nothing over until I’ve seen your money. I’m not having you getting your hands on it, only to run off without paying.”

When he came back from his back room, he held up a gold chain with a stunning blue crystal on the end. The crystal was glowing ever so slightly, and the teenagers could feel the power radiating off it.

“ Now this here is the blocking necklace to guard against the Big Three. You can see the exquisite craftsmanship and feel the power in it no doubt. The chain comes charmed to make it unbreakable, and once it has been placed around your neck, only the person that put it there can remove it. This is to safeguard against thieves. The charms are permanent and can’t be broken. The properties of the crystal itself are tamper proof as well. As you can see, it is well worth five galleons.”

“ How many have you got, sir,” Hermione asked.

“ I have the only unowned five there are. The other five belong to the owner and the Hogwarts Four.”

“ We’d like to buy four of them, please,” Ginny told the man.

“ I’ll only hand them over when I’ve seen the gold, and I want to make sure it isn’t fake, too.”

The group quickly agreed and handed over their money. The other occupants of the room stared in shock to see twenty galleons at once. The man took the money into the back to make sure it was real and to pick up the other necklaces. While he was away, Ginny moved over to where Harry was standing and spoke to him in hushed tones.

“ Harry, I get the feeling you should buy the other necklace.”

“ What for, Gin?” the puzzled boy asked.

“ I don’t know...I just get the feeling that in a couple of years time you’ll need to give one to somebody. I can’t really explain it.”

“ Alright, Gin, I trust you. But I’ll come back later when everyone else is occupied.”

By this time the man had come back and, satisfied that their money was genuine, handed over the four crystals. They each placed one about their necks and the locking charm took effect. To test the charms, they each tried to remove each others’ necklaces, with no success. Thanking the man, they all left the shop and headed back down the street.

~~*

Their next stop was the costume shop opposite the pub. Its window display showed a large variety of costumes in different styles and colours. Harry nudged his girlfriend in the side and whispered in her ear.

“ What do you want to go as, ‘Tea?’”

“ I’m not sure, Harry, can you think of anything?”

“ I have the perfect idea, and it doesn’t involve buying any costumes.”

“ Really?”

“ Yep! I have all of the things we need back at the castle.”

“ Do you know what the others are going as?”

“ No, I’ll find out though.”

Harry went over to where the rest of the friends were.

“ Have you guys chosen your costumes, yet?”

“ Those four have,” Christabel said, nodding in the direction of Ginny, Ron, Hermione and Ardwick, “ But I’m not sure. I was asked to the ball by a sixth year Hufflepuff, so I’d have to ask him so we can go to match.”

Harry went back over to Gallatea.

“ ‘Tea, there’s something I need to go and do. Could you help those four choose things for their costumes? I should be back in ten minutes.”

Gallatea just nodded and kissed her boyfriend on the cheek before going over to her friends. Harry slipped out of the door and headed back to the antique shop. As soon as he entered the old man was by his side.

“ Back already, little sir? Was there a problem with your purchases?”

“ No, sir. I just came back to buy the last necklace.”

“ You have another five galleons to spare? Your family must be from another part of the world. I know of no wizards with such wealth in Europe.”

“ You’re right, I’m from a long way away. Can I buy that other necklace? It’s to be a gift.”

“ My, what a generous gift that would be, young master. I’ll just go and get it for you.”

As the old man went into the back of the shop, Harry took out his money bag and counted out five more galleons. *There’s a fifth of my*

money gone already, he thought, but it's well worth it. Anyway, by the time I get to the next time period, I should have some money in Gringotts from the quidditch rights.

Once the old man returned, he inspected the crystal, handed over the money and quickly walked out of the shop to find his friends.

~~*

Their last stop in Hogsmeade was the pub across the road from the costume shop. Gallatea, saying she'd get the first round, went up to the bar and came back a few minutes later with a tray laden with glasses of butterbeer.

" So, did everyone enjoy their day out?" she asked as she sat down.

Everyone made agreeing sounds, before Ginny decided to elaborate.

" I think we had a productive day. These necklaces will be useful back home, especially for Harry. I mean, he's the only one that has faced You-Know-Who..."

" *Ginny!*"

"...sorry, Voldemort, several times and lived to tell the tale. Next time, he might not be so lucky. At least the crystals will offer some protection, especially if he tried to use the Killing Curse again."

The group spent the rest of the afternoon drinking butterbeer and conversing like normal teenagers. Little did they know what would happen on their way back to the castle...

Chapter Twenty Five – The Snakes' Report

After the second round of butterbeers the group made their way back to Hogwarts. They didn't want to get back too late as they still had to get ready for the ball. Instead of taking the thestral drawn carriages, they decided to walk, as it was a nice day, considering it was the middle of winter. A thin layer of snow covered the ground, and about half way to the castle Ardwick bent down and grabbed a handful and threw it at Christabel. The girl gave a rather undignified squeak before grabbing some snow to retaliate. Before long all seven of them were engaged in a snowball fight. They had broken into two teams, boys against girls, and the girls definitely had the upper hand. Ron put it down to them having more people on their team, but Harry thought it was more likely because they had the only two Slytherins. They had better strategies than the boys, which most likely came from Slytherin cunning. Eventually they all collapsed on the ground, worn out and laughing.

As they were making their way back across the grounds, once they had calmed down a bit, Harry heard a low hissing coming from behind a nearby clump of bushes. Motioning for the others to continue, he moved closer to the foliage and looked around the side of the bushes. Slytherin was stood with his back to him, talking to the snake Harry had seen in the Chamber of Secrets. If he listened carefully, he could just make out what was being said.

Are you sure that's what you saw, Kiriani?

I am sure, master. I was in the hospital wing when he arrived

How long did it take the elf to heal him?

About an hour. She said if it happened again she would be unable to heal him on her own

Strange...Who else could help her with elven healing magic?

I do not know, master

And you're sure he had a heart attack? It wasn't heart burn or heart break you heard?

I am sure master. I believe her precise words were “Godric, you cannot be continuing with this strain. This heart attack was worse than the last, and if it is happening again, I am not being able to heal you on my own”

Thank you, Kiriani, your help is invaluable. If Godric is weak, and one more duel will be the end of him, I can take over Hogwarts quicker than I thought. Tell the others, I will move on August 1st

Yes, master

Slytherin turned back towards Hogwarts too fast for Harry to hide, and the founder’s eyes landed on the hiding boy. Gritting his teeth, Harry stood up straight and faced the annoyed man.

“ Mr. Potter, what are you doing here?”

“ I’m sorry, sir, but I heard hissing noises and thought I would investigate. How is it you can talk to snakes like that?”

Harry was trying to cover his tracks by looking interested in the founder’s gift. He had to convince the man that he didn’t understand the conversation he had just had with the snake. If Slytherin found out he was a parselmouth, he would find a way to silence him.

“ I am a parselmouth, Mr. Potter. I can speak the snake language, parseltongue.”

“ Sir, how come when we did the knowledge sharing spell at the start of the year, I didn’t get the knowledge of how to speak parseltongue?”

“ The same reason you didn’t learn how to speak elvish from Rowena and Godric. The spell only shared human based knowledge. Any languages or magic of other creatures wasn’t shared.”

“ I see. Sorry to disturb you, sir, I’ll go back to the castle now.”

Harry made a quick retreat, wanting to get out of there while he still could. At least he had had one question answered. He had been wondering why he hadn’t learned Lolide’s language from Ravenclaw

and Gryffindor. As he moved away from Slytherin, he could hear the snake speaking to him again.

Master, do you believe he is a parselmouth?

* No, Kiriani, just a curious boy. I can't punish him for that*

~~*

When Harry got back to the castle he headed straight for the Gryffindor Room. He knew that was most likely where the others had gone. As soon as they had seen him disappear they would know he had something to tell them. The Gryffindor Room was more private than the library, so that would be where they would expect him to go. As soon as he entered the room he was bombarded with questions.

“ Where were you?”

“ Was it Slytherin again?”

“ What did you hear?”

“ Do you know what happened to Gryffindor?”

“ One at a time! Yes, it was Slytherin. On the way back I heard hissing coming from some bushes. I went to investigate, and he was talking to a snake he called Kiriani. Kiriani was in the infirmary last night and found out what has been wrong with Gryffindor. You know he had heart problems? Well, apparently he's been suffering from heart attacks. Last night he had a big one, and it took Lolide over an hour to heal him. She said if he had another one, she wouldn't be able to heal him on her own. Slytherin plans to try and take over Hogwarts on the first of August.”

The rest of the group were a little worried about this. They knew Gryffindor beat Slytherin in the future, but how was a mystery, if he was so ill. Then Ginny remembered the vision she had had at the start of the year.

“ Um...guys? You know that vision I had in Divination? The one where I saw Harry and Gryffindor fighting Slytherin? I think it's going to come true...if Gryffindor's ill, he will need help defeating Slytherin. As we're the only ones that know Slytherin's planning anything, we'll have to be the ones to help, and Harry is the only one that can get into the Chamber of Secrets...”

“ That's a good point, Gin. I'll just have to study extra hard and make sure I can deal with it when the time comes. We have a few months yet, so I can read up some more on the Dark Arts.”

“ You know, Harry, I'm still not happy about you studying the Dark Arts so much. They can twist you and turn you into another Dark Lord!”

“ Hermione! You know it's the intent that counts when dealing with the Dark Arts. I have no malice in me, so there is no reason for me to be corrupted.”

“ But...”

“ No, 'Mione. We've talked about this. Dark Magic is my best chance of someday defeating Voldemort, and I want to know I can use it without it getting out of control. Now, I think it's about time we headed back to our common rooms. We still have to get ready for the ball, and it starts in an hour. Hermione, I was wondering if I could borrow something...

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That night Harry and Gallatea met Christabel and her date outside the Great Hall. There was no sign of the other four, though. Christabel was dressed in a long green flowing dress, which trailed out behind her. Her date was dressed in a similar fashion, but his robes were sapphire blue. Both had their long hair tied up on top of their heads, and a set of glimmering faery wings on their backs. They both looked absolutely stunning.

“ You two look wonderful!” Gallatea exclaimed, rushing over to her friend.

“ So do you,” the shy girl responded.

Harry and Gallatea were also dressed to match. Harry was wearing a modified version of the green dress robes he had worn the year before. He had lengthened them, as he had grown a few inches, and added a charm that made the material appear as if it was made out of leaves. His hair had dark green highlights, and was spiked up. A few months ago, he had gotten it cut a lot shorter, showing off his scar. It didn't bother him, as no-one here stared at his forehead, and it was a lot less unruly. Around his head, he was wearing a thin band of silver with a leaf design around it. Gallatea was dressed similarly. Her robes had the same leaf effect, but were in a slightly darker green. Her long hair was curled and braided in several places. She also had green highlights, and the band around her head. Both of them sported a set of pointed ears.

“ Well, well, well. What do we have here? A couple of elves, I would say.”

Harry and Gallatea whirled around to see Lolide dressed in a similar manner to themselves.

“ I would like to be congratulating you both on your replicas of High Elven dress. Most impressive!”

“ You don't mind, do you?” Harry asked her tentatively.

“ Mind? Of course not! I am doubting anyone else could make the costumes so convincing. If I was not knowing you were human, I would have mistaken you for elves!”

Both students blushed at the compliment. Looking around the Great Hall, there was still no sign of the other four. Christabel and her date had moved off to dance, and Harry went to get a drink for Gallatea. Just as he was coming back, the doors were thrown open with a great force, gaining the attention of everyone in the Hall.

Standing in the doorway were Ron, Ardwick, Hermione and Ginny, dressed as the Hogwarts Four.

~~*

Two hours and much dancing later, the founders called a halt to the celebrations for the costume and dancing competitions. Everyone entering one of the competitions had to move to the center of the Hall, and the spectators had to seat themselves at the tables around the edge. The center of the Hall was cleared for an enlarged dance floor. Hufflepuff stood up to announce the arrangements.

“ Everyone participating in the dancing competition should come to the front, and those only entering the costume competition need to stand at the back. I am assuming everyone has a partner for the dancing? Right, pair up and move to a space. We will start with traditional dances, five groups being eliminated at each round. The remaining three groups will perform their own dance at the end, but remember! It must be appropriate to your costumes!”

The students got into pairs and started to dance. Gallatea had convinced Harry to go in for the competition, despite his protests that he couldn't dance. Earlier in the year, she had taught him several dances popular in her time, in case he ever had to attend a ball, and it seemed to be paying off. While he wasn't the most confident dancer, he wasn't messing it up. Ron and Hermione, on the other hand, weren't doing so well. Christabel had taken the time to teach Hermione the dances, but Ron didn't have a clue. He kept standing on her feet and stumbling. Much to Hermione's annoyance, they were one of the first pairs so be sent off. Ginny and Ardwick were dancing, and doing quite well.

The second round saw Christabel and her date being sent off, as the young Hufflepuff forgot the proper dance moves. The girl moved over to the still fuming Hermione, and they both argued about who had the most incompetent dance partner. Eventually, the contestants were narrowed down to three pairs. The first to dance were Ardwick and Ginny who, dressed as Hufflepuff and Gryffindor, performed a complex courtly dance. They were very successful, although Ginny stumbled a little on some of the more complex steps. The next pair was a Scottish couple dressed in the traditional Celtic dress of their people. They flawlessly performed a typical gig, putting them in first place. By this time, Harry was very nervous. He was worried he would either mess up or win. If he messed up he would be really embarrassed in front of the whole school. On the other hand, if he

won then Ron would be unbearably jealous. When called, he stepped out onto the dance floor with Gallatea. Taking her hand, he led her in a traditional elven dance, which had to be judged by Lolide, as she was the only one who knew what the dance was supposed to look like. The pair pulled it off magnificently, and the healer was incredibly proud of how well her student had learned about her culture. After the final vote on the teacher's panel was cast, Slytherin stood up to announce the winners.

" Firstly, I would like to congratulate all students who took part. I would like to announce the three finalists in reverse order. In third place, we have Virginia Weasley and Ardwick de Mimsy-Porpington. In second place, we have Aud McTavish and Connor Wallace. That leaves Gallatea Ravenclaw and Harry Potter as the winners of the dancing competition. Congratulations."

Harry was gobsmacked, but Gallatea was jumping for joy. She had never won a competition in her life. They went up to the teacher's table, where they were each given a small trophy with their names and the competition written on the front. Harry glanced over to where his friends were standing. As expected, Ron, Ginny and Ardwick were looking rather upset, but the other two were cheering with the rest. Once the pair had rejoined the crowd, Gryffindor stood up.

" Next we have the costume competition. I would like all entrants to form a line at the back of the room. I then want you to come forward one at a time with your partners for judging."

The students scrambled to the back of the room where they formed a half decent line before moving forward in twos. There were some very inventive costumes, and some themes that appeared many times. When it was Ron, Hermione, Ginny and Ardwick's turn to go forward, they went in a four instead of a two, as their costumes went together. The founders looked amused at the four students, and quickly wrote down their scores. Eventually, the line dwindled into nothing, and Ravenclaw stood up to announce the winners.

" Well, we have certainly seen some wonderful costumes tonight! Now, we have split the costumes into three categories. The

winners of the authenticity category are Harry Potter and Gallatea Ravenclaw with their High Elf costumes.”

For the second time that night the pair made their way up to the head table, blushing profusely.

“ Next, for the originality category, we have Samuel Peeves and Rolanda O’Gowry for their wonderful centaur costumes.”

The two grinning students skipped up to the table, Peeves letting off a stream of soap bubbles as he went.

“ Lastly, for the comedic costumes, we have chosen four winners. Congratulations to Hermione Granger, Ronald Weasley, Virginia Weasley and Ardwick de Mimsy-Porpington for their wonderful imitations of us!”

Harry was glad to see Ron looking satisfied now. After he and his girlfriend had been called up a second time, Ron’s face had been like thunder. Now that he had won something, though, he looked a lot more content. Taking in the smiling faces of his friends around him, Harry couldn’t help but think, *life doesn’t get much better than this.*

Chapter Twenty Six – OWLs and the Leaving Feast

After Christmas the time seemed to pass quickly for the seven friends. Harry and Gallatea were still going out, although their relationship was getting more serious. Hermione had finished the book she had been working on, after several long months, and had started her next one. The Marauders were still causing havoc at least once a week, but as none of the teachers had definitive proof of who was causing the trouble, they never got punished for it. Gallatea's love of quidditch had only grown, especially after Ravenclaw beat Hufflepuff House. Ravenclaw were to meet Slytherin for the last match of the year, which was to take place the day before term ended. Harry's lessons with Lolide were progressing at a spectacular rate, making the elf sure he had elven blood somewhere in his family. She had taken him to see her family in one of the elven cities over the Easter holidays, and it had boosted his confidence and language skills exponentially. Lolide was amazed at how quickly he had picked up the elven tongue, but didn't think too much about it.

On the Slytherin front, things had been rather quiet. Since Horatio's expulsion, there had been few outbursts against muggleborns. Even Slytherin himself had been less outspoken about his beliefs after his defeat at the hands of Godric. The time travellers and their friends had been watching him like a hawk, but had heard nothing about his plans to take over Hogwarts. Even Harry's snakes, who had been talking to Kiriani and listening in on the monthly updates, had found out nothing. The group was starting to feel a little uneasy. They didn't think it plausible for Slytherin to go to so much effort to make plans, just to do nothing for months. He was preparing, they just knew it, but how he was doing so was a complete mystery.

One sunny and warm June morning found all seven friends cooped up in 'their' corner of the Hogwarts library, studying hard. The OWLs were coming up for them this year, and they had a lot of studying to do. Gallatea, being a Ravenclaw in nature and not just in name, had been preparing for months, as had Christabel. Ardwick, like Ron, was less enthusiastic about revision, and was only there because Hermione had nagged him into going. Although the time travellers didn't need to study, as they had the knowledge already in their heads, they were revising anyway; to make sure they were well

prepared. Much to Hermione and Ron's surprise, Harry had thrown himself into his studies, showing them why he had been placed in Ravenclaw that year. His newfound thirst for knowledge, especially in the Dark Arts had never wavered over the year. It was during this revision period that Ginny brought up an interesting point.

"Guys, you do realise that even though we're taking the OWLs here this year, we'll probably have to take them again next year."

Everyone stared at her blankly, even the usually sharp minded Hermione. Ron was staring at her in abject horror. Ginny just rolled her eyes at them.

"Honestly, I can't believe you've never thought about this. We'll be taking the OWLs a thousand years before our time. You've seen already how much magic has been lost. The magical knowledge the founders gave us was all based on what magic is used now. It is barely recognisable in our terms. The next place we go will be nearer our time, and I get the feeling it won't be too much in the past. From the knowledge sharing, we are all at a level equal to four years education in our time. We still need to learn modern fifth year spells to progress. Even with everything we know now, I doubt we could pass OWLs in our time. Well, Hermione might..."

"I see where you're going with this, Ginny. We really should repeat our fifth year in the next place we go. You said you felt like it would be close to our time. When you say you have a feeling, is that just a wishful thinking sort of feeling, or a Seer sort of feeling?"

"A Seer feeling, 'Mione. I know you still think it's a load of rubbish, but I've never been wrong before."

"What do you two think?" Hermione asked, turning to Ron and Harry. Both nodded their heads in agreement, the redhead somewhat reluctantly. Ginny had made a good point, and they knew they would have to go through their fifth year again.

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The following week saw the start of the Ordinary Wizarding Level examinations. They had to take a written exam for each subject, and

a practical in some fields of magic. The subjects they had OWLs in were Transfiguration, Potions, Charms, Herbology, Defence Against the Dark Arts, Dark Arts, Astronomy, Arithmancy, Divination, Ancient Runes, Care of Magical Creatures, History of Magic, Muggle Studies and Latin. These were to be spread over two weeks, with written exams in the morning, and practicals in the afternoon.

Monday of the first week had written exams for Transfiguration and Arithmancy in the morning, and the Transfiguration practical in the afternoon. The four time travellers breezed through the morning, already knowing all of the material. The others, however, were not so happy. Gallatea thought she had done well, as she studied almost as hard as Hermione, and Christabel was confident she had passed, if not with high marks, then certainly with respectable ones. Ardwick was complaining, saying they were too hard, but gained no sympathy from Hermione, who just lectured him on studying harder. That afternoon, the Transfiguration practical was reasonably simple. They had a list of items and a potato. They had to transfigure the potato into the first object on the list, an aardvark. They then had to transfigure the aardvark into a mace. The list continued, each time the transfiguration getting harder, alternating between animate and inanimate objects. When the students reached a transfiguration they couldn't manage, they had to mark on the list how far they had gotten, and hand it in. The exams were strictly monitored, to ensure there was no cheating.

The rest of the two weeks passed in a similar fashion. For potions they had brewed some complex concoctions, and had to create their own potion for an original purpose. Charms had simply been a test by the teacher of 100 random charms. Any that could not be performed were written down. DADA and the Dark Arts were both assessed at the same time. Students were paired up, and one at a time the pair would be tested in the form of a duel. They would each throw only Dark Arts curses and hexes at each other, and they would have to defend themselves from these attacks to make up the DADA portion of the exam. Naturally, with all of his extra reading on the subject, Harry beat Ron in only a few minutes. The time travellers had been paired up, as their exchanged knowledge would make them more advanced, and this would not have been fair if they were paired with anyone other than each other. The Divination exam had been

mostly covered in the written portion, but for the practical, the students had to do readings with tea leaves, crystal balls, tarot cards and runes.

When the final exam of the second week was over, Ron let out a loud whoop of joy. This elation, however, was short lived when they ran into Hufflepuff on the way to the Gryffindor room.

“ Well now, just the students I wanted to see. Now dears, I know you have had an exhausting two weeks, but I feel I must tell you. Next week we will be testing you on the other skills you have learned. As you know, we created the original OWL and NEWT examinations, and so we have created a further six to cover invisibility, animagus, duelling, sword fighting, archery and martial arts. We feel in the future it might be beneficial for you to have written proof of your skills. The exams will take place on Monday and Tuesday, and of course all seven of you will be attending the animagus test. Don't worry, though. Just because we are examining you, doesn't mean the lessons will stop. They will continue through the summer until you leave. Do you have any questions?”

Everyone shook their heads, but Harry was a little distant. He was wondering if Lolide would give him an exam, so he made his way up to the hospital wing. When he got there, he looked around the room to make sure no students were there before heading to Lolide's office. He found her napping in front of the fire. Not wanting to wake her, he turned to leave, but was stopped by a soft voice.

“ You are not having to leave, Harry. I am assuming you came here to ask me something?”

“ Yes I did, actually. I was wondering if you would be giving me exams in the things I have learned with you. I'm getting them for the other extra lessons...”

“ Oh, of course! Yes, you will be tested, and I am asking you to be coming here at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning. You will have written and speaking exams in my tongue, and in my culture. You will also be getting practical exams in healing and elven magic. Is there anything else you are wanting to ask me?”

“ No, that’s fine Lolide. Thank you, I’ll see you on Wednesday.”

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The following week, while not as hectic as the previous two, brought its own kind of stress. For the four friends, these exams would be the most challenging, as they already knew all of the information they needed for the other OWLs. But these were practical, and based on skills acquired rather than information learned. Monday was the start, with sword fighting, archery and animagus. The animagus exam was first, as all seven had to take it. They started with a written test, based on theories behind the transformation, the dangers of doing it incorrectly, and things the forms should not be used for, such as breaches of privacy. For Ron, Hermione and Harry this section brought back unpleasant memories of Rita Skeeter and her beetle form. The second part was a simple practical, where the students simply had to transform to prove they were capable. Once this was over, Gallatea, Ardwick and Christabel were allowed to leave, but they chose to sit and watch their friends.

The next test was in sword fighting. Each of the four had to have one fight with Gryffindor, while the other founders stood back and watched, assessing the students’ level of skill. The archery OWL passed in much the same way, with the founders marking them for accuracy as they shot arrows at targets.

Tuesday passed in a similar manner, with a written and practical exam for invisibility first. The written exam was along the same lines as the animagus exam the day before, looking at theory, technique and moral uses. The duelling and martial arts practicals were carried out in the same way as the sword fighting. For martial arts, the students would fight Slytherin, and for duelling they would face Gryffindor. Out of the four, Harry was the only one who beat Gryffindor, which in itself was very surprising.

By the time Wednesday rolled around, Harry was ready for a break. The night before there had been a party in the Gryffindor room, as the other six had felt it necessary to let out some of the pent up stress of the OWLs. Hermione and Gallatea were already worrying about what they would get, and Ardwick and Ron were

rejoicing at the end of studying until September. Harry, though, couldn't relax. He excused himself early, much to the surprise of his friends, and made his way back to the Ravenclaw common room to read over his notes from Lolide. His visit to the elves over Easter had done him the world of good, especially when it came to the language, as most elves didn't speak any human languages. However, he still felt he needed to revise as much as possible. Lolide had taken time out of her life and put a lot of effort into teaching him, and he wasn't prepared to let her down.

Harry's exams for the elf were split into ten parts. He had both practical and written exams in elven magic and healing first. This was then followed by a listening, reading, writing and speaking exam in Lolide's language. Once this was done, the elf gave him two more written exams, one in elven culture and one in elven history. Harry didn't have too much trouble in any of the exams, much to Lolide's delight. She had been hesitant about his ability to cope when she took him to her home, but as she could see, it had made a world of difference. He was much more confident than he had been before. She knew he would be fluent in her tongue before he left on September 1st. If he hadn't finished his training, she would give him some books to read after he left. Harry himself was surprised at how well all of his exams had gone. Now all he had to worry about was the last quidditch match of the season, which would be the following Thursday.

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“ Welcome to the last quidditch match of the season, where Deep Thinkers Ravenclaw face off against Cool Cats Slytherin for the first ever Quidditch Cup! I am your commentator, Samuel Peeves of Hufflepuff House, enjoy the match.”

Harry and Gallatea walked onto the pitch in excitement and sadness. For Harry it was a momentous match, not only because it was for the title of winners of the Quidditch Cup, but also because it was his last real match with Gallatea. His girlfriend was also a little sad for the same reason. Harry had brought this fantastic sport into her life and it would be one of the things that would remain of him after he had gone. However, playing it without him would always

make her sad. For the match she pushed away her dreary feelings and concentrated on the excitement.

“ And here come the two teams and our lovely referee, the beautiful, the talented, the elegant, the intelligent...”

“ PEEVES!”

“...Lady Hufflepuff! Give them all a great round of applause, they need the encouragement. And they all mount their brooms and rise into the air, as Lady Hufflepuff releases the bludgers and snitch and throws the quaffle, AND THEY'RE OFF!”

The two teams sped around each other, creating a multicoloured blur above the pitch. Harry and the Slytherin seeker rose into the air and Harry started to hunt for the snitch. He had to duck as Gallatea went speeding over his head.

“ And Gallatea Ravenclaw has the quaffle. Is she going to score? YES SHE IS! 10 – 0 TO RAVENCLAW HOUSE!”

Harry looked at the other seeker trailing him and thought of his options. He knew from the other matches that Slytherin had a very good seeker, but he didn't think she would fall for the Wronski Feint. Looking for another option, he spotted Gallatea making another run for the goal hoops...

Harry suddenly started speeding towards the Ravenclaw goals, much to the surprise of the keeper. Looking back, Harry saw the other seeker hot on his tail, looking for an imaginary snitch.

“ AND POTTER SPEEDS TOWARDS THE RAVENCLAW GOAL HOOPS, HAS HE SEEN THE SNITCH? IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE IT. ALENA DI ANFRISTA IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM, BUT WILL SHE GET THERE BEFORE HIM? GO HARRY, GO HARRY...”

“ PEEVES!”

“ Sorry, Lady Ravenclaw.”

The Ravenclaw keeper had to quickly move out of the way as the two seekers sped forward. At the last minute, Harry swerved out of the way, only just missing the pole of the central goal hoop. The Slytherin seeker wasn't as lucky. With a sickening crunch, she dropped 30 feet to the ground. Harry, a little concerned, called a time out to allow Lolide to treat her. A few minutes later, she was sent off to the hospital wing, and would not be returning for the match. Harry took this as a good sign. He was the only one left to catch the snitch, so as long as Ravenclaw didn't fall behind Slytherin in goal difference, the match was as good as theirs. Looking around, he could see the Slytherins giving him decidedly evil looks. Shuddering slightly, he vowed to watch his back.

Two hours later, the match was still going on, with the score standing at 120 – 110 in favour of Ravenclaw. The teams were both getting tired, but Harry hadn't even glimpsed the snitch at all. Ten minutes later, he saw it, hovering near the ground in front of the Gryffindor stands. Speeding over, he grasped it in his hand, just before a bludger smashed into his broom, courtesy of some still angry Slytherin beaters. He could feel the handle of his beloved Firebolt snap under his hand and gravity start to take control of him. Luckily he wasn't too high up, and he didn't hurt himself. Meanwhile, the Ravenclaws were cheering loudly as the rest of his team, minus Gallatea, did a few victory laps of the pitch. The next thing Harry knew were the warm arms of his girlfriend circling his neck.

“ Are you alright, Harry? You have to stop scaring me like that!”

“ Sorry, ‘Tea.”

Harry looked forlornly at the broken broom in his hands. It had been the first gift he had received from his godfather, and he couldn't help the tears that welled up in his eyes at its destruction.

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The next day, the group of friends was rather morose. It was the last day of term, and Ardwick, Christabel and Peeves would be leaving for their homes in the morning. Although all three had agreed to come back for Harry's birthday in July, they were still sad at their parting. That night at the leaving feast, none of them had much of an

appetite. It wasn't too bad for Gallatea, as she knew she would be seeing the three again at the start of the next term, however, for the time travellers, it would be torture. After the following morning, they would only see their friends again once before they went back. For Ardwick, Christabel and Peeves it would be less painful, as they could spend the rest of their lives knowing their friends were alright in the future. But for Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny it was a horrifying thought. They had never really thought about their departure this way before. They had been pushing to that back of their minds the fact that wherever they ended up, all of the people they knew in this time would be dead. As most of them were never mentioned in history books, they would never be able to find out what had happened to everyone. Of course, they would have Peeves in the form of a poltergeist, but knowing the Peeves of their time, they weren't sure they would get anything useful out of him. They were all pulled out of their depressing thoughts when Lady Ravenclaw stood up to address the school.

“ Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Hogwarts leaving feast. This year, we have some good news and some bad news. Firstly, I would like to say congratulations to the Ravenclaw quidditch team, who have won the first ever inter-house Quidditch Cup!”

Loud cheering rang out from the Ravenclaw table, with polite applause coming from the other Houses. Once the students had quieted down, the founder continued.

“ This year I am pleased to announce that Hufflepuff House, despite being home to one of the infamous Marauders, has gained enough points to qualify for this year's House Cup. Congratulations Hufflepuff!”

More cheers filled the Great Hall, this time centred on the Hufflepuff side of the room. After a few minutes, Lady Ravenclaw threw sparks into the air to silence the jubilant students.

“ Sadly, I have not only good news to give you, but also some bad news. Sadly, our newest students, Harry Potter, Ronald and Virginia Weasley, and Hermione Granger will be leaving us to continue their studies elsewhere. We on the staff would like to take this opportunity

to thank them from the contributions they have made to this school, and wish them luck for the future.”

Much to the four’s embarrassment, the whole student and teacher body started applauding them. Many of their housemates were clapping them on the back and shaking their hands, thanking them personally, especially for the new Hogwarts sport. Finally, the food arrived and the students dug into their meals, making the most of the remaining time with their school friends before they broke up for the summer.

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The next morning was filled with furious packing and last minute conversations. Harry and Ron were spending time with Ardwick and Peeves, having a last minute Marauders meeting. Since they had started the Marauders, they had been compiling a book of all the pranks they played, including photos taken with Ginny’s camera. There was a whole chapter dedicated to the prank war alone. During their last meeting, Ron used a duplicating charm on the book to five copies of the book, one for each of them, and one for Sirius and Remus when they got home. Each of the original Marauders hand signed the five books. Each book was only about a third filled; leaving space to fill the rest of the pages with their own future pranks, making each volume unique.

The girls, in the meantime, were sitting in the corner of the library having a last minute discussion. Then a bell sounded throughout the school for the students to make their way to the carriages, Hermione had an idea.

“ ‘Tea, do you think you could ask your mother to gather all of the staff and students on the front steps of Hogwarts?’”

“ Sure, I don’t see why not. Why?”

“ I want to take a photograph as a keepsake.”

“ Sure, I’ll go and ask her.”

Twenty minutes later found the entire population of Hogwarts standing on the front steps, the staff at the back, and the students in rows in front of them in descending year order. Ginny stood in front of the group and set her camera, using a levitating charm to get it floating at the right height, and putting it on a timer. Getting into the picture, the group waited for the bright flash, before moving into the carriages. They headed for the newly built station, purpose made for the recently created Hogwarts Express. Once everyone had reached Hogsmeade, most of the students got straight on the train. The eight friends stood and looked at each other before breaking down in tears and hugs, and promising to write. Eventually, it was time for Ardwick, Peeves and Christabel to leave. Getting on to the train, they found a compartment before leaning out of the window, waving to their friends as the train moved away, before losing them in the distance.

Interlude – A Trip to the Elves

Harry looked around in awe at the elven city, Falaryth. It was right in the middle of an extensive forest, stretching as far as the eye could see. On the ground, elf training camps were set up, where the warriors were learning to fight. Looking up into the enormous trees, Harry could see winding silver staircases twisting up the trunks, leading to balcony-like constructions that circled each tree on several levels. Silver bridges spanned from tree to tree, making it easier to reach another platform. Looking closer, the Boy-Who-Lived could see the balconies teeming with life. Elves and their children were wandering in and out of their homes, or visiting the many stalls selling goods. Harry was speechless at the sight spread out before him. None of his studies of elven culture could prepare him for this.

Harry had been rather surprised when, during the first lesson of the Easter holidays, Lolide had suggested she take him to visit her family. He was pleased to be deemed worthy of the honour of visiting an elven city, but pointed out that he couldn't just disappear without telling his friends. Lolide, though, had a solution.

“ We will be telling your friends nothing, Harry. In the elven world, time passes differently than in your world. There are being some elven cities hidden away in your world, but most still remain in the ancient homeland. This is where we will be going. You will be staying with my family for one of our weeks, which here is being only a few hours. I am sure you are being able to explain that away.”

The following day, he had met her in the infirmary, where she had taken out a special stone, which was faintly glowing with a purple light.

“ This is being a transportation stone. It will be taking us to the elven world. You is having to touch it, and think where you is wanting to go. It is the only way of crossing to other worlds.”

Holding it out on her palm, Harry hesitantly placed his hand on it. A moment later, he found himself in the elven world, looking up at the trees.

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Knocking on the door of one of the tree dwellings, the pair stood and waited for Lolide's family to let them in. A few moments later a young girl, looking no older than six or seven, hesitantly pulled the door open just a crack. Seeing the other elf, she pulled the door open wide, jumped into her arms, and started speaking to her in rapid elvish.

"Lolide! Lolide! You've come to visit! We haven't seen you in so long! It feels like a hundred years!"

"I'm sure it has been, my little one. Now, let me introduce you to my friend."

The young elf, noticing Harry for the first time, let out a loud squeak and hid her head in the older elf's robe.

"Is that a human, Lolide? I've never seen one before! Will he hurt me?"

"Of course not! He is my student and friend. This is Harry Potter. I am teaching him the elven ways, and he is with me now to help improve his skills."

She turned to Harry and motioned towards the little girl. Again speaking in the elven tongue, she addressed the nervous boy.

"Harry, relax! You don't need to be afraid! This is my little sister, Gaerwyn. She has never seen a human before, so she's a little scared. Why don't you come over and say hello?"

Hesitantly, the boy made his way over the little girl. Lolide set her down on the floor in front of her student, and waited for him to make the first move. She could see he was hesitant about speaking to her, as he didn't want to make a fool out of himself by making mistakes. Gesturing to the now even more nervous young elf, she saw Harry resolve himself and speak to her sister.

"Hello, Gaerwyn, I'm Harry. It's nice to meet you."

"Hello Harry," she said back, "I have never seen a human before."

“ Well, later, I will tell you all about my world, how does that sound?”

Gaerwyn instantly brightened and threw her thin arms around the startled boy. Lolide just smiled, before ushering the pair through the door and into her home. Coming to see what the delay at the door had been, the group nearly ran into two older elves. Lolide immediately embraced them

“ Mother! Father! I haven’t seen you in so long!”

“ You should come visit us more often, Lolide, your sister especially has missed you greatly.”

“ So I have seen. Let me introduce you to a student of mine,” her she motioned towards Harry, who neither of the older elves had spotted, “ He is my student at Hogwarts, and a time traveller from the future. He will only be here for the human time of one year, which is almost over. In his time, he tells me the elves and the humans have no relations, but he does not know why. Upon his return, he wishes to rebuild the bridges between our people. I agreed to help him, by teaching him our ways and our tongue. I thought, as he has only a year to learn, that bringing him here would help him boost his confidence.”

“ A human knowing elven ways! Lolide, please tell me you have not shared our magic?!”

“ Father, I have taught him everything. I forbade him from telling his friends, who are like a family to him, from the start. He has kept our meetings a secret. I trust him, father, and wish to see elves and humans living in harmony once again in the future. I believe he is the best for the job.”

“ Well, if you are sure, my daughter.”

“ I am.”

Walking over to the fidgeting boy, Lolide’s parents bowed slightly.

“ Welcome to our home, young Harry. I am Kaiari, and this is my wife, Ginavive. We hope you have a pleasant stay with us.”

Harry bowed back, and offered his open hand in an elven sign of peace and gratitude.

“ I am honoured you will be sharing your home and your lives with me, Master Kaiari.”

Lolide stood to one side, looking pleased. Harry had used the correct response and gestures used in her culture, and she smiled when she saw the surprised yet pleased looks on her parents' faces. Nodding to Harry to show her approval, she headed deeper into her home, the rest of her family trailing behind her.

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The seven days Harry spent with the elves passed far too quickly for his liking. In just a short week, he had become very attached to Gaerwyn, to whom he had told countless stories about his life. The young elf had been enchanted by the tales he told of his time, and his first few years at Hogwarts. She had squealed in joy when he had shown her his animagus form, and screamed slightly when he turned invisible. Much to Kaiari and Ginavive's annoyance, Harry had taught invisibility to the little girl, making it much easier for her to cause mischief. In return for teaching her about humans, Gaerwyn had told Harry all about Falaryth, and all of the other cities in the elven world. She had taught him skills, such as fishing and hunting, as well as introduced him to all of her friends. Lolide had continued his training in the evenings, and he was making amazing progress in the elven language. At first he had been hesitant, but the family had been patient, correcting his mistakes when he made them. Lolide's parents agreed with her theory that Harry had some elven blood somewhere in his ancestry, as he had taken to their ways much quicker than a normal human would.

Eventually, much to Harry's dismay, it was time for them to return to Hogwarts. Each of the four elves gave him a gift before he left. From Ginavive he received a beautiful hand crafted bow and quiver of arrows. From Kaiari he received a beautiful sword and scabbard. The blade glowed slightly blue when he was in danger, and he was very impressed with the craftsmanship. From Lolide he acquired a set of lightweight elven armour, which fitted much like a

second skin, and felt as if it wasn't there. It weighed next to nothing, and didn't restrict his movements in any way, but was near to impossible to breach. It could withstand blades and arrows, as well as many human curses and hexes. Lastly, Gaerwyn gave him his most precious gift. A lightly glowing purple transportation stone, allowing him access to the elven world. After a long good bye and a lot of hugs from Gaerwyn, the elf and the human returned to Hogwarts in a flash of purple light.

Chapter Twenty Seven – The Battle in the Chamber

Two days after the students had left, the remaining five friends were rather melancholy. The castle seemed too empty without the students. Even most of the teachers had left for the summer, with the exception of the founders and Lolide. Even Rowena and Helga were planning a short trip the following week, as there was a herbology convention in Normandy they wanted to visit. The students were getting bored rather quickly. Harry spent most of his time in the library, making the most of his last few months with access to books that were in the restricted section back in his own time. Most of the books he was reading covered the Dark Arts, much to Hermione's disgust. The other three had never enjoyed learning Dark Magic like Harry had. They were all set in their beliefs that it would turn you evil, whereas Harry had come to drop such prejudices. He felt himself more of a Dark Wizard than a Light Wizard these days, although he would never tell his friends that. Although he considered himself a Dark Wizard, he did not consider himself evil. He knew there was a line that he would not cross, and Dark Magic for him was not seen as something bad. While Harry was continuing with his research, the girls were spending more time in the Gryffindor room, discussing boys mainly. Even Hermione had been tempted into gossiping. Ron spent his time sitting in front of an enchanted chess game, playing as many games as possible.

After the first week of this, Harry was starting to get a little restless. He had now finished his second book, containing ancient Light potions. He had finished his ancient Dark Magic book months ago, and was looking forward to starting his book on Dark potions. One day, Lolide came into the library to find the boy buried in the corner behind several stacks of heavy books.

“Greetings Harry, what are you doing.”

The startled boy looked up at the elf, and smiled.

“Just some research before I have to leave. I've been pretty bored since the end of term, and my friends have been sort of preoccupied.”

“Interesting. How long do you think it will take before your friends come and find you?”

“ Well, I think they won’t disturb me for at least two days. Why?”

“ I am going to be visiting Falaryth for a month. Would you like to come with me?”

“ Would that be a human month, or an elf month?”

“ Elf. Which would be about...”

“ Two days!”

“ Exactly! So will you be coming with me? I am sure Gaerwyn will be wanting to be seeing you.”

“ YES! I’ll go and pack!”

“ You have your own stone, so I will be going now. You is just needing to follow when you have packed. I will be preparing your room for when you are arriving. I am sure that with a month in my world you is going to be speaking elvish fully.”

With that Lolide took out a glowing stone and disappeared in a burst of purple light. Harry made his way back to his dormitory in the Ravenclaw Tower to pack his trunk. Once that was done, he turned to the sleeping snakes on his bed and poked them slightly. They struck out at the creature that had dared to disturb them, and Harry had to pull his hand away quickly.

Sorry I had to disturb you, it’s just I was wondering if you would like to come with me to the elf world. I know you didn’t get to come last time, so I thought you might enjoy it

Of course we would Harry

The two snakes made their way around his wrists, before he took out his stone and disappeared.

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“ HARRY!”

A young elf threw herself at the Boy-Who-Lived as soon as he arrived in the elf world. He fell backwards onto the floor, the young girl sitting on his chest, giggling.

“ Hello Gaerwyn, how are you doing?”

“ All the better for seeing you again, Harry! How long will you be staying this time?”

“ Well, if your parents agree, a month.”

“ Yay! I have so much to tell you, and I want you to teach me some of your language this time!”

“ Fine, I don’t see why not. Would you like to learn my language from the future, or the language I speak now?”

“ Your mother tongue, please.”

“ Fine, as long as your parents don’t mind. They didn’t seem too happy when I taught you invisibility...”

“ Will you teach me how to be an animal, like you?”

“ Maybe, but first I want you to meet some very special friends of mine. This is Simbi, and this is Nirah.”

Harry lifted up his sleeves to show the snakes to the hyperactive elf. She cooed at them and stroked them, but as soon as they started to get annoyed, Harry hissed an apology. When he did that, Gaerwyn started jabbering excitedly. Eventually, the rest of the family came outside to find out what all the commotion was. Upon seeing the older elves, Harry bowed and extended his hand.

“ Greetings, Master Kaiari, greetings Mistress Ginavive. I am honoured to be welcomed back into your home.”

The elves greeted him too, before Ginavive summoned them all for a hearty dinner.

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Like on his last visit, Harry felt the time he spent in the elf world passed far too quickly. When it was once again time for him to leave, he reached into his trunk and pulled out a small gift for Gaerwyn. It was a glittering golden snitch, one which he had crafted himself over several weeks. He had made it especially for her, intending to give it to Lolide before he left. As he had seen the young elf again, he gave it to her in person. At first, she wasn't sure what it was, but when the tiny wings opened out and it started buzzing around in the air, she squealed in delight and started chasing it around.

After more tearful goodbyes, Harry and Lolide took out their stones and went back to Hogwarts. Harry arrived back in his dorm room, feeling just as depressed as he had been since Ardwick, Christabel and Peeves had left. Unpacking slowly, he decided to go and find his friends. If they had sought him out over the two human days he had missed, then he would have a lot of explaining to do. Making sure Simbi and Nirah were secured around his wrists, he made his way out of Ravenclaw Tower. He thought the best place to look for his friends would be in the Gryffindor room. It's not like he could ask anyone around if they had seen them. There were no ghosts yet, and since Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff had left, only Gryffindor, Slytherin and Lolide remained.

Just as he was passing what would become Moaning Myrtle's toilet, he heard a hissing coming from through the door. Opening it just a crack, his curiosity getting the better of him, he looked into the room. Slytherin was standing in there talking to the head snake.

Kiriani, I want you to gather all of the snakes. I will be moving against Gryffindor in two days, and I want a last minute meeting to make sure you all know what is expected of you

Yes, master

Harry could see Kiriani leaving the room through a pipe in the corner, and Slytherin moving over to the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets. *I'll have to follow him, he thought, if he's attacking in two days, then I need to find out all I can.* As soon as the Chamber entrance closed behind Slytherin, the young Ravenclaw entered the room and went over to the sink. Waiting for five minutes to allow

Slytherin a head start, he hissed *open up* to the sink before jumping down the hole.

Once Harry reached the Chamber, he could hear Slytherin talking to the snakes. *They didn't take long to get here*, he thought, as he made his way towards the voices to find a good hiding place.

My loyal servants Slytherin was saying *in two days we move against this school. We must strike now, while Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff are not present, so as to have as little resistance as possible. I will destroy Gryffindor and all he stands for! All Mudblood scum will be eradicated, and Hogwarts will prevail as a Dark Arts school for talented purebloods*

The snakes all cheered at this, and Harry shifted his position to get a better look. This proved a mistake, as he dislodged a precariously balanced rock. Wincing as the rock struck the ground with a loud thump, Harry tried to hide himself as best he could. Slytherin, however, spotted him before he had a chance to turn himself invisible.

“ Harry Potter?” he asked in disbelief.

Knowing he had been seen, Harry had no choice but to come out of his hiding place and face the angry founder.

“ So, we have a spy do we? Well, the real question is, how did you get down here? I make sure to seal the door as soon as I enter. The only explanation is...”

Harry smirked as realisation lit on Slytherin's face.

“...you're a parselmouth! That's what happened at Christmas! You saved that good-for-nothing Gryffindor from the snake!”

“ Yes I did. What else was I supposed to do? I've been watching you for months now; I've even had my own spies in your meetings. Whatever happens, I can't let you attack Gryffindor in two days time. You are not meant to take over Hogwarts, that I know for certain, and I will stand in your way if needs be.”

“ Calculating little brat, aren’t you? Not telling me you were a parselmouth, sending spies to my meetings. Clever and cunning, you are. A true Slytherin at heart, I see. Now Harry, there is no need to sacrifice yourself, you should join me! We could be great, ruling this school, and then the wizarding world together!”

“ That will never happen, Slytherin. Do you remember I told you I was fighting a Dark Lord in my time? Well, his name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, and he is your heir. The only thing is, and you’re really going to *love* this, is that he’s a *half blood*.”

Slytherin stared in horror at this new information.

“ A *half blood*? An heir of mine is a *half blood*?”

“ Yes, it’s quite pathetic really. Your *half blood* heir was brought down when my *muggleborn* mother died for me! What does that tell you about the superiority of purebloods?”

“ HOW DARE YOU! I WILL DESTROY YOU FOR THIS! My heir may not be able to get rid of you, but I certainly will! AVADA KADAVRA!”

The green light hit Harry square in the chest. It left behind a tingling sensation, but no permanent damage was done. Slytherin looked at him in surprise.

“ How? What?”

“ You think you’re the only one with an immunity necklace?” Harry smirked, pulling the crystal out of his robes and holding it up for the founder to see.

Slytherin turned purple in rage, and pulled his wand out, signaling that he was preparing to duel. Harry also pulled out his wand, but before any spells were cast, a booming voice came from near the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets.

“ Salazar, stop! I will not allow you to harm any of the students. Your fight is with me, not him. We will end this now.”

“ Godric???” Slytherin stated in disbelief, “ How did you get in here? I know for a fact you are not a parselmouth.”

“ Maybe not, but Harry is, and he didn’t close the entrance once he came down. I saw him entering a girl’s toilet and wondered what he was up to. I followed him down here, and have heard what you have been saying. Your fight is with me, Salazar, so let us get it over and done with.”

“ So be it.”

Both founders turned on each other, bowed slightly, and started hurling hexes at each other. Harry, having finally come to his senses after the shock of seeing Gryffindor, slipped into a corner unnoticed. Knowing that Gryffindor’s health was poor, Harry knew he had to do something about the duel. Ginny had told him that both he and Gryffindor would be fighting Slytherin in the Chamber, so it shouldn’t have been such a surprise for him when the other founder turned up. Thinking over the spells he knew, the best one that sprang to mind was the one he had used at Christmas against Horatio. Gathering his energy, he chanted in parseltongue, using the snakes wrapped around his wrists as a focus. Harry knew he couldn’t let off the energy until the two founders were separated, for fear of hitting the wrong one, so he yelled out to Gryffindor in elvish.

“ Lord Gryffindor, I have an idea. I need you to put distance between each other so I can knock out his power.”

Both wizards paused in shock. Neither had known that Harry spoke the elven language, but he had chosen to use it because Gryffindor would understand it, and Slytherin wouldn’t. Gryffindor, recovering first, threw a simple banishing charm at the other founder. Slytherin, unable to block it in time, went sailing into the Chamber wall. Harry took that as his opportunity to let out the energy. The fallen founder was hit with a strong force, knocking him unconscious. Turning to Gryffindor, Harry smiled.

“ We did it, sir. But you do realise, he will never stop until he has reached his goal.”

Gryffindor nodded his head in agreement and turned towards his former friend.

“ We’ll have to get rid of him once and for all. But he was my friend for a long time. It’ll be a shame to kill him.”

“ Lord Gryffindor? I think I have a more fitting punishment...”

“ What would that be?”

Harry didn’t reply. Instead, he pulled up his sleeves to reveal Simbi and Nirah. Gryffindor gasped when he saw the two snakes, but watched in awe as Harry spoke to them.

Guys, I have a favour to ask

Anything Harry. Nirah and I will be happy to help you

I need one of you to bite Salazar Slytherin for me

But Harry! Nirah exclaimed *Our venom would turn him into a squib. We are magical coral snakes, remember!*

Yes, I know. That’s the idea. We want to remove the threat of a takeover, but we don’t want to kill him. This would be the perfect punishment, turning him into the one thing he hates the most, a Muggle

Nirah gave her consent, and dropped from Harry’s wrist and slithered to the founder. Godric watched as the snake bit Salazar, before turning back to Harry.

“ They’re magical coral snakes, aren’t they? He’ll be turned into a squib.”

“ Yes, that’s the idea. I thought it would be appropriate.”

Just then, Slytherin started to groan. When he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was his two opponents, quietly talking in the other side of the room. Raising his wand, he yelled, “ PETRIFICUS TOTALUS!”

Much to the amusement of the two onlookers, nothing happened. Slytherin started to panic, and before he could get too carried away, Godric broke into his thoughts.

“ Salazar! As punishment for your actions, I hereby banish you from this school. You have been permanently turned into a squib, so there is no longer a place for you here.”

The news brought an amusing look to the man’s face. The other two couldn’t help but laugh as Slytherin picked himself up and ran from the room. Gryffindor turned to Harry.

“ I never knew you spoke elvish.”

“ Lolide taught me. I’m not supposed to tell anyone.”

“ Well, your secret’s safe with me. Come on; let’s go to the Great Hall. Dinner will be starting soon, and we have quite a tale to tell the others.”

Chapter Twenty Eight – Birthday Treats

Harry and Gryffindor entered the Great Hall to find only the other students at dinner. Lolide was still in the infirmary, and the other two founders were still at the herbology convention. When Harry's friends saw the state they were in they came over, Gallatea wrapping her boyfriend in a hug.

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

"It's over."

"What's over?" Ginny asked, bewildered.

"Slytherin's gone."

There was an immediate uproar. All four of them were asking questions at once.

"What?"

"What do you mean?"

"Gone where?"

"Why did he go?"

"Did you fight?"

"Where were you?"

"Are you alright, Lord Gryffindor?"

This last question brought everyone's attention to the remaining founder. He was starting to turn an odd grey colour and was lightly wheezing. His lips were an alarming shade of blue, and he was tightly clutching his left arm. Harry's eyes widened in comprehension as the man fell to the floor. The Boy-Who-Lived took charge, turning to his friends.

"He's having another heart attack. It must have been the stress of the battle. Ron, I need you to run to the hospital wing and get

Lolide. Tell her he's in arrest and to bring the olbas root and kraken tooth salve. Ginny, Hermione, help me to make him comfortable, we can't move him or it might make it worse. 'Tea, I need some blankets and a cool cloth.'

Nobody moved.

"NOW!"

The group scrambled to do as they were asked. Gryffindor was laid out on the floor, as comfortably as possible. After a few minutes Harry started to get impatient.

"Where's Lolide! If she doesn't get here soon, he's not going to make it."

Harry waited for another couple of minutes before reaching a decision. *She's not going to get here on time. I'm going to have to start.* Sitting cross-legged at Gryffindor's head, he held his hands out over the founder's chest and started to chant in rapid elvish. Hermione, Ginny and Gallatea watched in astonishment as a faint green glow started to form in Harry's hands, before spreading all over Gryffindor's body. As it spread, the dying man seemed to relax a little, as if the pain was dissipating. Their attention was taken away from the strange sight by Lolide and Ron running into the room. As soon as she spotted the chanting boy, the elf ran over and joined him. While Harry continued to chant, Lolide took out the items she had brought and started to use them to perform various spells.

It took over an hour before the pair stopped their spells and collapsed back onto the floor, exhausted. Harry had continued the same chant the whole time, keeping the pain away and preventing the problem from spreading. Lolide had been repairing the damage with a mixture of spells and medicines. The other four occupants of the Great Hall had sat at the Ravenclaw table, debating on what was going on, and speculating on how Harry knew elven healing magic. As soon as the healing was through, Ron ran over to help. He levitated Gryffindor, motioning for the girls to get the other two, and headed for the hospital wing.

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The next day Harry awoke with a pounding headache. Opening his eyes, he instantly regretted it when the bright sunlight streaming through the windows increased the pain in his head. After a few minutes he tried again, opening them more slowly. This time there was no pain, and he looked around cautiously. Eventually, he looked up, and saw a familiar crack running across the ceiling. *The hospital wing, just what I need*, he thought. Looking to the side he could see the bed on his right was occupied by none other than Godric Gryffindor. Memories of the day before suddenly flooded back and he winced when he thought of the questions that would come from his friends when he next saw them. He knew Lolide wouldn't be pleased that he had revealed his training either. Just then, the door to the infirmary banged open and the four students, plus Lolide, came in. Harry was very surprised when a smaller form peeked out from behind the elf.

"Gaerwyn? What are you doing here?"

Seeing he was alright, the small girl ran across the room and jumped onto his bed, giving him a big hug.

"Lolide came to see us. She needed some more olbas root from the elf world. I asked her why she needed it and she told me you had been in a battle and were in the hospital. I wanted to come and see you. Plus, I've never been to the human world."

"Never?"

"Nope! Mother and Father didn't want me coming, because of the time difference. They thought I was too young. But now they think I'm old enough!"

"That's great, Gaerwyn! How long are you staying?"

"I can stay three days. I know it's your birthday in two, so I wanted to stay until then."

"I'd completely forgotten about that!"

"Well, I brought you a present. I think you might like it..."

“ Thanks Gaerwyn.”

Just then, Harry looked up and spotted his bewildered friends and an amused looking Lolide sitting around his bed. All he could do was smile sheepishly at the group.

“ Um...hi guys.”

The staring students remained frozen. Lolide took this as an opportunity to berate the boy, speaking in elvish so that his friends wouldn't understand.

“ Harry, I think we need to have words. What happened to the rule about you not telling your friends?”

“ I'm sorry, Lolide, I didn't mean to. I assessed Lord Gryffindor's situation, and took the action necessary to keep him alive. I could tell that if I waited for you, he would die, and I couldn't let that happen.”

“ I know that Harry, and I know it to be true. I should be angry with you, but under the circumstances, I think it was for the best. You did a marvelous job keeping him alive, and if you had waited, as you said, he would have died.”

“ I *am* really sorry.”

“ I know. Forget about it. Now, I think you'd better speak to your friends. They're starting to hyperventilate.”

Turning to the gawping group, he switched to English so that Gaerwyn could understand. Over the month he had just spent with her, his elvish had become fluent, and she had picked up a lot of English, enough to follow a conversation. Gallatea's English lessons had also gone very well, and she would be able to understand what was to be said.

“ I think I'd better explain a few things. You see, I was walking down the corridor when I heard hissing...”

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Two days later was Harry's birthday. While he was still in the hospital wing recovering from the battle and the exhausting healing, his friends were planning a party for him. The other two founders were due back on Harry's birthday, so they didn't know yet. Gryffindor, however, had been helping from his bed in the infirmary since he had woken up the previous day. Every time Harry was asleep, he would call the others and give them instructions. Gaerwyn was having the time of her life, running around and exploring all the secret passages in Hogwarts. She was absolutely fascinated by the moving portraits, and had been delighted when Ginny had taken a photograph of a peacefully sleeping Harry and given it to her. Lolide had been helping with the translation, as Gallatea and Gaerwyn were having trouble with their English. While both were quite good, the human being a little better as she had been learning longer, neither could keep up with rapid discussions and the like. This meant that for the most part the students spoke Anglo-Saxon, and Lolide was there to translate for her younger sister.

Harry was released from the hospital wing the evening of his birthday. Gryffindor had been released a few hours earlier, while Harry was still asleep. The boy was a little disappointed that none of his friends had been to visit at all that day. Figuring everyone would be in the Great Hall for dinner, he was rather surprised to find it empty. Checking his watch to make sure it wasn't too late, he made his way to the Gryffindor Room, as that was the most likely other place they would be. When he finally got there, he pushed the door open to find the room in complete darkness, which was strange when you considered the number of large windows it had. Seconds after he stepped through the door the lights came on and his friends all jumped out from various hiding places.

“SURPRISE!”

Harry jumped back in shock. Looking around the room, he could see it was set up much like it was for Gallatea's birthday, with decorations, a table full of food and presents, and a large group of people. All of his friends were there, as well as the three remaining founders, Lolide and Gaerwyn. Before he knew it he was being enveloped in a group hug. Pulling back, he was shocked to see Ardwick, Peeves and Christabel.

“ What are you guys doing here?” he asked in delight, a broad grin on his face.

“ Well, the others invited us. It was a good opportunity to see you again before you leave,” Christabel told him as he was pulled over to the table by an overenthusiastic Gaerwyn.

“ Harry, you have to have my present first,” the young elf told him in her tongue, “ I brought it especially from the elf world. I think you might like him.”

The little girl let out a loud whistle, and a large golden bird came sailing through the window to land of Harry’s shoulder. The Boy-Who-Lived gawped at the bird. It seemed sort of familiar.

“ Is that a phoenix?”

“ Yes! His name is Fawkes. I found him in the woods near our home. Isn’t he beautiful?”

“ He sure is, Gaerwyn. I love him, thank you.”

“ Well in return, you have to promise you will come and visit me after I leave.”

“ Of course I will! That’s why you gave me the stone, remember!”

By this time the rest of the group were surrounding the table, picking at food and waiting for Harry to open more of his presents. From most of his friends he got little keepsakes from the founders’ time. From Ginny he received a photograph album, similar to the one Gallatea had been given, with plenty of space for more pictures. Right at the front was a copy of the photo taken on the last day of term, with the whole school in it. The last photo was one of Harry sitting in the infirmary, Gaerwyn on his knee. He smiled at the thoughtful gift, and thanked the young redhead. When he came to Gallatea’s gift he gasped in surprise. It was a new broom, similar to hers, handcrafted out of holly wood.

“ ‘Tea, this is marvelous! Did you make it yourself?’”

“ Well, my mother helped. It’s not quite on the scale of a quidditch pitch, but I knew you needed a new broom, and it’s at least as fast as your old one. It has protection charms on it as well, and an unbreakable charm.”

“ I don’t know what to say...”

“ You don’t have to say anything,” she said, before kissing him on the lips.

Looking more closely at the broom, Harry could see that it was decorated with shining silver letters, written in elvish. It read:

To my dearest Harry,

Happy sixteenth birthday,

Love Gallatea

“ I take it your mother helped with the message?”

His girlfriend smiled sheepishly and nodded. The founders stepped forward and interrupted the duo. Gryffindor smiled at them before addressing Harry.

“ Harry, Rowena, Helga and I would like to thank you for what you have done for us concerning Salazar. None of us even noticed there was anything wrong, yet you and your friends have been keeping an eye on him for months. I will never be able to repay you for your help in the Chamber of Secrets, and afterwards in the Great Hall. I would have been dead during the duel, and Salazar would have been free to take over. In gratitude for your bravery and loyalty, and as a birthday gift, we are giving you this room.”

“ This room?” Harry asked confused.

“ Yes, this room. You are allowed to keep the room and its contents for as long as you like. Before you leave, I suggest you place anything from this time you wish to preserve, as well as the trophies you have earned here, in this room. All of the books on the shelves are yours as well. They have preservation charms on them, so at

least they will survive until your time, even if no others of their kind do. I have keyed the room into a special system in the castle. If you ever need to get to it, just place your hand on any wall, state your name, and say 'Harry's Room' in Anglo-Saxon. A door to the room will appear, and disappear as soon as the door is closed. It works only for you and your three companions, so no-one else will be able to access it until you arrive at your next destination."

Harry didn't know what to say. He had a piece of Hogwarts that was given to him by the founders themselves, and no-one could take it away from him.

"I don't know what to say...Thank you doesn't seem enough."

"You're perfectly welcome, Harry."

Having finished opening presents, the group spent the rest of the evening having fun. There was loud music provided by Hermione's enchanted CD player. She had been working on it for months, trying to get it to work inside Hogwarts. She had only finished it a few weeks before and was happy to show it off. The Anglo-Saxons and the elves found it fascinating. By midnight the founders and the elves had gone to bed, telling the students not to stay up too late. As soon as the adults left, Ardwick and Peeves pulled out some crates of butterbeer and some bottles of Firewhiskey. Gallatea, sitting in her boyfriend's lap, started telling the boys off for bringing alcohol onto school grounds. Apart from Hermione she was the only one complaining, so she reluctantly gave in. By 2:30 am the whole group had had more alcohol than they should have. Harry and Gallatea were the worst, and had to hold on to each other for support as they made their way back to Ravenclaw Tower.

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The next morning, Harry awoke with a frightful headache. *That's the last time I drink alcohol*, he thought. Snuggling in to the soft warmth next to him, he let out a soft moan when his pillow moved. *Hang on, why is my pillow moving?* Sitting up slightly, he looked down at where his pillow was. He was a little surprised when it started to groan. Pushing lightly, he turned the form over. Sleepy eyes looked back at him, before widening.

“ ARGHHHH!”

“ ARGHHHH!”

Both teens fell out of bed, screaming. After a moment, Harry looked down at himself to see he was wearing hardly any clothes. Moving around the bed, he saw Gallatea lying on the floor in a similar state. Panicked eyes met his.

“ Harry?”

“ Yes?”

“ What do you remember from last night?”

Harry had to think hard. His memories were a little blurred, and the pounding in his head wasn't helping him think very clearly.

“ I remember the party, and the presents, and the Firewhiskey. The last thing I remember is when we staggered back to Ravenclaw Tower. What about you?”

“ Pretty much the same. We didn't...do anything, did we?”

“ I don't know, I can't remember. I don't think so...,” he said, not sounding very confident. Gallatea, seeing his nervousness, tried to calm him, even though on the inside she was panicking herself.

“ We can't have done anything. I mean, we're still wearing undergarments. And I can't do anything like *that*, I'm not married yet...”

Harry nodded in agreement.

“ We were probably too drunk to do anything besides pass out.”

“ I agree.”

“ Uhuh.”

After a few minutes of awkward silence, Harry stood up and started heading to the bathroom.

“ I’m going to take a shower. I think you should go back to your room incase anyone comes looking for us.”

“ Yes, I will. Harry?”

“ Yes?”

“ Don’t tell anyone.”

“ I don’t plan to.”

“ Good.”

“ Good.”

Gallatea stood up as soon as Harry had left the room, heading back to her dorm. All the time the same thought was running through her head. *I hope we didn’t, but what if we did...*

Chapter Twenty Nine – Once More Into The Breach

The morning after Harry's birthday was never mentioned again. The group carried on as normal for the next few weeks. They were spending a lot of time together, especially Harry and Gallatea, as they knew they would soon be separated. Harry still went for lessons with Lolide, although by August 17th she had finished all she could teach him. She went on a trip to the elven world, bringing back some books for him to take with him to read. Harry was grateful for the extra time the lack of lessons gave him, as it meant he had more time to spend with Gallatea. He was still teaching her English, and had promised to leave her some of his books so she could continue to practice after he had left.

A week after Harry's birthday, the four time travellers were called to Lady Ravenclaw's office. They knew they couldn't be in trouble, as they hadn't done anything, but were still relieved when she smiled at them when they met her.

"Come in you four, I would like to discuss something with you."

Once the four were seated comfortably she continued.

"I have been giving it some thought, and I would like you to take the NEWT exams."

Instant pandemonium followed. Ron was protesting about not knowing anything, Hermione was claiming she didn't have time to revise, and Ginny couldn't see the point. Eventually, Rowena held her hand up to silence them.

"I know you were not expecting this, but I believe you can pass them without any difficulties. You have all the knowledge of the founders; you should be able to pass seventh year exams. As for why, well, think about it. This will be the only opportunity for you to gain qualifications in ancient magic. When you go home, you will have written proof of your skills. I know when you go home you will have to do your fifth year again, as you have missed a year's worth of your magic, but you may as well do this while you still can."

The four students mulled it over for a few minutes before reluctantly agreeing. Ron wasn't too happy about it, but Hermione soon talked him around. The next week was filled with exam after exam. They were only taking NEWTs in the regular subjects, but with the written exams and the practicals, it was very time consuming.

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Two weeks before the start of the new term, Harry and Ron were called up to Gryffindor's office during breakfast. Looking at each other in confusion, they made their way out of the Great Hall. On the way, Ron turned to Harry to see if he knew what was going on.

"Harry? Do you know what this is about?"

"I haven't a clue, Ron. It can't be the OWL and NEWT results, because they don't come out for another week, and if it was, we wouldn't be the only ones called. It can't be pranks either, because we haven't pulled any in weeks."

By this time the pair had reached the office. Knocking tentatively on the door, they went in when they heard Gryffindor's response from the other side. They were a little surprised to see the Minister for Magic sat in front of the founder's desk. Standing up, he went over to greet the new arrivals.

"Ah, Mr. Potter and Mr. Weasley, so nice to see you again."

"Hello Minister, what can we do for you?"

"Well, Mr. Potter, I've just come to update you on the quidditch situation. I have opened your Gringotts account, as requested, and all funds will be placed therein. Here are your keys," he said, handing them each a small golden key, "and here are your personalised copies of the quidditch rule book. I took the liberty of collecting them from Flourish and Blott's for you, as I was coming here already."

The two boys looked at the books they had been handed in awe. Ron took Fred and George's copy, and Harry took Gallatea's. They both thanked the Minister and left him to speak to Gryffindor.

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The start of the following week was the scheduled Hogsmeade trip. The four time travellers wanted to stock up on all things Anglo-Saxon before they left, and so they made their way down to the small wizarding village, money bags bulging with money. Not that money would be a problem. With what they had on them they could probably buy the whole village ten times over. This thought gave Harry an idea...

The first place they headed for was the weaponry shop. Although the founders had ceased their training, saying there was no more they could learn, they would only have to practice to improve, it was time to buy their real weapons. They had each been instructed to buy their own bow and quiver, as well as a sword and some body armour. As Harry already had each of those from his first trip to the elves, he quietly slipped off while the others were absorbed in the sword section of the shop. Making his way down the street, he thought back on his earlier thoughts about being able to buy Hogsmeade. At the end of the village he found the business he was looking for, a magical construction company. Going inside, he walked up to a stuffy old wizard sitting behind a desk. He'd stood there for about five minutes without being acknowledged before he started to get frustrated.

"Excuse me? I would like to make enquiries about the construction of a building. Can you help me at all?"

The man looked up at Harry in annoyance.

"What sort of joke is this? What would a mere boy want with a building? And how would you intend to pay for it?"

"I'm sorry if you think me too young, *sir*, but I really *do* wish to have a house built, and I *do* have the money with which to pay for it. Now, are you willing to help me or not?"

The man grudgingly waved Harry into a seat.

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Twenty minutes later a smirking Harry met up with his friends in the weaponry shop. They had been that absorbed in their purchases that they hadn't even noticed he had left. Their next destination was the local bookshop. Harry immediately headed for the Dark Arts section, while Hermione favoured transfiguration. Ginny went to look at books about ancient forms of divination, while Ron just stood at the door, bored. Gallatea went to find a new book on potions, as it was one of her favourite subjects. After a while, Harry emerged from the Dark Arts section carrying a handful of shrunken books. Placing them on the counter, he asked the elderly witch who was serving if she could start ringing them up while he went to look for more. This time he headed for the other sections of the shop, getting a good collection from all branches of magic, with the exception of divination. When he finally finished choosing his books, the owner seemed to be a little concerned that a student was buying over 130 books. They had all been shrunk so as to make carrying them easier, but she knew they would cost a lot. When Harry went to pay, she tentatively asked for 1 galleon and 3 sickles which, much to her surprise, he handed over without question.

Once Hermione had bought a few books, though not as many as Harry, the group made their way over to Honeydukes. On their way over, Hermione came up to her friend to ask him about his purchases.

"Harry, where do you intend to put all of those books? You can't keep them in your trunk. Even though they've been shrunk, they still take up a lot of space."

"Don't worry, 'Mione, I'll put them in my room back at Hogwarts. You can leave yours there too, if you want. It'll save you carrying them around."

"I think I might do that. Thanks, Harry."

"No problem."

In Honeydukes the five stocked up on sweets, although Gallatea didn't get nearly as many as the other four. They intended to take them with them to the future and try to replicate them, and give the recipes back to Honeydukes. Eventually, the sky began to darken and it was time for the group to make their way back up to the school.

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August 30th brought with it much anxiety for the group. It was the day the OWL and NEWT results came out. Each subject was scored out of six grades, 'O' being the highest. O, or Outstanding, was only attainable for the exceedingly clever or studious. Even though they knew they would get good marks from the shared knowledge, the four time travellers were still nervous. They wanted to have something good to show their families when they got home.

At breakfast, the five grew nervous when five school owls came flying through the roof, each with a letter attached to its leg. The students nervously took the parchment off their owl, and handed them some pieces of bacon. Opening them together, they all screamed for joy.

" I got fifteen grade 'O' OWLs!" Gallatea screamed hugging Harry tightly, " What did you four get? I know you did NEWTs as well. Tell me them all."

" I got twenty grade 'O' OWLs and fourteen grade 'O' NEWTs," Hermione stated proudly, a large grin spreading across her face.

" Me too."

" Me three."

The four turned to Harry, who hadn't said anything yet. When it became obvious he wasn't going to volunteer the information, Gallatea poked him in the ribs.

" Come on, Harry, tell us. It can't be that bad."

Harry remained silent for a few more minutes before sighing in defeat.

" I got twenty five grade 'O' OWLs and nineteen grade 'O' NEWTs."

Everyone started questioning him at once.

" Twenty five OWLs?! Nineteen NEWTs?!"

" How did you manage that?"

“ What are the extra ones for?”

“ You got more than me?”

This last statement brought everyone's attention to Hermione. She blushed profusely.

“ What?”

Everyone laughed at the embarrassed girl, before turning their attention back to Harry.

“ How did you manage that, mate? What were the others for?” Ron asked his best friend.

“ They were for elven magic. General magic, healing magic, culture, language and history.”

“ Wow.”

“ Uhuh.”

“ We should celebrate.”

“ Yep!”

“ But no Firewhiskey.”

“ Agreed!”

The five students headed to Harry's room where they started a party to celebrate their success. It was also a sort of leaving party for Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. After a while, the students were joined by the founders and Lolide, who had come to congratulate them on their success. Later that day, Hermione put on her CD player, and some of the group were dancing. When a slow song came on, Harry went to his girlfriend and offered his hand.

“ May I have this dance, milady?”

“ Of course, kind sir.”

Pulling her to her feet, he placed his arms around her and they started to sway to the music.

Every night in my dreams
I see you, I feel you,
That is how I know you go on

Far across the distance
And spaces between us
You have come to show you go on

Harry looked deep into Gallatea's eyes, thinking about how much he dreaded leaving her. He knew she couldn't go with him, but he didn't want to let her go.

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on
Once more you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

Glittering tears started to appear in Gallatea's eyes. She knew she had found her soul mate. She vowed to never marry once Harry had left. If she couldn't have him, she didn't want anybody else.

Love can touch us one time
And last for a lifetime
And never let go till we're one

Love was when I loved you
One true time I hold to
In my life we'll always go on

Harry looked deep into his girlfriend's soulful eyes. *She's beautiful,* he thought, *I'll never find anyone else like her in a million years.*

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on
Once more you open the door
And you're here in my heart

And my heart will go on and on

Harry wrapped his arms around the weeping girl and pulled her into a tender kiss.

*You're here, there's nothing I fear,
And I know that my heart will go on
We'll stay forever this way
You are safe in my heart
And my heart will go on and on*

"I love you," he whispered to her.

"I love you, too," she whispered back.

~~*

The next day was the day they had all been dreading. September 1st. They spent the morning in Harry's room, making sure all of their books had preservation charms on them, and lining their awards up in the trophy cabinet. By the time lunch came around, everyone was getting depressed. Gallatea leaned over to Ginny halfway through the meal.

"What time do you have to leave again?"

"Sometime between 12:30 and 2:30 pm. We'll be going about 1:30 just to make sure."

The rest of the meal was spent in silence. Finally, 1:30 rolled around and the group started to get ready. They had already brought their trunks into the Great Hall, and placed them on the floor in the middle. They went around doing last minute checks that they had everything. Hermione had spent an hour the night before trying to track down Crookshanks, so she had kept him in his carrying case to make sure he didn't disappear. Harry checked that Simbi and Nirah were securely around his wrist before going over to Gallatea and enveloping her in a big hug.

"I'm going to miss you, 'Tea."

“ I’m going to miss you too, Harry. Take care of yourself, you hear.”

“ You too. I love you.

“ I love you, too.”

The pair shared one last kiss. Once all of the goodbyes were out of the way, the four sat on their trunks and Harry took out his amulet. Fawkes flew down from the ceiling and sat on Harry’s shoulder, and all four grabbed the object in Harry’s hand. Once all of them were ready, and were touching the amulet, Hermione muttered the spell.

“ Tempus Vehere.”

Just before the group disappeared in a blinding flash of light, Harry saw Gallatea move towards them, shouting something that would change his world forever.

“ Harry, I’m pregnant.”

Epilogue

****EIGHT MONTHS LATER****

“ Push, little one, push hard.”

“ I AM PUSHING!”

“ You must be calming down, it is not being good for the baby.”

“ I DON'T CARE! IF I EVER SEE HARRY JAMES POTTER AGAIN I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.”

“ Calm down, my daughter, it will all be over soon. Lolide, how much longer do you think it will take?”

“ I am thinking two more pushes will be doing it, Lady Ravenclaw.”

“ Come on, dear, just two more pushes.”

“ It hurts, mother.”

“ I know, my daughter, I have had a baby before...”

“ I can't do this.”

“ Yes you can, just push for me.”

“ ARGHHHHH!”

“ WAHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“ Well done, Gallatea. See, I told you you could do it.”

“ Is it over?”

“ Yes, young Mistress. You is having a beautiful baby boy.”

“ Let me see him.”

“ Here you are. Watch his head.”

“ He looks like Harry, but he has my eyes.”

“ What are you going to be naming him?”

“ Glenadade Harold Potter, the first of the Potter line.”

Age of the Founders Timeline

01/09/990AD Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny arrive in the time of the Hogwarts founders.

02/09/990AD First day of classes.

03/09/990AD Research the amulet in the library. Tell Ardwick and Christabel about the time travel.

04/09/990AD Ardwick finds information on the amulet.

05/09/990AD Monday – Start to write their books. First sword fighting lesson.

06/09/990AD Tuesday – First animagus lesson. First confrontation with Horatio.

07/09/990AD Wednesday – First Dark Arts lesson. First martial arts lesson.

08/09/990AD Thursday – First invisibility lesson. Harry shows his first bit of wandless magic.

09/09/990AD Friday – First archery lesson. Meet Lolide.

10/09/990AD Saturday – First duelling lesson. Harry has a flashback.

11/09/990AD Sunday – First wandless magic lesson. Harry speaks to Lolide for the first time. Starts to study the Dark Arts and elven magic.

30/09/990AD Marauders founded.

01/10/990AD First big prank on the school.

12/10/990AD Gallatea and Ardwick first hear about quidditch.

13/10/990AD First practice game of quidditch.

15/10/990AD Plan Gallatea's birthday party.

21/10/990AD Gallatea's birthday – party, presents, quidditch pitch revealed.

22/10/990AD Rest of the school find out about the quidditch pitch.

31/10/990AD Hallow'een feast. Slytherin acts suspiciously. Gallatea reveals her telepathy to Harry. Harry shows her his snakes.

01/11/990AD Harry and Gallatea share their revelations with the others. Find out about Slytherin's snake spies.

21/11/990AD Quidditch tryouts.

23/11/990AD Meeting in the Chamber of Secrets.

01/12/990AD First ever quidditch match – Gryffindor Vs Ravenclaw.

11/12/990AD Harry wakes up in the hospital wing after being hit with a bludger.

12/12/990AD Harry overhears Lolide and Gryffindor talking about the founder's heart problems.

13/12/990AD Harry goes back to classes. Makes quidditch deal with Ministry and Flourish & Bott's.

14/12/990AD Care of Magical Creatures – Sleeping dragon tickled by Horatio, Gallatea rescued by Harry. Their first kiss.

19/12/990AD Christmas holidays start.

20/12/990AD Ardwick proposes a prank war between the Marauders.

21/12/990AD Peeves' prank.

22/12/990AD Ardwick's prank.

23/12/990AD Ron's prank.

24/12/990AD Harry's prank. Peeves finds out about the time travellers.

25/12/990AD Christmas day prank. Horatio casts the Cruciatus on Hermione and is expelled. Gryffindor and Slytherin duel. Harry first uses the parseltongue magic removal spell. The school motto is founded.

26/12/990AD Trip to Hogsmeade. Buy costumes and immunity necklaces. Soul Magic lesson for Harry. Overhear Slytherin's plans. Yule Ball. Harry and Gallatea go as High Elves. Ardwick, Hermione, Ron and Ginny go as the founders.

18/04/991AD Harry first visits the elf world.

13/06/991AD OWLs start.

18/07/991AD Last quidditch match of the season – Ravenclaw Vs Slytherin

19/07/991AD School breaks up for the summer.

21/07/991AD The time travellers and Gallatea start to get bored. Study to pass the time.

26/07/991AD Harry visits the elves for a month.

28/07/991AD Battle in the Chamber of Secrets. Harry's elven skills are revealed.

29/07/991AD Gaerwyn first visits the human world.

31/07/991AD Harry's birthday. Lots of alcohol. Harry is given the Gryffindor Tower room, and a handmade holly wood broom.

01/08/991AD Harry and Gallatea wake up in the same bed, half dressed.

06/08/991AD Ravenclaw proposes the time travellers take their NEWTs.

17/08/991AD Lolide finishes teaching Harry.

18/08/991AD Ron and Harry are given their specially ordered quidditch rule books and their new Gringotts keys.

22/08/991AD Hogsmeade trip. Harry orders the building of Domus Corvus Corax.

30/08/991AD OWL and NEWT results.

01/09/991AD Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny go to the next time period. Gallatea tells Harry she's pregnant.

04/04/992AD Glenadade Harold Potter, the first of the Potter line, is born.